Conuerte nos deus salutaris
noster Et auerte iram tuam
a nobis Deus in adiutorium
meum intende Do
mine ad adiuuandum me festina Glo
ria patri et filio et spiritui sancto Sicut

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JALĀL-AD-DĪN RŪMĪ

(A. D. 1207–1273)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

THE appellation Rūmī, or Syrian, is given to the Persian poet Jalāl-ad-dīn because most of his life was passed at Iconium in Rūm, or Asia Minor. His full name is recorded as Jalāl-ad-dīn Mohammed Rūmī; he is generally known as Jalāl-ad-dīn, or "Splendor of the Faith," but it is convenient to record his name, according to Western methods, under the simple form Rūmī.

This Persian poet may best be remembered as the founder of the Maulavī sect of dervishes, or the whirling dervishes as they are often called; whose austerity of life, mystic philosophy, enthusiastic devotion, and religious ecstasy superinduced by the whirling dance, are familiar to readers of Eastern literature. The writings of Jalāl-ad-dīn, like Jāmī, Nizāmī, and others, breathe the religious spirituality of Sūfī philosophy: the world and all that is comprised therein is but a part of God, and the universe exists only through God; the Love Divine is all-pervading, and the rivers of life pour their waters into the boundless ocean of the supreme soul; man must burnish the mirror of his heart and wipe away the dross of self that blurs the perfect image there. This is a keynote to the "Rūmian's" religious and mystic poetry.

Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī was not only himself renowned, but he inherited renown from a noble father and from distinguished ancestors. The blood of the old Khvarismian kings flowed in his veins. He was born in Balkh, Bactria, A. D. 1207. The child's father was a zealous teacher and preacher, a scholar whose learning and influence won for him so great popularity with the people of Balkh as to arouse the jealous opposition of the reigning Sultan. Obliged to leave his native city, this worthy man wandered westward with his family, and ultimately settled in Syria, where he founded a college under the generous patronage of the Sultan of Rūm, as Asia Minor is termed in the Orient. He died honored with years and with favors, at a moment when his son had recently passed into manhood.

Upon his father's death Jalāl-ad-dīn succeeded to the noble teacher's chair, and entered upon the distinguished career for which his natural gifts and splendid training had destined him. He was already

married; and when sorrow came in the untimely death of a son, and in the sad fate of a beloved teacher, his life seems to have taken on a deeper tinge of sombre richness and a fuller tone of spiritual devotion, that colors his poetry. Revered for his teaching, his purity of life, and his poetic talents, the "Rūmian's" fame soon spread, and he became widely followed. Among many anecdotes that are told of his upright but uneventful life is a sort of St. Patrick story, that ascribes to him supernatural power and influence. Preaching one time on the bank of a pond, to a large concourse of eager listeners who had assembled to drink in his inspired words, his voice was drowned by the incessant croaking of innumerable frogs. The pious man calmly proceeded to the brink of the water and bade the frogs be still. Their mouths were instantly sealed. When his discourse was ended, he turned once more to the marge of the lake and gave the frogs permission again to pipe up. Immediately their hoarse voices began to sound, and their lusty croaking has since been allowed to continue in this hallowed spot.

To-day, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī's fame rests upon one *magnum opus*, the 'Masnavī' or 'Mathnavī.' The title literally signifies "measure," then a poem composed in that certain measure, then the poem *par excellence* that is composed in that measure, the 'Masnavī.' It is a large collection of some 30,000 or 40,000 rhymed couplets, teaching Divine love and the purification of the heart, under the guise of tales, anecdotes, precepts, parables, and legends. The poetic merit, religious fervor, and philosophic depth of the work are acknowledged. Six books make up the contents of the poem; and it seems to have been finished just as Jalāl-ad-dīn, the religious devotee, mystic philosopher, and enthusiastic poetic teacher, died A. D. 1273.

The best collection of bibliographical material is that given by Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' Vol. ii., pages 289–291. The first of the six books of the 'Masnavī' is easily accessible in a metrical English version by J. W. Redhouse, London, 1881 (Trübner's Oriental Series); and three selections are to be found in S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry for English Readers,' 1883, pages 367–382. Both these valuable works have been drawn upon for the present sketch. The abridged English translation of the 'Masnavī' by E. H. Whinfield, London, 1887 (Trübner's Oriental Series), is a standard to be consulted.

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE SONG OF THE REED, OR DIVINE AFFECTIONS

From the 'Masnavi'

LIST how that reed is telling its story; how it is bewailing the pangs of separation:—

Whilst they are cutting me away from the reed-bed, men and maidens are regretting my fluting.

My bosom is torn to pieces with the anguish of parting, in my efforts to express the yearnings of affection.

Every one who liveth banished from his own family will long for the day which will see them reunited.

To every assembly I still bore my sorrow, whether the companion of the happy or the unhappy.

Every one personally was ever a friend, but no one sought to know the secrets within me.

My affections and my regrets were never far distant, but neither eye nor ear can always discern light.

The body is not veiled from the soul, nor the soul from the body; but to see the soul hath not been permitted.

It is love that with its fire inspireth the reed; it is love that with its fervor inflameth the wine.

Like the reed, the wine is at once bane and antidote; like the reed, it longeth for companionship, and to breathe the same breath.

The reed it is that painteth in blood the story of the journey, and inspired the love-tale of the frenzied Mejnun.*

Devoid of this sense, we are but senseless ourselves; and the ear and the tongue are but partners to one another.

In our grief, our days glide on unprofitably; and heart-compunctions accompany them on their way.

But if our days pass in blindness, and we are impure, O remain Thou—Thou, like whom none is pure.

No untried man can understand the condition of him who hath been sifted; therefore, let your words be short, and let him go in peace.

Rise up, young man; burst thy bonds, and be free! How long wilt thou be the slave of thy silver and thy gold?

If thou shouldest fill thy pitcher from the ocean, what were thy store? The pittance of a day!

*Mejnun and Laila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Their love-tale forms the subject of poems by several eminent Persian poets.

In the eye of the covetous man it would not be full. If the shell lay not contented in its bed, it would never be filled with the pearl.

He whose garment is rent by Love Divine—he only is cleansed from avarice, and the multitude of sins.

Hail to thee, Love, our sweet insanity! O thou, the physician of all our ills!

Thou, our Plato and our Galen, the medicine of our pride and our self-estimation!

By Love the earthly eye is raised to heaven, the hills begin to dance, and the mountains are quickened.

Could I join my lip to that of one who breatheth my breath, I would utter words as melodious as my reed.

When the rose-garden is withered, and the rose is gone, thou wilt hear no longer news of the nightingale.

How should I be able any longer to retain my understanding, when the light of my beloved one no longer shineth upon me?

If the lover no longer receiveth his nourishment, he must perish like a bird deprived of its food.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT

From the 'Masnavi'

There was a merchant owned a parrot which was kept shut up in a cage, the paroquet's world.

On a certain occasion the merchant made preparations for a journey, beginning with Hindustan.

Calling each of his man-servants and his maid-servants, he said: "What am I to bring back to you? Let me know."

Each expressed a wish according to his own choice; and the good man promised something to every one.

Turning to the poll-parrot, he said: "And what gift am I to bring you from the land of Hindustan?"

Polly replied: "When you see those parrots there, make my situation known to them, and say:—

"'There is a certain parrot who is longing for you, but is confined from the free vault of heaven, shut up in a cage.

"'He sends you his greetings, and he asks of you direction and some means of deliverance.'

"And add: 'Does it seem fair for me to be wasting my life in longing and to die here far away?

"'Am I to be allowed to continue in durance vile, while you are in green nooks among the boughs?

"'Is this to be the loyalty of friends—for me to be in a cage, and you out in the gardens?

"'Recall to memory that grieving bird, O ye grandees, in the morning draft amid your delightsome nooks.'"

[The parrot proceeds then to expatiate upon love, and upon the union existing between souls.]

The merchant received the message, with its salutation, to deliver to the bird's kindred.

And when he came to the far-off land of Hindustan, he saw in the desert parrots, many a one.

Stopping his beast and raising his voice, he delivered his salutation and his message.

Then, wonderful to relate, one of the parrots began a great fluttering, and down it fell, dead, and breathed its last.

The merchant sore repented of telling his message, and said: "'Tis only for the death of a living creature I am come.

"There was perchance a connection between these parrots, two bodies with but a single soul.

"Ah, why did I do it! Why did I carry out my commission! I am helplessly grieved at telling this."

[The merchant moralizes at some length upon life, and upon the soul and its relation to God.]

When the merchant had finished up his business abroad, he returned to his glad home.

And to every man-servant he presented some gift, and to each maid-servant he handed out a gift.

Then up spake the Polly: "What gift for the prisoner? What did you see and what did you say? Tell me that."

Said the merchant: "Ah me! That whereof I repent me, and for which I could bite my hand and gnaw my fingers.

"Why did I, through ignorance and folly, vainly carry that idle message?"

Said Poll: "Merchant, what's this repentance about? And what has brought about this passion and grief?"

He replied: "I told that plaintive story of yours to a flock of parrots that looked just like you.

"And a certain parrot felt so keenly for your distress that its heart broke in twain, and it fluttered and dropped dead.

"I felt deep regret. What was this I had said? But what does regret help, whatever I said?"

[The merchant moralizes at some length.]

As soon as the parrot heard what that bird had done, he too fluttered and dropped down and grew cold.

When the merchant observed it thus fallen, he started up and flung down his turban upon the ground.

And when he saw the bird in such plight and condition, he started to tear the very clothes at his throat,

Saying: "O Polly, my pretty creature, what is this, alas, that has happened thee? Why art thou thus?

"Ah, alas, my sweet-voiced bird! Ah, alas, my companion and confidant!

"Ah, alas, my sweet-note bird; my spirit of joy and angel of the garden!"

[He continues to lament over the departed bird. But it must have fallen in accordance with the Divine Will. Man's dependence upon God.]

Thereupon the merchant tossed the bird out of the cage; but the paroquet instantly flew up on a high bough. The merchant was dumbfounded at the bird's conduct; amazed and at a loss, he marveled at the mystery of the bird.

And looking upward he said: "My nightingale, give some explanation of what you have done! . . ."

Said the parrot: "That bird it was gave me counsel how I should act; in effect, this: 'Rid yourself of your speech, voice, and talking;

"'For it is your voice that has brought you into captivity.' And then to prove its counsel it died itself."

[The parrot dilates further in religious manner upon the changes and chances of mortal life.]

Then Polly gave one or two bits more of guileless advice, and now said:—

"Adieu, good-by! Farewell, my merchant; you have done a mercy to me: you have set me free from bonds and oppression.

"Farewell, O merchant: I am now going home; and one day mayest thou become free just like me."

The merchant responded: "To God's keeping go thou; thou hast taught me from this instant a new path of life."

Version by A. V. W. Jackson.

THE CHINESE AND ROMAN ARTISTS; OR, THE MIRROR OF THE HEART

THIS contest heed, of Chinaman's and Roman's art.
The Chinese urged they had the greater painters' skill;
The Romans pleaded they of art the throne did fill.
The sovereign heard them both: decreed a contest fair;
Results the palm should give the worthiest of the pair.

The parties twain a wordy war waged in debate;
The Romans' show of science did predominate.
The Chinamen then asked to have a house assigned
For their especial use; and one for Rome designed.
Th' allotted houses stood on either side one street;
In one the Chinese, one the Roman artists meet.

The Chinese asked a hundred paints for their art's use:
The sovereign his resources would not them refuse.
Each morning from the treasury, rich colors' store
Was served out to the Chinese till they asked no more.
The Romans argued, "Color or design is vain:
We simply have to banish soil and filth amain."
They closed their gate. To burnish then they set themselves;
As heaven's vault, simplicity filled all their shelves:
Vast difference there is 'twixt colors and not one.
The colors are as clouds; simplicity's the moon.
Whatever tinge you see embellishing the clouds,
You know comes from the sun, the moon, or stars in crowds.

At length the Chinamen their task had quite fulfilled;
With joy intense their hearts did beat, their bosoms thrilled.
The sovereign came, inspected all their rich designs,
And lost his heart with wonder at their talents' signs.

He then passed to the Romans, that his eyes might see;
The curtains were withdrawn to show whate'er might be.
The Chinese paintings all, their whole designs in full,
Reflected truly were on that high-burnished wall.
Whatever was depicted by the Chinese art
Was reproduced by mirrors, perfect every part.

Those Romans are our mystics, know, my worthy friend:
No art, no learning; study, none: but gain their end.
They polish well their bosoms, burnish bright their hearts,
Remove all stain of lust, of self, pride, hate's deep smarts.
That mirror's purity prefigures their hearts' trust;
With endless images reflections it incrust.

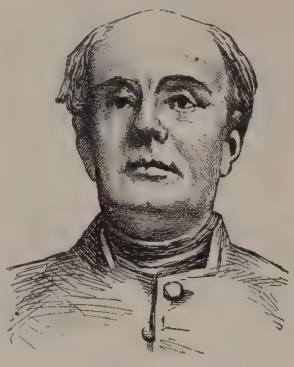
Translation of J. W. Redhouse.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG

(1804–1877)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE Grand Duchy of Finland, "torn like a bloody shield from the heart of Sweden" in 1809, by the ruthless despot who was then all-powerful in Europe, and who now, by the irony of fate, lies buried in Paris beneath a sarcophagus of Finnish porphyry, has not become Russianized to any considerable extent, and still looks to the old mother-country for its social and intellectual ideals. This fact is due in part to the force of historical association upon the mind of a simple and conservative race, and in part to the fact that the Russian treatment of the conquered province has been fairly lenient, and most strikingly contrasted with the repressive policy pursued toward Russian Poland. It is not, then, as surprising as might at first sight appear, that the greatest name in Swedish literature should belong to a native of Finland, who was but five years of age at the time of the Russian annexation.



JOHAN RUNEBERG

Johan Ludvig Runeberg was born February 5th, 1804, at Jakobsstad, a small seaport town on the Gulf of Bothnia. He was the oldest of the six children of a merchant captain in reduced circumstances. He went to school at Vasa, and in 1822 to the university at Åbo, supporting himself in part by tutoring. He was so poor that he literally lived on potatoes for months at a time. He took his doctor's degree in 1827, and soon thereafter was betrothed to Fredrika Tengström, a woman who afterwards attained some celebrity as a writer on her own account. The year that Runeberg left the university was also the year of the great fire that destroyed the greater part of the capital, and led to the transfer of both university and seat of government to Helsingfors. The years immediately following were decisive for the poet's development, since they took him to Sarkijarvi, a town far to the north in the heart of Finland, where he came into close contact

with the purest type of the Finnish peasantry. In this poverty-stricken wilderness, where men toiled incessantly for a subsistence so precarious that those were deemed fortunate who did not have to live upon bread made in large part from the bark of trees, the young scholar learned really to know his fellow-countrymen, to enter intimately into their humble lives, and to collect a wealth of first-hand impressions that were afterwards to be turned to literary account. The years at Sarkijarvi were devoted to earnest study, and to the composition of poems that showed his powers to be steadily ripening; so that when, in 1830, he received a university appointment at Helsingfors, he was able to bring back with him to civilization the material for the volume of poems that saw the light in that year.

The publication of this volume was coincident with a stirring of the Finnish national consciousness that promised much for the future. The Russian yoke turned out to be no very heavy burden, since Finland was left a considerable degree of autonomy, and since the Russian censorship was disposed to deal very leniently with the literary expressions of national aspiration, and even with the most passionate assertions of spiritual allegiance to the Swedish tradition. This was also the time when the consciousness of Finland was quickened by the restoration of the 'Kalevala.' Dr. Lönnrot, a physician and professor at the university, had been traveling through the country for the purpose of collecting fragments of folk-song and popular tradition, and had made the great discovery that there still existed on the lips of the people a popular epic that had been transmitted from generation to generation through the centuries,—an epic which was comparable with, let us say, the 'Nibelungenlied,' and which the discoverer pieced together and reconstructed into substantial unity.

This was clearly an opportune time for the appearance of a national poet; and in Runeberg the man of the hour was found. Fortunately for the history of culture, he realized that the aspirations of Finland were best to be furthered by an adherence to the Swedish tongue, and so it came about that Sweden as well as Finland gained a new poet of the first rank. The influence of Runeberg's appearance upon Swedish literature in the narrower sense was also of the utmost importance. Swedish poetry up to this time had been divided into the two camps of Phosphorists and Gothics. The former were the torch-bearers of the German romantic movement; and had, if anything, made its mysticism more exaggerated and its extravagance more unreal. If they had lived in New England, they would have been called transcendentalists. The Gothics, on the other hand, had sought to bring about a more strictly national revival of letters; and as represented by Geijer and Tegnér, had endeavored to reproduce the spirit of the past. But even Tegnér, great and true

poet as he was, could not escape from the prevailing artificiality of an essentially rhetorical age; and so the work of Runeberg, with its vivid realism, its direct simplicity, and its fidelity to the facts of nature and human life, came into Swedish poetry with a new note, and helped to accomplish a sort of Wordsworthian revolution in literary standards.

The 'Poems' of 1830 were well received, and were followed in the same year by a collection of Servian folk-songs, translated from Goetze's German version. A certain kinship between the popular poetry of Finland and Servia has been more than once pointed out. In both cases the utterance of races that failed to reach the front in the struggle for existence, the resemblance of the two bodies of folk-song is noticeable when we consider their spirit alone, and is made still more noticeable by their common employment of an unrhymed trochaic verse. This work in Servian poetry is also significant because it was the direct inspiration of Runeberg's 'Idyll och Epigram,' a collection of short original pieces in the same manner. In 1831 the poet received a prize from the Swedish Academy for an epic composition called 'Grafven i Perrho' (The Grave in Perrho), and in the same year married the woman to whom he had so long been engaged. A university promotion also came to him, and he felt himself to be on the high-road to success. He soon became editor of a newspaper as well; and for it he wrote most of the critical essays and prose tales that occupy an honorable place among his collected writings. His stay in Helsingfors lasted until 1837; and during this period he published, besides the works already mentioned, 'Elgskyttarne' (The Elk Hunters),—a beautiful epic in hexameters, which more than once suggests Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea'; a second collection of 'Poems'; a comedy in verse entitled 'Friaren från Landet' (The Country Suitor); and the village idyl 'Hanna,' a love story in hexameters, with an exquisitely beautiful dedication to "the first love." In 1837, Runeberg's friends obtained for him a professorial appointment at the gymnasium of Borgå, a quiet country town on the Gulf of Finland, about thirty miles from Helsingfors. Here he remained for the last forty years of his life, and his biography from this time on is little more than an account of his successive publications. Externally, there is almost nothing to record beyond the promotions which finally gave to him the rectorship of the gymnasium (followed after a few years of service by a pension for life), and the trip to Sweden in 1851, which was the only occasion upon which the poet ever left his native Finland. He died May 6th, 1877, after having been in precarious health for several years.

Four years after his removal to Borgå, Runeberg published 'Julqvällen' (Christmas Eve), the last of his hexameter narratives,—a

somewhat less successful idyl than its predecessors. A more important work, also produced in 1841, is the narrative poem 'Nadeschda,' a study of Russian character and manners. It is written in a variety of unrhymed measures, and tells of the love of a nobleman for a beautiful serf. In this work, and those that follow, the powers of the poet have outgrown the somewhat close limitations of the idyl, and seek to bring deeper and more tragic themes within their grasp. In 'Nadeschda' we have for essential subject-matter the struggle between the institution of serfdom and the freedom of the individual. In a still nobler poem, 'Kung Fjalar' (1845), we have the conflict between the will of man and the inscrutable purposes of the gods, presented in the spirit, although not in the form, of a Greek tragedy: an 'Antigone' or an 'Œdipus Rex.' It is a poem in five cantos of four-line unrhymed stanzas, telling how the king, defiant of the gods, orders his infant daughter to be thrown into the sea, that he may avert the doom that has been prophesied to come upon his race through the child. But the child is rescued, and taken to the Ossianic kingdom of Morven, where she grows to be a beautiful woman. Twenty years later, King Fjalar's son conquers Morven, and bears away the maiden as his bride. On the voyage homeward she tells him the story of her rescue from the sea: and he, filled with horror when he realizes that his bride is his sister, slays both her and himself. The old king, conquered at last by fate, puts an end to his life, finally recognizing the existence of a power higher than his own.

The poems thus far described, together with a third volume of short pieces, bring us to the year 1848, when was published the first part of 'Fänrik Stål's Sägner' (the Tales of Ensign Stål), Runeberg's greatest work. The second part bears the date of 1860. This collection of poems, thirty-four in number (besides one that was suppressed for personal reasons), deals with episodes of the war which ended with the annexation of Finland to Russia. The several poems are supposed to be related by a veteran of the war to an eager youth who comes day after day and hangs upon the lips of the story-teller. They are tales of a heroic age still fresh in the recollection of the poet's hearers, tales of famous battles and individual exploits, of historical personages and obscure peasants united by a common devotion and a common sacrifice, of the maiden who is consoled for her lover's death by the thought that his life was given for his fatherland, and of the boy who is impatient to grow up that he too may give himself to his country's cause. The poems are dramatic, pathetic, even humorous by turn; breathing a strain of the purest patriotism, and flowing in numbers so musical that they fix themselves forever in the memory. And besides all this, they are so simple in form and vocabulary that they reach the heart of the unlettered as well as of the

cultured; so deep in their sympathy with the elementary joys and griefs of human-kind that they found a widely responsive echo from the beginning, and still constitute the most treasured possession of Swedish literature. Indeed, the first poem of them all, 'Vårt Land' (Our Country) became at once, and has ever since remained, the national song of both Finn and Swede, bound together by the genius of the poet in a closer union than the old political tie. A close reproduction of the form of this poem, and perhaps something of its beauty as well, may be found in the following translation of its closing stanzas:—

«Here all about us lies this land,
Our eyes may see it here;
We have but to stretch forth our hand,
And blithely point to sea and strand,
And say, Behold this land so near,
Our fatherland so dear.

«And were we called to dwell on high,
Of heaven's own blue made free,
To dance with stars that deck the sky,
Where falls no tear, and breathes no sigh,—
We still should yearn, poor though it be,
This land of ours to see.

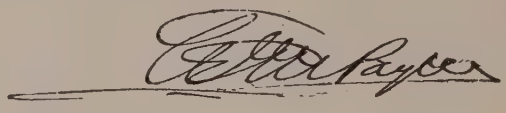
«O land! thou thousand-lakèd land,
With song and virtue clad,
On life's wild sea our own safe strand,
Land of our past, our future's land,
If thou art poor, yet be not sad,—
Be joyous, blithe, and glad.

«Yet shall thy flower in beauty ope
Its petals without stain;
Our love shall with thy darkness cope,
And be thy light, thy joy, thy hope,
And this our patriotic strain
To nobler heights attain.»

This song Mr. Gosse declares to be «one of the noblest strains of patriotic verse ever indited; it lifts Runeberg at once to the level of Callinus or Campbell,—to the first rank of poets in whom art and ardor, national sentiment and power of utterance, are equally blended.»

The works remaining to be mentioned include a volume of 'Smärre Berättelser' (Short Stories: 1854), the sixty-odd hymns written for the official Lutheran hymn-book of Finland, and the two plays, 'Kan Ej' (Cannot: 1862) and 'Kungarne på Salamis' (The

Kings at Salamis: 1863). The former of these plays is a sentimental domestic comedy in two acts, and in rhymed verse. The latter is a five-act tragedy written upon a Greek theme in the classical manner, and in iambic hexameter verse. It was the last work of any importance published by Runeberg, and one of the noblest of all his works, worthily crowning a great career.



ENSIGN STÅL

I took such books as first I found,
  Merely to while the time along;
Which written by no name renowned,
  Treated of Finland's war and wrong;—
'Twas simply stitched, and as by grace,
Had 'mid bound volumes found a place;—

And in my room, with little heed,
  The pages carelessly surveyed,
And all by chance began to read
  Of noble Savolak's brigade.
I read a page, then word by word,
My heart unto its depths was stirred.

I saw a people who could hold
  The loss of all, save honor, light;
A troop, 'mid hunger-pangs and cold,
  Yet still victorious in the fight.
On, on from page to page I sped,
I could have kissed the words I read.

In danger's hour, in battle's scathe,
  What courage showed this little band;
What patriot love, what matchless faith
  Didst thou inspire, poor native land;
What generous, steadfast love was born
In those thou fed'st on bark and corn!

Into new realms my fancy broke
  Where all a magic influence bore,
And in my heart a life awoke
  Whose rapture was unknown before.

As if on wings the day careered,
But oh! how short the book appeared!

With close of day the book was done,
Yet was my spirit all aglow:
Much yet remained to ponder on,
Much to inquire about and know,
Much yet of darkness wrapped the whole;
I went to seek old Cornet Stål.

He sat, as oft he sat before,
Busily bending o'er his net
And at the opening of the door,
A glance displeased my coming met;
It seemed as though his thought might say,
"Is there no peace by night or day!"

But mischief from my mind was far,—
I came in very different mood:
"I've read of Finland's latest war—
And in my veins runs Finnish blood!
To hear yet more I am on fire:
Pray can you tell what I desire?"

Thus spoke I, and the aged man
Amazed his netting laid aside;
A flush passed o'er his features wan
As if of ancient martial pride:
"Yes," said he, "I can witness bear,
If so you will, for I was there!"

His bed of straw my seat became,
And he began with joy to tell
Of Malm and Duncker's soul of flame,
And even deeds which theirs excel.
Bright was his eye and clear his brow,
His noble look is with me now.

Full many a bloody day he'd seen;
Had shared much peril and much woe;
In conquest, in defeat, had been,—
Defeat whose wounds no cure can know.
Much which the world doth quite forget
Lay in his faithful memory yet.

I listening sat, but naught I said,
And every word fell on my heart;

And half the night away had fled,
Before I rose from him to part.
The threshold reached, he made a stand,
And pressed with joy my willing hand.

Since then, no better joy he had,
Than when he saw me by his side;
Together mourned we or were glad,
Together smoked as friends long tried.
He was in years, I in life's spring;
A student I, he more than king!

The tales which now I tell in song,
Through many a long and silent night,
Fell from the old man's faltering tongue
Beside the peat-fire's feeble light.
They speak what all may understand:
Receive them, thou dear native land.

Howitt's Translation.

THE VILLAGE GIRL

From 'Fänrik Ståls Sägner'

THE sun went down and evening came, the quiet summer even;
A mass of glowing purple lay between the farms and heaven;
A weary troop of men went by, their day's hard labor done,—
Tired and contented, towards their home they wended one by one.

Their work was done, their harvest reaped, a goodly harvest truly!
A well-appointed band of foes all slain or captured newly;
At dawn against this armèd band they had gone forth to fight,
And all had closed in victory before the fall of night.

Close by the field where all day long the hard hot strife was raging,
A cottage by the wayside stood, half-desolate and aging;
And on its worn low steps there sat a silent girl, and mused
And watched the troop come slowly by, in weary line confused.

She looked like one who sought a friend,—she scanned each man's face nearly;
High burned the color in her cheek, too high for sunset merely;
She sat so quiet, looked so warm, so flushed with secret heat,
It seemed she listened as she gazed, and felt her own heart beat.

But as she saw the troop march by, and darkness round them stealing,
To every file, to every man, her anxious eye appealing
Seemed muttering in a shy distress a question without speech,
More silent than a sigh itself, too anguished to beseech.

But when the men had all gone past, and not a word was spoken,
The poor girl's courage failed at last, and all her strength was broken.
She wept not loud, but on her hand her weary forehead fell,
And large tears followed one by one as from a burning well.

«Why dost thou weep? For hope may break just where the gloom is deepest!
O daughter, hear thy mother's voice: a needless tear thou weepest;
He whom thy eyes were seeking for, whose face thou couldst not see,
He is not dead: he thought of love, and still he lives for thee.

«He thought of love: I counseled him to shield himself from danger;
I taught him how to slip the fight, and leave them like a stranger;
By force they made him march with them,—but weep not, rave not thus:
I know he will not choose to die from happy life and us.»

Shivering the maiden rose like one whom awful dreams awaken,—
As if some grim foreboding all her soul in her had shaken:
She lingered not; she sought the place where late had raged the fight,
And stole away and swiftly fled and vanished out of sight.

An hour went by, another hour; the night had closed around her;
The moon-shot clouds were silver-white, but darkness hung below them.
«She lingers long: O daughter, come; thy toil is all in vain:
To-morrow, ere the dawn is red, thy bridegroom's here again!»

The daughter came; with silent steps she came to meet her mother:
The pallid eyelids strained no more with tears she fain would smother;
But colder than the wind at night the hand that mother pressed,
And whiter than a winter cloud the maiden's cheek and breast.

«Make me a grave, O mother dear: my days on earth are over!
The only man that fled to-day—that coward—was my lover:
He thought of me and of himself, the battle-field he scanned,
And then betrayed his brothers' hope and shamed his father's land.

«When past our door the troop marched by, and I their ranks had numbered,
I wept to think that like a man among the dead he slumbered;
I sorrowed, but my grief was mild—it had no bitter weight—
I would have lived a thousand years to mourn his noble fate.

«O mother, I have looked for him where'er the dead are lying,
But none of all the stricken bears his features, calm in dying.
Now will I live no more on earth in shame to sit and sigh;
He lies not there among the dead, and therefore I will die.»

Translation of Edmund W. Gosse.

THE OLD MAN'S RETURN

Like birds of passage, after winter's days returning
To lake-land home and rest,
I come now unto thee, my foster-valley, yearning
For long-lost childhood's rest.

Full many a sea since then from thy dear strands has torn me,
And many a chilly year;
Full many a joy since then those far-off lands have borne me,
And many a bitter tear.

Here am I back once more.—Great heaven! there stands the dwelling
Which erst my cradle bore,
The selfsame sound, bay, grove, and hilly range upswelling:
My world in days of yore.

All as before. Trees in the selfsame verdant dresses
With the same crowns are crowned;
The tracts of heaven, and all the woodland's far recesses
With well-known songs resound.

There with the crowd of flower-nymphs still the wave is playing,
As erst so light and sweet;
And from dim wooded aits I hear the echoes straying
Glad youthful tones repeat.

All as before. But my own self no more remaineth,
Glad valley! as of old;
My passion quenched long since, no flame my cheek retaineth,
My pulse now beateth cold.

I know not how to prize the charms that thou possessest,
Thy lavish gifts of yore;
What thou through whispering brooks or through thy flowers expressest,
I understand no more.

Dead is mine ear to harp-strings which thy gods are ringing
From out thy streamlet clear;
No more the elfin hosts, all frolicsome and singing,
Upon the meads appear.

I went so rich, so rich from thee, my cottage lowly,
So full of hopes untold;
And with me feelings, nourished in thy shadows holy,
That promised days of gold.

The memory of thy wondrous springtimes went beside me,
And of thy peaceful ways,
And thy good spirits, borne within me, seemed to guide me,
E'en from my earliest days.

And what have I brought back from yon world wide and dreary?
A snow-incumbered head,
A heart with sorrow sickened and with falsehood weary,
And longing to be dead.

I crave no more of all that once was in my keeping,
Dear mother! but one thing:
Grant me a grave, where still thy fountain fair is weeping,
And where thy poplars spring!

So shall I dream on, mother! to thy calm breast owing
A faithful shelter then,
And live in every floweret, from mine ashes growing,
A guiltless life again.

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

THE SWAN

FROM cloud with purple-sprinkled rim,
A swan, in calm delight,
Sank down upon the river's brim,
And sang in June, one night.

Of Northlands' beauty was his song,
How glad their skies, their air;

How day forgets, the whole night long,
To go to rest out there;

How shadows there, both rich and deep,
'Neath birch and alder fall;
How gold-beams o'er each inlet sweep,
How cool the billows all;

How fair it is, how passing fair,
To own there one true friend!
How faithfulness is home-bred there,
And thither longs to wend!

When thus from wave to wave his note,
His simple praise-song rang,
Swift fawned he on his fond mate's throat,
And thus, methought, he sang:—

What more? though of thy life's short dream
No tales the ages bring,
Yet hast thou loved on Northlands' stream,
And sung songs there in spring!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

THE WORK-GIRL

Oh, if with church bells ringing clear,
I did but stand in feast-day gear,
And saw the night and darkness fly,
And Sunday's lovely dawn draw nigh!

For then my weekly toil were past;
To matins I might go at last,
And meet him by the church-yard, too,
Who missed his friend the whole week through.

There long beforehand does he bide
Alone upon the church bank's side,
And scans across the marshes long
The sledges' and the people's throng.

And she for whom he looks am I;
The crowds increase, the troop draws nigh,
When 'midst them I am seen to stand,
And gladly reach to him my hand.

Now, merry cricket, sing thy lay
Until the wick is burnt away,
And I may to my bed repair
And dream about my sweetheart there.

I sit and spin, but cannot get
Half through the skein of wool as yet;
When I shall spin it out, God knows,
Or when the tardy eve will close!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

MY LIFE

STRUGGLING o'er an open grave,
Sailing o'er an angry wave,
Toiling on with aimless aim,
Oh, my life, I name thy name!

Longing fills the sailor's soul,
Seas before his eyesight roll,—
"Lo, behind yon purple haze
Higher sights shall meet my gaze.

"I shall near a better strand,
Light and freedom's happy land."—
Swelled the sail, expectance laughed,
Towards the boundless sped the craft.

Struggling o'er an open grave,
Sailing o'er an angry wave,
Toiling on with aimless aim,—
O my life, I name thy name!

Ah, the haven calm and clear,
Peace of heart in bygone year,
Hope's gold coast, ah! hidden spot,
Never reached, and ne'er forgot!

Billows check the sailor's course,
Overhead the tempest hoarse:
Still is yonder purple haze
Far as ever from his gaze!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

IDYLL

HOME the maid came from her lover's meeting,
Came with reddened hands. The mother questioned,
"Wherewith have thy hands got reddened, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "I have plucked some roses,
And upon the thorns my hands have wounded."

She again came from her lover's meeting,
Came with crimson lips. The mother questioned,
"Wherewith have thy lips got crimson, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "I have eaten strawberries,
And my lips I with their juice have painted."

She again came from her lover's meeting,
Came with pallid cheeks. The mother questioned,
"Wherewith are thy cheeks so pallid, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "Make a grave, O mother!
Hide me there, and place a cross thereover,
And cut on the cross what now I tell thee:—

"'Once she came home, and her hands were reddened,
For betwixt her lover's hands they reddened.
Once she came home, and her lips were crimson,
'Neath her lover's lips they had grown crimson.
Last she came home, and her cheeks were pallid,
For they blanched beneath her lover's treason.'"

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

COUNSELS

COUNSELS three the mother gave her daughter:
Not to sigh, and not be discontented,
And to kiss no young man whatsoever.
Mother, if thy daughter trespass never,
Trespass never 'gainst your last-named counsel,
She will trespass 'gainst the first two, surely.

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819–)

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE

IT IS not given every man to date an epoch from himself, to turn aside old conceptions, and to swing the whole current of thought into a new channel. The epoch-making men are few in any century; they themselves seldom realize the value of the work they are doing, and the public recognizes it perhaps last of all. Each one of them, as he appears, undergoes the usual misunderstanding at the hands of both friends and foes. There are assertions and denials, attacks and defenses, adulation and abuse; until at last it has passed into a proverb that a man cannot be summed up justly by contemporary thought. Perhaps no one in the nineteenth century has suffered so much from misunderstanding and indiscriminate criticism as John Ruskin. His work is done, though he himself is living out a quiet old age at Brantwood; but the value of that work and the place of the worker are far from being accurately estimated. The world persists in considering him only as an art critic; while he himself thought his best endeavor to have been in the field of political economy. It is not impossible that both of these conclusions are wide of the mark. One may venture to think that his greatest service to mankind has been his revelation of the beauties of nature; and that his enduring fame will rest upon no theories of art or of human well-being, but upon his masterful handling of the English language. Whatever feature of his activity may be thought the best, it cannot be denied that he has been a powerful force in many departments: a prophet with a denunciatory and enunciatory creed, a leader who has counted his followers by the thousands, a writer who has left a deeper stamp upon the language than almost any Englishman of this century.

Mr. Ruskin's parentage, early training, and education are recorded in 'Præterita' (1885–9),—his fascinating but incomplete autobiography. In his childhood his Scotch mother made him read the Bible again and again; and to this he thinks was due his habit of taking pains, and his literary taste. Peace, obedience, and faith, with fixed attention in both mind and eye, were the virtues inculcated by his early training. The defects of that training he puts down as—

nothing to love, nothing to endure of either pain, patience, or misery, nothing taught him in a social way, no independence of action, and no responsibility. At fourteen Mr. Telford, one of his father's partners in the wine trade, gave him a copy of Rogers's 'Italy' with Turner's illustrations; and his parents forever after held Mr. Telford personally responsible for the art tastes of the son. They had predestined him to the Church. "He might have been a bishop," was the elder Ruskin's sigh.

His study of art practically began with an admiration for Turner. He knew a great deal about nature, and had met his great passion, the Alps, before he was twenty; and he had also studied drawing under Runciman, Copley Fielding, and Harding. His earliest writings were poetical; and as an Oxford student he wrote the pretty story, 'The King of the Golden River' (1841), besides making some contributions to magazine literature: but his first important effort was when as the Oxford graduate he put forth the first volume of 'Modern Painters' (1843). Ostensibly this was an inquiry into the object and means of landscape painting, the spirit which should govern its production, the appearances of nature, the discussion of what is true in art as revealed by nature; but in reality it was a defense of Turner at the expense of almost every other landscape painter, ancient or modern. It came at a time when people knew very little about art, and thought it a mystery understood only by the priests of the craft; but Mr. Ruskin burst the door wide open, and talked about the contents of the high altar in a language that any one could understand. It was an energetic and eloquent statement of what he believed to be truth. From his studies of nature he came to think that truth was the one and only desideratum in art; and the whole argument and illustration of 'Modern Painters' is hinged upon nature-truth and its appearance in the works of Turner. It was nearly twenty years before the five volumes of the work were completed, and during that time Mr. Ruskin's views had broadened and changed, so that there is something of contradiction in the volumes; but it to-day stands as his most forceful work. Philosophical it is not, because lacking in system; scientific it is not, because lacking in fundamental principles. The logic of it is often weak, the positiveness of statement often annoying, the digressions and side issues often wearisome; yet with all this it contains some of his keenest observations on nature, his most suggestive conceits, and his most brilliant prose passages. It made something of a sensation, and Mr. Ruskin came into prominence at once.

While 'Modern Painters' was being written, he made frequent journeys to Switzerland to study the Alps, and to Italy to study the old Italian masters. From being at first a naturalist and a prophet

of modernity, he soon became an admirer of Gothic and Renaissance art. Turner and Fra Angelico were almost antithetical. He tried to reconcile them on the principle of their truthfulness; but one had put forth an individual truth, the other a symbolic truth, and Mr. Ruskin never brought them together without the appearance of incongruity. The more he studied Italian painting, the more he became impregnated with the moral and the religious in art. In a letter he puts it down that what is wanted in English art is a "total change of character. It is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Angelico that you want and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has—I can't say breathed, but steamed, its last." The moral element and the sincerity of fifteenth-century work quite captivated him, and he began to fail in sympathy for modern products. He started the hopeless task of turning the art world backward, and reviving the truth and faith of the early Italians. But the world never turns backward successfully. Italian art was good art because it did not turn backward; because it revealed its own time and people, and was imbued with the spirit of its age. That spirit died with the Renaissance. The nineteenth century could not revive it. It had a spirit of its own which it revealed, and which Mr. Ruskin opposed all his life. It was not moral enough or reverent enough or true enough; in short, it was not like the old, and therefore it was wrong.

About 1850 the Pre-Raphaelites began to attract attention. They were not followers of Mr. Ruskin, though they were a part of the new movement which he more than any other man had started. His advice to go to nature—selecting nothing, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing—had been accepted by many landscapists, and it undoubtedly somewhat affected the Pre-Raphaelites. He defended their work against popular ridicule in his spirited 'Pre-Raphaelitism' (1851); and tried to show that they and Turner were on the same naturalistic basis, and that his old ideas of nature and his new ideas of Italian art were not contradictory. In principle he seemed to have eliminated the personal equation (the dominant factor in nineteenth-century art); and what really attracted him in Pre-Raphaelitism was the combination of literal detail with the imitated sincerity of the early Italians. The Pre-Raphaelites as a body soon drifted apart; and Mr. Ruskin's teaching, as regards their work, was condemned as impractical and impossible. It did not reckon with the nineteenth-century spirit.

Painting alone was not sufficient to occupy so active and many-sided an intellect; and Mr. Ruskin's first twenty years of authorship produced many books on many subjects. He wrote on the Alps, published his 'Poems' (1850), reviewed books, issued 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds' (1851),—the misleading title of a plea for

church unity in England,—and wrote his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1849) and his 'Stones of Venice' (1850–53). The last-named work is not a manual of history or a traveler's guide; but the expression of Mr. Ruskin's ideas of life, society, and nationality as shown in architecture. The ideas are somewhat smothered by beautiful language, and many side issues in parenthesis; but they are at least original, and the result of his own observations. He spent much time and labor in Venice taking measurements and trying to reconcile conflicting styles on a single basis; but the task was too colossal. Venetian architecture is a medley of all styles. Mr. Ruskin did what he could, and the 'Stones of Venice' was the result. It excited opposition and was sharply attacked. He had been too erratic, too rhetorical, too violently independent of architectural laws; but at least he had explained Gothic architecture in a new way, and made an impression on the lay mind. Other works on art came out one by one: the 'Elements of Drawing' (1857), the 'Political Economy of Art' (1857), the 'Elements of Perspective' (1859), and yearly 'Notes on the Royal Academy'; but Mr. Ruskin's art teaching was practically summed up in 'Modern Painters,' the 'Seven Lamps,' and the 'Stones of Venice.' His other art writings have been desultory, scattered, lacking in plan and unity. At forty years of age his career as an art critic closed, though he never ceased to write about art until he ceased writing altogether; but after 1860 he became interested in the human problem, and his mind turned to political economy.

As an art critic Mr. Ruskin has never been unreservedly accepted. He felt aggrieved that his readers cared more for the «pretty passages» in the second volume of 'Modern Painters' than for the ideas; but his readers were more than half right. Criticism calls for more of the calm philosophical spirit than Mr. Ruskin ever possessed. All his life he has been not so much a judge as a partisan advocate, an enthusiast,—a man praising indiscriminately where he admired, and condemning indiscriminately where he lacked sympathy. His passion of praise, his vehemence of attack, his brilliancy of style, have attracted and still attract attention; but the feeling that they are too brilliant to be true underlies all. Nevertheless, the multiplicity and clearness of his ideas are astonishing, and their stimulating power incalculable. To-day one may disagree with him at every page and yet be the gainer by the opposition excited. No writer of our times has been quite so helpful by suggestion. Moreover, many of his ideas are true and sound. It is only his art teaching as a whole to which objection may be taken. This is thought to be too erratic, too inconsiderate of existing conditions,—in other words, too impractical.

The services which Mr. Ruskin has rendered humanity as an art writer should not, however, be overlooked. First, he brought art

positively and permanently before the public, explained it to the average intelligence, and created a universal interest in it by subjecting it to inquiry. Secondly, he elevated the rank and relative importance of the artist, and showed that he was a most useful factor in civilization. Many of the artists who are to-day sneering at Mr. Ruskin for some hasty opinion uttered in anger, appreciate but poorly what a great preacher and priest for the craft he has been, and what importance his winged words have given to art in this nineteenth century. Thirdly, though he did not make Turner, yet he made the public look at him; and though he did not discover Italian art, he turned people's eyes toward it. Before Mr. Ruskin's utterances, Giotto and Botticelli and Carpaccio and Tintoretto were practically unknown and unseen. Mr. Ruskin was the pioneer of Renaissance art study; and though modern critics may have much amusement over his occasional false attribution of a picture, they should not forget that when Mr. Ruskin went to Italy in the 1840's there was no established body of Italian art criticism to lean upon. He stood quite alone; and the wonder is not that he made so many mistakes, but that he made so few. Generally speaking, his estimate of Italian art was just enough, and his appreciations of certain men well founded.

But Mr. Ruskin's greatest discovery has been picturesque nature; and for that, humanity is more indebted to him than for anything else. Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron had dabbled in nature beauty in a romantic associative way; but Ruskin, following them and in a measure their pupil, began its elaborate study. To enforce his argument for truth in art, he drew for illustration truth in nature. With rare knowledge, keenness of observation, and facility in description, he displayed the wonder-world of clouds, skies, mountains, trees, grasses, waters, holding them up in all their colors, lights, shadows, and atmospheric settings. In youth his predilection for mountain forms, rock structure, crystals, and scientific facts was well marked; and in his art writings his sympathy is always with the landscape at the expense of the figure composition. Indeed, it was to prove Turner true to nature that he first began writing upon art; and his most profound studies have been in the field of natural phenomena. Well trained and specially equipped for this field, he pointed out the beauties of nature in the infinitely little and the infinitely great with such masterful insight and skill that people followed him willy-nilly. Almost instantly he created a nature cult — a worship of beauty in things inanimate. People's eyes were opened to the glories of the world about them. They have not been closed since; and the study of nature is with succeeding generations a growing passion and an unwearying source of pleasurable good. Mr. Ruskin is to be thanked for it. This great service alone should more than counterbalance in

popular judgment any artistic or political vagaries into which he may have fallen.

About 1860, as already noted, his art and nature studies were pushed aside by what he thought more urgent matter. His moral sense and intense humanity went out to the workingmen of England, and he courageously devoted the rest of his life to an attempt to better their condition. This was the natural leaning of his mind. He was always an intensely sensitive and sympathetic man, with moral ideas of truth, justice, and righteousness opposed to the ideas of his times. He should have been a bishop, as his parents desired, or a preacher at least; for he had the Savonarola equipment. Denunciation and invective were his most powerful weapons; and lacking a pulpit, he now sent forth letters against the prevailing social system, written as eloquently as though he were describing sunsets and Alpine peaks. His 'Unto this Last' (1860), "the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written," was followed by 'Munera Pulveris' (1862–63), 'Time and Tide' (1867), and 'Fors Clavigera' (1871–84). These books contain the substance of his political economy, which is as impossible to epitomize as his art teachings. It was written for the workingmen of England, but it shot over their heads; and is moreover marked by inconsistencies, the result of Mr. Ruskin's changing views and waning strength — for much of his work in the 1880's is hectic and spasmodic from pain of mind and body. He believed in a mild form of socialism or collectivism, — a pooling of interests, a stopping of competition, and a doing away of interest upon money. So earnest was he in his beliefs that he did not write only, but strove for practical results. He established St. George's Guild, the Sheffield museum, an agricultural community, a tea store, and a factory. He even had the streets of London swept clean to show that it could be done, and lent a helping hand wherever he could. Like Tolstoi, he tried to live his beliefs; but British materialism was too strong for him. After giving away his whole fortune, upwards of £200,000, he had to stop; broken physically and mentally as well as financially. His political economy was not a success practically, but no one who loves his fellow-man will ever cast a stone at him for it. It was a noble effort to benefit humanity.

During all the years of his political-economy struggles, his restless mind and pen found many other fields in which to labor. He lectured at Oxford; wrote 'Sesame and Lilies' (1865), a series of miscellaneous essays; 'Ethics of the Dust' (1866), lectures on crystallization; 'The Crown of Wild Olive' (1866), three lectures on work, traffic, and war; 'The Queen of the Air' (1869), a study of Greek myths of cloud and storm; 'Aratra Pentelici' (1872), on the elements of sculpture; 'Love's Meinie' (1873); 'Ariadne Florentina' (1873); 'Val d'Arno'

(1874); 'Mornings in Florence' (1875–7); 'Proserpina' (1875–86); 'Deucalion' (1875–83); 'St. Mark's Rest' (1877–84); 'The Bible of Amiens' (1880–5); 'The Art of England' (1883); and a vast quantity of lectures, addresses, letters, catalogues, prefaces, and notes. In sheer bulk alone this work was enormous. Finally body and mind both failed him; and the last thing he wrote, 'Præterita,' his autobiography, was done at intervals of returning strength after severe illnesses.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that his literary work was "always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, and touched them finally with my cunningest points of color." His poems are all youthful and of small consequence. His prose is marked by two styles. The first is dramatic, vehement, rhetorical, full of imagery, some over-exuberance of language, and long-drawn sentences. This is the style of 'Modern Painters' and the 'Seven Lamps.' After 1860, when he took up political writing, he strove for more simplicity; and his 'Fors Clavigera' is an excellent example of his more moderate style. But he never attained reserve either in thinking or in writing. It was not in his temperament. He had almost everything else — purity, elasticity, dramatic force, wit, passion, imagination, nobility. In addition his vocabulary was almost limitless, his rhythm and flow of sentences almost endless, his brilliancy in illustration, description, and argument almost exhaustless. Indeed, his facility in language has been fatal only too often to his logic and philosophy. Words and their limpid flow ran away with his sobriety, lusciousness in illustration and heaped-up imagery led him into rambling sentences, and the long reverberating roll of numbers at the close of his chapters often smacks of the theatre. Alliteration and assonance, the use of the adjective in description, the antithesis in argument, the climax in dramatic effect,—all these Mr. Ruskin has understood and used with powerful effect.

How he came by his style would be difficult to determine. He says he got it from the Bible and Carlyle: but he was a part of the romantic, poetic, and Catholic revival in this century; and Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Newman, Tennyson, Carlyle, were influences upon him. The impetuosity of romanticism was his heritage; and the great bulk of his writing is headlong, feverish, brilliant as a meteor, but self-consuming. His prose cannot be judged by rules of rhetoric or composition, any more than the pictures of Turner can be measured by the academic yard-stick. They both defy rules and measurements. 'Modern Painters' and the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus' blaze with arbitrary color, and are in parts false in tone, value, and

perspective; yet behind each work there is the fire of genius — the energy of overpowering individuality. Mr. Ruskin's style is his creation as an artist, as distinguished from his exposition as a teacher; and perhaps it is as an artist in language that he will live longest in human memory.

A whole library of books on many subjects — art, science, history, poetry, ethics, theology, agriculture, education, economy — has come from his pen. Few even among the learned classes realize how much the nineteenth century owes to Mr. Ruskin for suggestion, stimulus, and hopeful inspiration in many fields. He has taught several generations to see with their eyes, think with their minds, and work with their hands. And the beautiful language of that teaching will remain with many generations to come. He has been in the right and he has been in the wrong. Apples of discord and olive-branches of peace — he has planted both, and both have borne fruit; but the good outbalances the bad, the true outweighs the false.

John C. Van Dyke

ON WOMANHOOD

From ‹Sesame and Lilies›

GENERALLY we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty — which is the expansion of the other — relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Now, the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the State. The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

What the man is at his own gate, — defending it if need be against insult and spoil, that also, — not in a less but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country; leaving

his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare. . . .

It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady," which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws"; and both titles have reference not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but to law maintained for the multitude and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to this title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master himself; and when she is known, as he himself once was, in breaking of bread.

And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you;* and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

THE USES OF ORNAMENT

From 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture'

WHAT is the place for ornament? Consider first that the characters of natural objects which the architect can represent are few and abstract. The greater part of those delights by which Nature recommends herself to man at all times cannot be conveyed by him into his imitative work. He cannot make his grass green and cool and good to rest upon, which in nature is its chief use to man; nor can he make his flowers tender and full of color and of scent, which in nature are their chief powers of giving joy. Those qualities which alone he can secure are certain severe characters of form, such as men only see in nature on deliberate examination, and by the full and set appliance of sight and thought: a man must lie down on the bank of grass on his breast and set himself to watch and penetrate the intertwining of it, before he finds that which is good to be gathered by the architect. So then while Nature is at all times pleasant to us, and while the sight and sense of her work may mingle happily with all our thoughts and labors and times of existence, that image of her which the architect carries away represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion; and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand it and feel it. It is the written or sealed impression of a thing sought out; it is the shaped result of inquiry and bodily expression of thought.

Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses, at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear, that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it. The music of it would not meanwhile have aided the business in hand, while its own delightfulness would thenceforward be in a measure destroyed. It is the same with every other

form of definite thought. If you violently present its expression to the senses, at times when the mind is otherwise engaged, that expression will be ineffective at the time, and will have its sharpness and clearness destroyed forever. Much more if you present it to the mind at times when it is painfully affected or disturbed, or if you associate the expression of pleasant thought with incongruous circumstances, you will affect that expression thenceforward with a painful color forever.

Apply this to expressions of thought received by the eye. Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. «The eye, it cannot choose but see.» Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more: you have killed or defiled it; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive.

Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common-sense,—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze; but do not use golden plowshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek moldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless, utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine

things; which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading and graceful bracket there is in wood or stucco above our grocers' and cheesemongers' and hosiers' shops: how is it that the tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea and cheese and cloth; and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters on their house fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capital they had spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms; each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement, with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be, how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers! It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths are to a candle.

But it will be said that much of the best wooden decoration of the Middle Ages was in shop fronts. No: it was in *house* fronts, of which the shop was a part, and received its natural and consistent portion of the ornament. In those days men lived, and intended to live, *by* their shops, and over them, all their days. They were contented with them and happy in them: they were their palaces and castles. They gave them therefore such decoration as made themselves happy in their own habitation, and they gave it for their own sake. The upper stories were always the richest; and the shop was decorated chiefly about the door, which belonged to the house more than to it. And when our tradesmen settle to their shops in the same way, and form no plans respecting future villa architecture, let their whole houses be decorated, and their shops too, but with a national and domestic decoration. However, our cities are for the most part too large to admit of contented dwelling in them throughout life: and I do not say there is harm in our present system of separating the shop from the dwelling-house; only where they are so

separated, let us remember that the only reason for shop decoration is removed, and see that the decoration be removed also.

Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. Now, if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of that portion of temper and discretion which is necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort; and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad traveling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are therefore, for the time being, miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it,—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks; at least those who would, have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station. The railroad is in all its relations a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveler into a living parcel. For the time, he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon: he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery, and insults to the things by which you endeavor to do so. There never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads or near them. Keep them out of the way, take them through the ugliest country you can find, confess them the miserable things they are, and spend nothing upon them but for safety and speed. Give large salaries to efficient servants, large prices to good manufacturers, large wages to able workmen; let the iron be tough, and the brickwork solid, and the carriages strong. The time is perhaps not distant when these first necessities may not be easily met: and to increase expense in any other direction is madness. Better bury gold in the embankments than put it in ornaments on the stations. Will a single traveler be willing to pay an increased fare on the South-Western because the columns of the terminus are covered with patterns from Nineveh?—he will only care less for the Ninevite ivories in the British Museum: or on the North-Western, because there are Old-English-looking spandrels to the roof of the station at

Crewe?—he will only have less pleasure in their prototypes at Crewe House. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own if it were only left to its work. You would not put rings on the fingers of a smith at his anvil.

It is not however only in these marked situations that the abuse of which I speak takes place. There is hardly, at present, an application of ornamental work which is not in some sort liable to blame of the same kind. We have a bad habit of trying to disguise disagreeable necessities by some form of sudden decoration, which is in all other places associated with such necessities. I will name only one instance, that to which I have alluded before—the roses which conceal the ventilators in the flat roofs of our chapels. Many of those roses are of very beautiful design, borrowed from fine works: all their grace and finish are invisible when they are so placed, but their general form is afterwards associated with the ugly buildings in which they constantly occur; and all the beautiful roses of the early French and English Gothic, especially such elaborate ones as those of the triforium of Coutances, are in consequence deprived of their pleasurable influence, and this without our having accomplished the smallest good by the use we have made of the dishonored form. Not a single person in the congregation ever receives one ray of pleasure from those roof roses; they are regarded with mere indifference, or lost in the general impression of harsh emptiness.

Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-day life? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it in the drawing-room, not into the workshop; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he

likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching, if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else; nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common-sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor because it would be a folly to decorate the house fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament; for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So again, there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labor of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that — so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?

LANDSCAPES OF THE POETS

From 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting'

Of course all good poetry descriptive of rural life is essentially pastoral, or has the effect of the pastoral, on the minds of men living in cities: but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain"; and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. If you examine the literature of the past century, you will find that nearly all its expressions having reference to the country show something of this kind; either a foolish sentimentality or a

morbid fear, both of course coupled with the most curious ignorance. You will find all its descriptive expressions at once vague and monotonous. Brooks are always "purling"; birds always "warbling"; mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds"; vales always "are lost in the shadow of gloomy woods"; a few more distinct ideas about hay-making and curds and cream, acquired in the neighborhood of Richmond Bridge, serving to give an occasional appearance of freshness to the catalogue of the sublime and beautiful which descended from poet to poet; while a few true pieces of pastoral, like the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Walton's 'Angler,' relieved the general waste of dullness. Even in these better productions, nothing is more remarkable than the general conception of the country merely as a series of green fields, and the combined ignorance and dread of more sublime scenery; of which the mysteries and dangers were enhanced by the difficulties of traveling at the period. Thus, in Walton's 'Angler' you have a meeting of two friends, one a Derbyshire man, the other a lowland traveler who is as much alarmed, and uses nearly as many expressions of astonishment, at having to go down a steep hill and ford a brook, as a traveler uses now at crossing the glacier of the Col de Geant. I am not sure whether the difficulties which until late years have lain in the way of peaceful and convenient traveling, ought not to have great weight assigned to them among the other causes of the temper of the century; but be that as it may, if you will examine the whole range of its literature — keeping this point in view — I am well persuaded that you will be struck most forcibly by the strange deadness to the higher sources of landscape sublimity which is mingled with the morbid pastoralism. The love of fresh air and green grass forced itself upon the animal natures of men; but that of the sublimer features of scenery had no place in minds whose chief powers had been repressed by the formalisms of the age. And although in the second-rate writers continually, and in the first-rate ones occasionally, you find an affectation of interest in mountains, clouds, and forests, yet whenever they write from their heart you will find an utter absence of feeling respecting anything beyond gardens and grass. Examine, for instance, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' in its

total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity, and its entire want of notice of anything at Geneva which might not as well have been seen at Coxwold, is the most striking instance I could give you; and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds and shepherdesses are introduced in court dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.

It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.

It was, however, altogether impossible that this state of things could long continue. The age which had buried itself in formalism grew weary at last of the restraint; and the approach of a new era was marked by the appearance, and the enthusiastic reception, of writers who took true delight in those wild scenes of nature which had so long been despised.

I think the first two writers in whom the symptoms of a change are strongly manifested are Mrs. Radcliffe and Rousseau; in both of whom the love of natural scenery, though mingled in the one case with what was merely dramatic, and in the other with much that was pitifully morbid or vicious, was still itself genuine and intense, differing altogether in character from any sentiments previously traceable in literature. And then rapidly followed a group of writers who expressed, in various ways, the more powerful or more pure feeling which had now become one of the strongest instincts of the age. Of these, the principal is your own Walter Scott. Many writers, indeed, describe nature more minutely and more profoundly; but none show in higher intensity the peculiar passion for what is majestic or lovely in *wild* nature, to which I am now referring. The whole of the poem of the 'Lady of the Lake' is written with almost a boyish enthusiasm for rocks, and lakes, and cataracts; the early novels show the same instinct in equal strength wherever he approaches Highland scenery: and the feeling is mingled, observe, with a most touching and affectionate appreciation of the Gothic architecture, in which alone he found the elements of natural beauty seized by art; so that to this day his descriptions of Melrose and Holy Island Cathedral in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' and 'Marmion,' as well as of the ideal abbeys in the 'Monastery'

and 'Antiquary,' together with those of Caerlaverock and Lochleven Castles in 'Guy Mannering' and 'The Abbot,' remain the staple possessions and text-books of all travelers,—not so much for their beauty or accuracy, as for their *exactly expressing that degree of feeling with which most men in this century can sympathize.*

THE THRONE

From the 'Stones of Venice'

In the olden days of traveling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveler beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw for the first time the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset,—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent,—in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveler than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment; for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy: but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white

moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveler had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows: but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north — a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveler's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces, each with its black boat moored at the portal, each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi — that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry,

«Ah, Stalì!» struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation,—it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are for ever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins,—there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveler, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They at least are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignoble and disguise what is discordant in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood

in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs" which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveler now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal,—that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute,—the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them for ever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city, more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man; so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion. . . .

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a

shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill-stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages. There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean; although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea-water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building: but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and

fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry,—and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the court-yards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counterbalanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the

slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters inclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth in world-wide pulsation the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. MARK'S

From the 'Stones of Venice'

A YARD or two farther we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle; and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply molded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and then we forget them all: for between those pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and on each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry,

as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them,—interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones,—jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss,"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life,—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars: until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss them-

selves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats, not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd which if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble and fight and snarl and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised *centesimi* upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the

Baptistery: let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly; and the light, and the turbulence of the Piazzetta, are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold and checkered with gloomy figures: in the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs; a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light, that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls, from a window high in the wall—and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed: for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained; so that it might seem, but that it has some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early,—only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp,—perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo; a man early great among the great of Venice, and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble; and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents: but all beautiful,—the ravaging fissures fretting their

way among the islands and channeled zones of the alabaster, and the time stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles,—one surrounded by the "principalities and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line—

"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,"—

and around the other the Apostles; Christ the centre of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire or to be cast therein,—it is the choice set before all men. The march notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning

ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels: the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the isles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble,—a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her "Mother of God,"—she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshipers scattered through the darker places of the church,—evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and for the most part profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures: but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then, rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms

given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church as if comforted.

But we must not hastily conclude from this that the nobler characters of the building have at present any influence in fostering a devotional spirit. There is distress enough in Venice to bring many to their knees, without excitement from external imagery; and whatever there may be in the temper of the worship offered in St. Mark's more than can be accounted for by reference to the unhappy circumstances of the city, is assuredly not owing either to the beauty of its architecture or to the impressiveness of the Scripture histories embodied in its mosaics. That it has a peculiar effect, however slight, on the popular mind, may perhaps be safely conjectured from the number of worshipers which it attracts, while the churches of St. Paul and the Frari, larger in size and more central in position, are left comparatively empty. But this effect is altogether to be ascribed to its richer assemblage of those sources of influence which address themselves to the commonest instincts of the human mind, and which, in all ages and countries, have been more or less employed in the support of superstition. Darkness and mystery; confused recesses of building; artificial light employed in small quantity, but maintained with a constancy which seems to give it a kind of sacredness; preciousness of material easily comprehended by the vulgar eye; close air loaded with a sweet and peculiar odor associated only with religious services, solemn music, and tangible idols or images having popular legends attached to them,—these, the stage properties of superstition, which have been from the beginning of the world, and must be to the end of it, employed by all nations, whether openly savage or nominally civilized, to produce a false awe in minds incapable of apprehending the true nature of the Deity, are assembled in St. Mark's to a degree, as far as I know, unexampled in any other European church. The arts of the Magus and the Brahmin are exhausted in the animation of a paralyzed Christianity; and the popular sentiment which these arts excite is to be regarded by us with no more respect than we should have considered ourselves justified in rendering to the devotion of the worshipers at Eleusis, Ellora, or Edfou.

Indeed, these inferior means of exciting religious emotion were employed in the ancient Church as they are at this day; but not employed alone. Torchlight there was, as there is now;

but the torchlight illumined Scripture histories on the walls, which every eye traced and every heart comprehended, but which, during my whole residence in Venice, I never saw one Venetian regard for an instant. I never heard from any one the most languid expression of interest in any feature of the church, or perceived the slightest evidence of their understanding the meaning of its architecture; and while therefore the English cathedral, though no longer dedicated to the kind of services for which it was intended by its builders, and much at variance in many of its characters with the temper of the people by whom it is now surrounded, retains yet so much of its religious influence that no prominent feature of its architecture can be said to exist altogether in vain, we have in St. Mark's a building apparently still employed in the ceremonies for which it was designed, and yet of which the impressive attributes have altogether ceased to be comprehended by its votaries. The beauty which it possesses is unfelt, the language it uses is forgotten; and in the midst of the city to whose service it has so long been consecrated, and still filled by crowds of the descendants of those to whom it owes its magnificence, it stands in reality more desolate than the ruins through which the sheep-walk passes unbroken in our English valleys; and the writing on its marble walls is less regarded and less powerful for the teaching of men than the letters which the shepherd follows with his finger, where the moss is lightest on the tombs in the desecrated cloister.

CALAIS SPIRE

From 'Modern Painters'

The essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it; as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, — attributes which are both sublime; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts and holes and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it,—putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace, yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower: for in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it,—a mere *specimen* of the Middle Ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which but for its size might as well be on the museum shelf at once, under cover. But on the Continent the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the gray-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while in unbroken line the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretense, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because

usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.

And I am sorry to say that the opposition is most distinct in that noble carelessness as to what people think of it. Once, on coming from the Continent, almost the first inscription I saw in my native English was this:—

"To Let, a Genteel House up this road"

And it struck me forcibly, for I had not come across the idea of gentility, among the upper limestones of the Alps, for seven months; nor do I think that the Continental nations in general *have* the idea. They would have advertised a "pretty" house, or a "large" one, or a "convenient" one; but they could not, by any use of the terms afforded by their several languages, have got at the English "genteel." Consider a little all the meanness that there is in that epithet, and then see, when next you cross the Channel, how scornful of it that Calais spire will look.

Of which spire the largeness and age are also opposed exactly to the chief appearances of modern England, as one feels them on first returning to it: that marvelous smallness both of houses and scenery, so that a plowman in the valley has his head on a level with the tops of all the hills in the neighborhood; and a house is organized into complete establishment—parlor, kitchen, and all, with a knocker to its door, and a garret window to its roof, and a bow to its second story—on a scale of twelve feet wide by fifteen high, so that three such at least would go into the granary of any ordinary Swiss cottage; and also our serenity of perfection, our peace of conceit, everything being done that vulgar minds can conceive as wanting to be done; the spirit of well-principled housemaids everywhere exerting itself for perpetual propriety and renovation,—so that nothing is old, but only "old-fashioned," and contemporary, as it were, in date and impressiveness, only with last year's bonnets. Abroad, a building of the eighth or tenth century stands ruinous in the open street; the children play round it, the peasants heap their corn in it, the buildings of yesterday nestle about it, and fit their new stones into its rents, and tremble in sympathy as it trembles. No one wonders at it, or thinks of it as separate, and of another time; we feel the ancient world to be a real thing, and one with the new: antiquity is no dream; it is rather the children playing

about the old stones that are the dream. But all is continuous, and the words "from generation to generation" understandable there. Whereas here we have a living present, consisting merely of what is "fashionable" and "old-fashioned"; and a past of which there are no vestiges; a past which peasant or citizen can no more conceive — all equally far away — Queen Elizabeth as old as Queen Boadicea, and both incredible. At Verona we look out of Can Grande's window to his tomb; and if he does not stand beside us, we feel only that he is in the grave instead of the chamber,— not that he is *old*, but that he might have been beside us last night. But in England the dead are dead to purpose. One cannot believe they ever were alive, or anything else than what they are now,— names in schoolbooks.

Then that spirit of trimness. The smooth paving-stones; the scraped, hard, even, rutless roads; the neat gates and plates, and essence of border and order, and spikiness and spruceness. Abroad, a country-house has some confession of human weakness and human fates about it. There are the old grand gates still, which the mob pressed sore against at the Revolution, and the strained hinges have never gone so well since; and the broken greyhound on the pillar — still broken — better so: but the long avenue is gracefully pale with fresh green, and the court-yard bright with orange-trees; the garden is a little run to waste,— since Mademoiselle was married nobody cares much about it; and one range of apartments is shut up,— nobody goes into them since Madame died. But with us, let who will be married or die, we neglect nothing. All is polished and precise again next morning; and whether people are happy or miserable, poor or prosperous, still we sweep the stairs of a Saturday.

Now, I have insisted long on this English character, because I want the reader to understand thoroughly the opposite element of the noble picturesque; its expression, namely, of *suffering*, of *poverty*, or *decay*, nobly endured by unpretending strength of heart. Nor only unpretending, but unconscious. If there be visible pensiveness in the building, as in a ruined abbey, it becomes, or claims to become, beautiful; but the picturesqueness is in the unconscious suffering,— the look that an old laborer has, not knowing that there is anything pathetic in his gray hair and withered arms and sunburnt breast: and thus there are the two extremes,— the consciousness of pathos in the confessed ruin, which may or may not be beautiful, according to the kind of it;

and the entire denial of all human calamity and care, in the swept proprieties and neatness of English modernism: and between these there is the unconscious confession of the facts of distress and decay, in by-words; the world's hard work being gone through all the while, and no pity asked for nor contempt feared. And this is the expression of that Calais spire, and of all picturesque things, in so far as they have mental or human expression at all.

THE FRIBOURG DISTRICT, SWITZERLAND

From 'Modern Painters'

I DO not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate this power of the expectant imagination, than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Berne. It is of gray sandstone, considerably elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveler; so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendor of the Bernese Oberland. The traveler, footsore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice, lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is, as I said, an undulating district of gray sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated also just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until its edge is approached: and then suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its

banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, at its turns, into perilous overhanging; and on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable foot-path which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples and eddies and murmurs, in an utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it; and the traveler drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions: it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air,—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labor and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising and breathing and fading, with no hand to gather them;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.

But above the brows of those scarped cliffs, all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular and wild and white like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness: the swathes of its corn glowing and burning from field to field; its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn; its well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose, or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens—or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives, and carved granaries, and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet in some sort rude: not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort; but with a peculiar carelessness and

largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country. For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is indeed gilded with corn and fragrant with deep grass; but it is not subdued to the plow or to the scythe. It gives at its own free will,—it seems to have nothing wrested from it nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness,—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fullness, kind and wild; nor this without some sterner element mingled in the heart of it. For along all its ridge stand the dark masses of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness,—asserting themselves for ever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black network and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness. And yet they do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of purer silver, and all the air seems filled with a whiter and more living sunshine, where they are pierced by the sable points of the pines; and all the pastures look of more glowing green, where they run up between the purple trunks: and the sweet field footpaths skirt the edges of the forest for the sake of its shade, sloping up and down about the slippery roots, and losing themselves every now and then hopelessly among the violets, and ground ivy, and brown sheddings of the fibrous leaves; and at last plunging into some open aisle where the light through the distant stems shows that there is a chance of coming out again on the other side; and coming out indeed in a little while, from the scented darkness into the dazzling air and marvelous landscape, that stretches still farther and farther in new willfulness of grove and garden, until at last the craggy mountains of the Simmenthal rise out of it, sharp into the rolling of the southern clouds.

I believe, for general development of human intelligence and sensibility, country of this kind is about the most perfect that exists. A richer landscape, as that of Italy, enervates or causes wantonness; a poorer contracts the conceptions, and hardens the temperament of both mind and body; and one more curiously or

prominently beautiful deadens the sense of beauty. Even what is here of attractiveness — far exceeding, as it does, that of most of the thickly peopled districts of the temperate zone — seems to act harmfully on the poetical character of the Swiss; but take its inhabitants all in all, — as with deep love and stern penetration they are painted in the works of their principal writer, Gotthelf, — and I believe we shall not easily find a peasantry which would completely sustain comparison with them.

THE MOUNTAIN GLOOM

From 'Modern Painters'

I do not know any district possessing more pure or uninterrupted fullness of mountain character (and that of the highest order), or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut-trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow coloring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb, which little by little gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that as the wind takes them, with all the grace but with none of the formalism of fountains; dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each

lower and lower step of stable stone; until at last, gathered all together again, — except perhaps some chance drops caught on the apple blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring,— they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of the ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

The mountain paths stoop to these glens in forky zigzags, leading to some gray and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fury of the foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines, thin with excess of light; and, in its clear, consuming flame of white space, the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crown and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy; full of power, yet as frail as shadows; lifeless, like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea spirit that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

High above all sorrow: yes; but not unwitnessing to it. The traveler on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gayly over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle among those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here, it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence

and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them. Perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here it is torpor: not absolute suffering, not starvation or disease, but darkness of calm enduring; — the spring known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle; and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith, — these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank, unmurmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying also, patiently; — in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones, but in all this unrewarded as far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments; no rest except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar rails of the dimly gilded chapel, and so back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken — that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened even in their religion except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror — a smoke as it were of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense, and amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gouts of blood.

Do not let this be thought a darkened picture of the life of these mountaineers. It is literal fact. No contrast can be more painful than that between the dwelling of any well-conducted English cottager and that of the equally honest Savoyard. The one, set in the midst of its dull flat fields and uninteresting

hedge-rows, shows in itself the love of brightness and beauty; its daisy-studded garden beds, its smoothly swept brick path to the threshold, its freshly sanded floor and orderly shelves of household furniture, all testify to energy of heart, and happiness in the simple course and simple possessions of daily life. The other cottage, in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers and noble trees and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled; its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones. All testifies that to its inhabitant the world is labor and vanity; that for him neither flowers bloom, nor birds sing, nor fountains glisten; and that his soul hardly differs from the gray cloud that coils and dies upon his hills, except in having no fold of it touched by the sunbeams.

DESCRIPTION OF NATURE

From 'Modern Painters'

"To dress it and to keep it."

That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it,—feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear shafts!

"And at the East a flaming sword."

Is its flame quenchless? and are those gates that keep the way indeed passable no more? or is it not rather that we no more desire to enter? For what can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. There may indeed have been a Fall of Flowers, as a Fall of Man: but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies; which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth was white and red with them, if

we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well: what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn, till they laugh and sing? Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floretted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well: the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-field of our meadows instead of pasture,—so long, truly, the Flaming Sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.

I have been led to see and feel this more and more, as I considered the service which the flowers and trees, which man was at first appointed to keep, were intended to render to him in return for his care; and the services they still render to him, as far as he allows their influence, or fulfills his own task towards them. For what infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, as the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man — his friend and his teacher! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence; — the characters which enable him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily — in all these it has been inanimate and passive; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being; which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.

And in this mystery of intermediate being, entirely subordinate to us, with which we can deal as we choose, having just the greater power as we have the less responsibility for our treatment of the unsuffering creature, most of the pleasures which we need from the external world are gathered, and most of the lessons we need are written,—all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man: wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance shaft, or plow handle, according to his temper): useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man or provision for his service: cold juice or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm: and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and from with faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.

Being thus prepared for us in all ways, and made beautiful, and good for food and for building and for instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and

admiration from us, become, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life: so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough; and every one is assuredly wrong in both who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way. It is clearly possible to do without them, for the great companionship of the sea and sky are all that sailors need; and many a noble heart has been taught the best it had to learn between dark stone walls. Still, if human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity. And it is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants; and that the words "countryman," "rustic," "clown," "paysan," "villager," still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman" and "citizen." We accept this usage of words, or the evil which it signifies, somewhat too quietly; as if it were quite necessary and natural that countrypeople should be rude, and townspeople gentle. Whereas I believe that the result of each mode of life may, in some stages of the world's progress, be the exact reverse; and that another use of words may be forced upon us by a new aspect of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying: "Such-and-such a person is very gentle and kind,—he is quite rustic; and such-and-such another person is very rude and ill-taught,—he is quite urbane."

At all events, cities have hitherto gained the better part of their good report through our evil ways of going on in the world generally;—chiefly and eminently through our bad habit of fighting with each other. No field, in the middle ages, being safe from devastation, and every country lane yielding easier passage to the marauders, peacefully minded men necessarily congregated in cities, and walled themselves in, making as few cross-country roads as possible; while the men who sowed and reaped the harvests of Europe were only the servants or slaves of the barons. The disdain of all agricultural pursuits by the nobility, and of all plain facts by the monks, kept educated Europe in a state of mind over which natural phenomena could have no power; body and intellect being lost in the practice of war without purpose, and the meditation of words without meaning. Men learned the dexterity with sword and syllogism, which they

mistook for education, within cloister and tilt-yard; and looked on all the broad space of the world of God mainly as a place for exercise of horses, or for growth of food.

There is a beautiful type of this neglect of the perfectness of the Earth's beauty, by reason of the passions of men, in that picture of Paul Uccello's of the battle of Sant' Egidio, in which the armies meet on a country road beside a hedge of wild roses; the tender red flowers tossing above the helmets and glowing between the lowered lances. For in like manner the whole of Nature only shone hitherto for man between the tossing of helmet crests: and sometimes I cannot but think of the trees of the earth as capable of a kind of sorrow, in that imperfect life of theirs, as they opened their innocent leaves in the warm springtime, in vain for men; and all along the dells of England her beeches cast their dappled shade only where the outlaw drew his bow, and the king rode his careless chase; and by the sweet French rivers their long ranks of poplar waved in the twilight, only to show the flames of burning cities, on the horizon, through the tracery of their stems; amidst the fair defiles of the Apennines, the twisted olive trunks hid the ambushes of treachery; and on their valley meadows, day by day, the lilies which were white at the dawn were washed with crimson at sunset. . . .

Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing his garden walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem; — it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension. But the pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. It is resolvedly whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted also to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops at our sword points the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain;—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies also are at his service: softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them as pleases him, for his houses and ships. So also it may be well for these timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

And finally, these weak lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring; we give up our lives without reluctance, and for ever.

I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine,—its straightness and rounded perfectness; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely, though they have hitherto prevented the tree from being drawn. I say first, its straightness. Because we constantly see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as characteristic examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease. Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change; perhaps the rock in which

it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope; or the whole mass of earth around it is undermined by rain; or a huge bowlder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with weight of a couple of tons leaning on its side. Hence, especially at edges of loose cliffs, about waterfalls, or at glacier banks, and in other places liable to disturbance, the pine may be seen distorted and oblique; and in Turner's 'Source of the Arveron,' he has, with his usual unerring perception of the main point in any matter, fastened on this means of relating the glacier's history. The glacier cannot explain its own motion, and ordinary observers saw in it only its rigidity; but Turner saw that the wonderful thing was its non-rigidity. Other ice is fixed, only this ice stirs. All the banks are staggering beneath its waves, crumbling and withered as by the blast of a perpetual storm. He made the rocks of his foreground loose — rolling and tottering down together; the pines, smitten aside by them, their tops dead, bared by the ice wind.

Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago, even of Turner: "Into the spirit of the pine he cannot enter." He understood the glacier at once: he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal-crested waves. But the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent! — nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground; clothe it with soft compliance; are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it — upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other — dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them: those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them,—fragile, weak, inconsistent,

compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride; — unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note, farther, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge, so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery: for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear, but is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine glade in Chamouni, "Fairies' Hollow." It is in the glen beneath the steep ascent above Pont Pelissier, and may be reached by a little winding path which goes down from the top of the hill; being indeed not truly a glen, but a broad ledge of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice (which however the gentle branches hide) over the Arve. An almost isolated rock promontory, many-colored, rises at the end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by cliffs, from which a little cascade falls, literally down among the pines; for it is so light, shaking itself into mere showers of seed pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know it from mist, and grow through it without minding. Underneath, there is only the mossy silence; and above, for ever, the snow of the nameless Aiguille.

And then the third character which I want you to notice in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the

sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes.* You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason, it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which we saw before had been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine,—provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear,—all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud dew upon them,—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and, themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself.

Yet I have been more struck by their character of finished delicacy at a distance from the central Alps, among the pastoral hills of the Emmenthal or lowland districts of Berne; where they are set in groups between the cottages, whose shingle roofs

* Keats (as is his way) puts nearly all that may be said of the pine into one verse, though they are only figurative pines of which he is speaking. I have come to that pass of admiration for him now, that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work; but others must not leave unread, in considering the influence of trees upon the human soul, that marvelous ode to Psyche. Here is the piece about pines:—

«Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines, shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains, steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the Gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same.
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win;
A bright torch, and a casement ope, at night,
To let the warm Love in.»

(they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and orange in the autumn sunshine, gleam on the banks and lawns of hillside,—endless lawns, mounded and studded and bossed all over with deeper green hay heaps, orderly set, like jewelry (the mountain hay, when the pastures are full of springs, being strangely dark and fresh in verdure for a whole day after it is cut). And amidst this delicate delight of cottage and field, the young pines stand delicatest of all, scented as with frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, and crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch, like needles; and their arabesques of dark leaf pierced through and through by the pale radiance of clear sky, opal blue, where they follow each other along the soft hill ridges, up and down.

I have watched them in such scenes with the deeper interest, because of all trees they have hitherto had most influence on human character. The effect of other vegetation, however great, has been divided by mingled species: elm and oak in England, poplar in France, birch in Scotland, olive in Italy and Spain, share their power with inferior trees, and with all the changing charm of successive agriculture. But the tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end, nor any other horizon;—still the dark-green trees, or the dark-green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian and the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

LEAVES MOTIONLESS

From 'Modern Painters'

Leaves motionless. The strong pines wave above them, and the weak grasses tremble beside them: but the blue stars rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven; and far along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the rubied crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning. Nor these yet

the stillest leaves. Others there are subdued to a deeper quietness, the mute slaves of the earth, to whom we owe perhaps thanks and tenderness the most profound of all we have to render for the leaf ministries.

It is strange to think of the gradually diminished power and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves,— from the sweep of the chestnut and gadding of the vine, down to the close shrinking trefoil and contented daisy, pressed on earth; and at last to the leaves that are not merely close to earth, but themselves a part of it,— fastened down to it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled edge rising from the granite crystals. We have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding *no* seed,* the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock?

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live),— how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin,— laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,— the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,— the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service for ever. Trees for

* The reader must remember always that my work is concerning the *aspects* of things only. Of course a lichen has seeds, just as other plants have; but not effectually or visibly, for man.

the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance: and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest starlike on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

CLOUD-BALANCINGS

From 'Modern Painters'

We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens also had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light — their deep vacuity — and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being; — which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation,—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks,—why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow; nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it, poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening,—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came? . . .

How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose; extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles and wedges and coils and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL

(1844–)

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL, a disciple of George Cupples the unrivaled, is the story-teller of the sea: not so picturesque as Cooper, not so broadly humorous as Marryat, not so imaginative as Stevenson; but now that they have ceased spinning yarns, its story-teller par excellence.

The ocean is his stage, the ship his drawing-room or tennis court, the launch his bicycle; his heroes the brave sailors who stand for pluck, endurance, promptitude, courage. Through a dozen or more tales the sea lashes in a most beautiful manner, the sails creak, the salt breeze blows. Black night, blazing noon, starlight and moonlight are shifted over it; terrible tempests come and go. The author of the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor,' most thrilling and absorbing exposé of the sailor's life of peril and privation in the service of the British ship-owner, writes stories strangely compounded of romance and reality; curiously realistic in the delineation of character, wildly improbable in plot and situation. When he sits down to spin his yarn, all things are possible to him, and to us. Early in the action we give the ship over to him, and do not attempt to account for motive or situation; but swallow the whole impossible, perfectly credible story, as we swallowed 'Red Rover' in its time.

W. CLARK RUSSELL

Perhaps, with all the freedom of the broad seas, the story is told by a young girl, who mentions in the opening chapter that this is her first voyage; or perhaps the strange methods of ocean life, the evolutions of a ship, and its seizure by convicts in a storm, are related in nautical phraseology by another young woman who now first smells salt water.

Perhaps the hero and heroine are picked up in an open boat which also holds her venerable father, presumably a thousand miles distant;—but we do not demur. The art of life, the «ernst ist das leben» kind, is a trifling matter to him and to us. His men and women, on the contrary, barring the nautical wisdom of his heroines, make no demands on credulity. They are drawn with unadorned

plainness; they have matter-of-fact affections, and straightforward views of duty. The reader's first sensation, when he has finished one of Mr. Clark Russell's stories, is the amused perception that he has been in the hands of an entirely independent genius, who has sat down before bare walls, with a sheet of paper in front of him, and told his tale, undisturbed by the hobgoblin Consistency or the scourge of tradition,—who would perhaps have written as he writes, if nobody had ever written a novel before or since.

His material—shipwrecks, storms, fires at sea—is not novel to us; but it is new to him, and he revels in it with all the joy of discovery. We may look for nothing modern in the treatment or style; no note of mental alertness, of swift moral process or subtle inference. It is all plain sailing in the world of motive and character. The sea is the *deus ex machina:* it battles with the privateers, frees the prisoners on the convict ship, bears the emigrant vessel sailed by its woman crew safely into port. With its calm loveliness the author contrasts the blood-stained decks of a vessel after a sea fight; the darkness of the hold where the brave heroine hides, a stowaway, is heightened by the sunrise on the ocean, its broad breast bathed in rainbow hues.

The sea is his stage of impossible actions, where his characters perform their courageous, self-forgetful deeds.

William Clark Russell was born in New York city, of English parents, February 24th, 1844; the son of Henry Russell the composer, author of the popular songs 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and 'A Good Time's Coming.' He went to school in France and at Winchester; and entering the merchant service at thirteen and a half years of age, made voyages to Japan, India, and Australia.

After he came of age he left the sea, and was on the staff of the Newcastle Chronicle, and afterwards of the London Daily Telegraph. His first positive success in literature, 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' was published anonymously in London in 1878: but his second book, 'A Sea Queen,' betrayed his identity, and since that time he has gone the way of the popular author; at his best perhaps in his first book, in the 'Sea Queen,' 'Jack's Courtship,' 'An Ocean Free Lance,' 'A Sailor's Sweetheart,' and 'The Good Ship Mohonk.'

There is a fine ignoring of self in Mr. Clark Russell's novels; and all his romances are healthy food for healthy appetites. His is a Homeric conception of sea life: his picture of the British seaman—noble, generous, confiding in unprofessional matters, imperious, cruel, unscrupulous to the enemy—has the value of a portrait. To appreciate the splendid word-painting, the subtle delicate touches, one has only to turn the pages of any one of his stories. Rarely has the sea had a truer lover, a more faithful interpreter.

A STORM AND A RESCUE

From the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor'

ALL that night it blew terribly hard, and raised as wild and raging a sea as ever I remember hearing or seeing described. During my watch — that is, from midnight until four o'clock — the wind veered a couple of points, but had gone back again only to blow harder; just as though it had stepped out of its way a trifle to catch extra breath.

I was quite worn out by the time my turn came to go below; and though the vessel was groaning like a live creature in its death agonies, and the seas thumping against her with such shocks as kept me thinking that she was striking hard ground, I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and never moved until routed out by Duckling four hours afterward.

All this time the gale had not bated a jot of its violence, and the ship labored so heavily that I had the utmost difficulty in getting out of the cuddy on to the poop. When I say that the decks fore and aft were streaming wet, I convey no notion of the truth: the main deck was simply *afloat*, and every time the ship rolled, the water on her deck rushed in a wave against the bulwarks and shot high in the air, to mingle sometimes with fresh and heavy inroads of the sea, both falling back upon the deck with the boom of a gun.

I had already ascertained from Duckling that the well had been sounded and the ship found dry; and therefore, since we were tight below, it mattered little what water was shipped above, as the hatches were securely battened down fore and aft, and the mast-coats unwrung. But still she labored under the serious disadvantage of being overloaded; and the result was, her fore parts were being incessantly swept by seas which at times completely hid her forecastle in spray.

Shortly after breakfast, Captain Coxon sent me forward to dispatch a couple of hands on to the jib-boom to snug the inner jib, which looked to be rather shakily stowed. I managed to dodge the water on the main-deck by waiting until it rolled to the starboard scuppers, and then cutting ahead as fast as I could; but just as I got upon the forecastle, I was saluted by a green sea which carried me off my legs, and would have swept me down on the main-deck had I not held on stoutly with both hands to one of the fore-shrouds. The water nearly drowned me, and

kept me sneezing and coughing for ten minutes afterward. But it did me no further mischief; for I was incased in good oilskins and sou'-wester, which kept me as dry as a bone inside.

Two ordinary seamen got upon the jib-boom, and I bade them keep a good hold, for the ship sometimes danced her figure-head under water and buried her spritsail-yard; and when she sunk her stern, her flying jib-boom stood up like the mizzenmast. I waited until this job of snugging the sail was finished, and then made haste to get off the forecastle, where the seas flew so continuously and heavily that had I not kept a sharp lookout, I should several times have been knocked overboard.

Partly out of curiosity and partly with a wish to hearten the men, I looked into the forecastle before going aft. There were sliding-doors let into the entrance on either side the windlass, but one of them was kept half open to admit air, the forescuttle above being closed. The darkness here was made visible by an oil lamp,—in shape resembling a tin coffee-pot with a wick in the spout,—which burned black and smokily. The deck was up to my ankles in water, which gurgled over the pile of swabs that lay at the open entrance. It took my eye some moments to distinguish objects in the gloom; and then by degrees the strange interior was revealed. A number of hammocks were swung against the upper deck; and around the forecastle were two rows of bunks, one atop the other. Here and there were sea-chests lashed to the deck; and these, with the huge windlass, a range of chain cable, lengths of rope, odds and ends of pots and dishes, with here a pair of breeches hanging from a hammock, and there a row of oilskins swinging from a beam,—pretty well made up all the furniture that met my eye.

The whole of the crew were below. Some of the men lay smoking in their bunks, others in their hammocks with their boots over the edge; one was patching a coat, another greasing his boots; others were seated in a group talking; while under the lamp were a couple of men playing at cards upon a chest, three or four watching and holding on by the hammocks over their heads.

A man, lying in his bunk with his face toward me, started up and sent his legs, incased in blanket trousers and brown woolen stockings, flying out.

"Here's Mr. Royle, mates!" he called out. "Let's ask him the name of the port the captain means to touch at for proper food, for we aren't goin' to wait much longer."

"Don't ask me any questions of that kind, my lads," I replied promptly, seeing a general movement of heads in the bunks and hammocks. "I'd give you proper victuals if I had the ordering of them; and I have spoken to Captain Coxon about you, and I am sure he will see this matter put to rights."

I had difficulty in making my voice heard, for the striking of the seas against the ship's bows filled the place with an overwhelming volume of sound; and the hollow, deafening thunder was increased by the uproar of the ship's straining timbers.

"Who the devil thinks," said a voice from a hammock, "that we're going to let ourselves be grinded as we was last night without proper wittles to support us? I'd rather have signed articles for a coal-barge, with drowned rats to eat from Gravesend to Whitstable, than shipped in this here cursed wessel, where the bread's just fit to make savages retch!"

I had not bargained for this, but had merely meant to address them cheerily, with a few words of approval of the smart way in which they had worked the ship in the night. Seeing that my presence would do no good, I turned about and left the forecastle, hearing, as I came away, one of the Dutchmen cry out:—

"Look here, Mister Rile, vill you be pleashed to ssay when we are to hov' something to eat?—for by Gott! ve vill kill te dom pigs in the long-boat if the skipper don't mindt—so look out!"

As ill-luck would have it, Captain Coxon was at the break of the poop, and saw me come out of the forecastle. He waited until he had got me alongside of him, when he asked me what I was doing among the men.

"I looked in to give them a good word for the work they did last night," I answered.

"And who asked you to give them a good word, as you call it?"

"I have never had to wait for orders to encourage a crew."

"Mind what you are about, sir!" he exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with rage. "I see through your game, and I'll put a stopper upon it that you won't like."

"What game, sir? Let me have your meaning."

"An infernal mutinous game!" he roared. "Don't talk to me, sir! I know you! I've had my eye upon you! You'll play false if you can, and are trying to smother up your d——d rebel meanings with genteel airs! Get away, sir!" he bellowed, stamping

his foot. «Get away aft! You're a lumping, useless incumbrance! But by thunder! I'll give you two for every one you try to give me! So stand by!»

And apparently half mad with his rage, he staggered away in the very direction in which he had told me to go, and stood near the wheel, glaring upon me with a white face, which looked indescribably malevolent in the fur cap and ear-protectors that ornamented it.

I was terribly vexed by this rudeness, which I was powerless to resist, and regretted my indiscretion in entering the forecastle after the politic resolutions I had formed. However, Captain Coxon's ferocity was nothing new to me; truly I believed he was not quite right in his mind, and expected, as in former cases, that he would come round a bit by-and-by when his insane temper had passed. Still his insinuations were highly dangerous, not to speak of their offensiveness. It was no joke to be charged, even by a madman, with striving to arouse the crew to mutiny. Nevertheless I tried to console myself as best I could by reflecting that he could not prove his charges; that I need only to endure his insolence for a few weeks, and that there was always a law to vindicate me and punish him, should his evil temper betray him into any acts of cruelty against me.

The gale, at times the severest that I was ever in, lasted three days; during which the ship drove something like eighty miles to the northwest. The sea on the afternoon of the third day was appalling: had the ship attempted to run, she would have been pooped and smothered in a minute; but lying close, she rode fairly well, though there were moments when I held my breath as she sunk in a hollow like a coal-mine, filled with the astounding noise of boiling water,—really believing that the immense waves which came hurtling towards us with solid, sharp, transparent ridges, out of which the wind tore lumps of water and flung them through the rigging of the ship, must overwhelm the vessel before she could rise to it.

The fury of the tempest and the violence of the sea, which the boldest could not contemplate without feeling that the ship was every moment in more or less peril, kept the crew subdued; and they eat as best they could the provisions, without complaint. However, it needed nothing less than a storm to keep them quiet: for on the second day a sea extinguished the galley fire, and until the gale abated no cooking could be done; so that

the men had to put up with the cold water and biscuit. Hence all hands were thrown upon the ship's bread for two days; and the badness of it, therefore, was made even more apparent than heretofore, when its wormy moldiness was in some degree qualified by the nauseousness of bad salt pork and beef and the sickly flavor of damaged tea.

As I had anticipated, the captain came round a little a few hours after his insulting attack upon me. I think his temper frightened him when it had reference to me. Like others of his breed, he was a bit of a cur at the bottom. My character was a trifle beyond him; and he was ignorant enough to hate and fear what he could not understand. Be this as it may, he made some rough attempts at a rude kind of politeness when I went below to get some grog, and condescended to say that when I had been to sea as long as he, I would know that the most ungrateful rascals in the world were sailors; that every crew he had sailed with had always taken care to invent some grievance to growl over: either the provisions were bad, or the work too heavy, or the ship unseaworthy; and that long ago he had made up his mind never to pay attention to their complaints, since no sooner would one wrong be redressed than another would be coined and shoved under his nose.

I took this opportunity of assuring him that I had never willingly listened to the complaints of the men, and that I was always annoyed when they spoke to me about the provisions, as I had nothing whatever to do with that matter; and that so far from my wishing to stir up the men into rebellion, my conduct had been uniformly influenced by the desire to conciliate them and represent their conditions as very tolerable, so as to repress any tendency to disaffection which they might foment among themselves.

To this he made no reply, and soon we parted; but all the next day he was sullen again, and never addressed me save to give an order.

On the evening of the third day the gale broke; the glass had risen since the morning; but until the first dog-watch the wind did not bate one iota of its violence, and the horizon still retained its stormy and threatening aspect. The clouds then broke in the west, and the setting sun shone forth with deep crimson light upon the wilderness of mountainous waters. The wind fell quickly, then went round to the west and blew freshly; but

there was a remarkable softness and sweetness in the feel and taste of it.

A couple of reefs were at once shaken out of the maintopsail, and a sail made. By midnight the heavy sea had subsided into a deep, long, rolling swell, still (strangely enough) coming from the south; but the fresh westerly wind held the ship steady, and for the first time for nearly a hundred hours we were able to move about the decks with comparative comfort. Early the next morning the watch were set to wash down and clear up the decks; and when I left my cabin at eight o'clock, I found the weather bright and warm, with a blue sky shining among heavy, white, April-looking clouds, and the ship making seven knots under all plain sail. The decks were dry and comfortable, and the ship had a habitable and civilized look, by reason of the row of clothes hung by the seamen to dry on the forecastle.

It was half past nine o'clock, and I was standing near the taffrail looking at a shoal of porpoises playing some hundreds of feet astern, when the man who was steering asked me to look in the direction to which he pointed — that was, a little to the right of the bowsprit — and say if there was anything to be seen there; for he had caught sight of something black upon the horizon twice, but could not detect it now.

I turned my eyes toward the quarter of the sea indicated, but could discern nothing whatever; and telling him that what he had seen was probably a wave, which, standing higher than his fellows, will sometimes show black a long distance off, walked to the fore part of the poop.

The breeze still held good; and the vessel was slipping easily through the water, though the southerly swell made her roll and at times shook the wind out of the sails. The skipper had gone to lie down,— being pretty well exhausted, I daresay; for he had kept the deck for the greater part of three nights running. Duckling was also below. Most of my watch were on the forecastle, sitting or lying in the sun, which shone very warm upon the decks; the hens under the long-boat were chattering briskly, and the cocks crowing, and the pigs grunting, with the comfort of the warmth.

Suddenly, as the ship rose, I distinctly beheld something black out away upon the horizon, showing just under the foot of the foresail. It vanished instantly; but I was not satisfied, and went for the glass which lay upon the brackets just under the

companion. I then told the man who was steering to keep her away a couple of points for a few moments; and resting the glass against the mizzen-royal backstay, pointed it toward the place where I had seen the black object.

For some moments nothing but sea or sky filled the field of the glass as the ship rose and fell; but all at once there leaped into this field the hull of a ship, deep as her main-chains in the water, which came and went before my eye as the long seas lifted or dropped in the foreground. I managed to keep her sufficiently long in view to perceive that she was totally dismasted.

"It's a wreck," said I, turning to the man: "let her come to again and luff a point. There may be living creatures aboard of her."

Knowing what sort of man Captain Coxon was, I do not think that I should have had the hardihood to luff the ship a point out of her course had it involved the bracing of the yards; for the songs of the men would certainly have brought him on deck, and I might have provoked some ugly insolence. But the ship was going free, and would head more westerly without occasioning further change than slightly slackening the weather-braces of the upper yards. This I did quietly; and the dismantled hull was brought right dead on end with our flying jib-boom. The men now caught sight of her, and began to stare and point; but did not sing out, as they saw by the telescope in my hand that I perceived her. The breeze unhappily began to slacken somewhat, owing perhaps to the gathering heat of the sun; our pace fell off: and a full hour passed before we brought the wreck near enough to see her permanently,—for up to this she had been constantly vanishing under the rise of the swell. She was now about two miles off, and I took a long and steady look at her through the telescope. It was a black hull with painted ports. The deck was flush fore and aft, and there was a good-sized house just before where the mainmast should have been. This house was uninjured, though the galley was split up, and to starboard stood up in splinters like the stump of a tree struck by lightning. No boats could be seen aboard of her. Her jib-boom was gone, and so were all three masts,—clean cut off at the deck, as though a hand-saw had done it; but the mizzen-mast was alongside, held by the shrouds and backstays, and the port main and fore shrouds streamed like serpents from her chains into the water. I reckoned at once that she must be loaded with timber,

for she never could keep afloat at that depth with any other kind of cargo in her.

She made a most mournful and piteous object in the sunlight, sluggishly rolling to the swell which ran in transparent volumes over her sides and foamed around the deck-house. Once when her stern rose, I read the name Cecilia in broad white letters.

I was gazing at her intently, in the effort to witness some indication of living thing on board, when, to my mingled consternation and horror, I witnessed an arm projecting through the window of the deck-house and frantically waving what resembled a white handkerchief. As none of the men called out, I judged the signal was not perceptible to the naked eye; and in my excitement I shouted, "There's a living man on board of her, my lads!" dropped the glass, and ran aft to call the captain.

I met him coming up the companion ladder. The first thing he said was, "You're out of your course," and looked up at the sails.

"There's a wreck yonder!" I cried, pointing eagerly, "with a man on board signaling to us."

"Get me the glass," he said sulkily; and I picked it up and handed it to him.

He looked at the wreck for some moments; and addressing the man at the wheel, exclaimed, making a movement with his hand, "Keep her away! Where in the devil are you steering to?"

"Good heaven!" I ejaculated: "there's a man on board—there may be others!"

"Damnation!" he exclaimed between his teeth: "what do you mean by interfering with me? Keep her away!" he roared out.

During this time we had drawn sufficiently near to the wreck to enable the sharper-sighted among the hands to remark the signal, and they were calling out that there was somebody flying a handkerchief aboard the hull.

"Captain Coxon," said I, with as firm a voice as I could command,—for I was nearly in as great a rage as he, and rendered insensible to all consequences by his inhumanity,—"if you bear away and leave that man yonder to sink with that wreck when he can be saved with very little trouble, you will become as much a murderer as any ruffian who stabs a man asleep."

When I had said this, Coxon turned black in the face with passion. His eyes protruded, his hands and fingers worked as

though he were under some electrical process, and I saw for the first time in my life a sight I had always laughed at as a bit of impossible novelist description,—a mouth foaming with rage. He rushed aft, just over Duckling's cabin, and stamped with all his might.

"Now," thought I, "they may try to murder me!" And without a word I pulled off my coat, seized a belaying-pin, and stood ready; resolved that happen what might, I would give the first man who should lay his fingers on me something to remember me by while he had breath in his body.

The men, not quite understanding what was happening, but seeing that a "row" was taking place, came to the forecastle and advanced by degrees along the main-deck. Among them I noticed the cook, muttering to one or the other who stood near.

Mr. Duckling, awakened by the violent clattering over his head, came running up the companion-way with a bewildered, sleepy look in his face. The captain grasped him by the arm, and pointing to me, cried out with an oath that "that villain was breeding a mutiny on board, and he believed wanted to murder him and Duckling."

I at once answered, "Nothing of the kind! There is a man miserably perishing on board that sinking wreck, Mr. Duckling, and he ought to be saved. My lads!" I cried, addressing the men on the main-deck, "is there a sailor among you all who would have the heart to leave that man yonder without an effort to rescue him?"

"No, sir!" shouted one of them. "We'll save the man; and if the skipper refuses, we'll make him!"

"Luff!" I called to the man at the wheel.

"Luff at your peril!" screamed the skipper.

"Aft here, some hands," I cried, "and lay the main-yard aback. Let go the port main-braces!"

The captain came running toward me.

"By the living God!" I cried in a fury, grasping the heavy brass belaying-pin, "if you come within a foot of me, Captain Coxon, I'll dash your brains out!"

My attitude, my enraged face and menacing gesture, produced the desired effect. He stopped dead, turned a ghastly white, and looked round at Duckling.

"What do you mean by this (etc.) conduct, you (etc.) mutinous scoundrels?" roared Duckling, with a volley of foul language.

"Give him one for himself if he says too much, Mr. Royle!" sung out some hoarse voice on the main-deck; "we'll back yer!" And then came cries of "They're a cursed pair o' murderers!" "Who run the smack down?" "Who lets men drown?" "Who starves honest men?" This last exclamation was followed by a roar.

The whole of the crew were now on deck, having been aroused by our voices. Some of them were looking on with a grin, others with an expression of fierce curiosity. It was at once understood that I was making a stand against the captain and chief mate; and a single glance at them assured me that by one word I could set the whole of them on fire to do my bidding, even to shedding blood.

In the mean time, the man at the wheel had luffed until the weather leeches were flat and the ship scarcely moving. And at this moment, that the skipper might know their meaning, a couple of hands jumped aft and let go the weather main-braces. I took care to keep my eyes on Coxon and the mate, fully prepared for any attack that one or both might make on me. Duckling eyed me furiously but in silence, evidently baffled by my resolute air and the position of the men. Then he said something to the captain, who looked exhausted and white and haggard with his useless passion. They walked over to the lee side of the poop; and after a short conference, the captain to my surprise went below, and Duckling came forward.

"There's no objection," he said, "to your saving the man's life, if you want. Lower away the starboard quarter-boat; — and you go along in her," he added to me, uttering the last words in such a thick voice that I thought he was choking.

"Come along, some of you!" I cried out, hastily putting on my coat; and in less than a minute I was in the boat with the rudder and thole-pins shipped, and four hands ready to out oars as soon as we touched the water.

Duckling began to fumble at one end of the boat's falls.

"Don't let him lower away!" roared out one of the men in the boat. "He'll let us go with a run. He'd like to see us drowned!"

Duckling fell back, scowling with fury; and shoving his head over as the boat sunk quietly into the water, he discharged a volley of execrations at us, saying that he would shoot some of us, if he swung for it, before he was done, and especially applying a heap of abusive terms to me.

The fellow pulling the bow oar laughed in his face; and another shouted out, "We'll teach you to say your prayers yet, you ugly old sinner!"

We got away from the ship's side cleverly, and in a short time were rowing fast for the wreck. The excitement under which I labored made me reckless of the issue of this adventure. The sight of the lonely man upon the wreck, coupled with the unmanly, brutal intention of Coxon to leave him to his fate, had goaded me into a state of mind infuriate enough to have done and dared anything to *compel* Coxon to save him. He might call it mutiny, but I called it humanity; and I was prepared to stand or fall by my theory. The hate the crew had for their captain and chief mate was quite strong enough to guarantee me against any foul play on the part of Coxon; otherwise I might have prepared myself to see the ship fill and stand away, and leave us alone on the sea with the wreck. One of the men in the boat suggested this; but another immediately answered, "They'd pitch the skipper overboard if he gave such an order, and glad o' the chance. There's no love for 'em among us, I can tell you; and by——! there'll be bloody work done aboard the Grosvenor if things aren't mended soon, as you'll see."

They all four pulled at their oars savagely as these words were spoken; and I never saw such sullen and ferocious expressions on men's faces as came into theirs, as they fixed their eyes as with one accord upon the ship.

She, deep as she was, looked a beautiful model on the mighty surface of the water, rolling with marvelous grace to the swell, the strength and volume of which made me feel my littleness and weakness as it lifted the small boat with irresistible power. There was wind enough to keep her sails full upon her graceful, slender masts, and the brass-work upon her deck flashed brilliantly as she rolled from side to side.

Strange contrast, to look from her to the broken and desolate picture ahead! My eyes were riveted upon it now with new and intense emotion, for by this time I could discern that the person who was waving to us was a female,—woman or girl I could not yet make out,—and that her hair was like a veil of gold behind her swaying arm.

"It's a woman!" I cried in my excitement; "it's no man at all. Pull smartly, my lads! pull smartly, for God's sake!"

The men gave way stoutly, and the swell favoring us, we were soon close to the wreck. The girl, as I now perceived she

was, waved her handkerchief wildly as we approached; but my attention was occupied in considering how we could best board the wreck without injury to the boat. She lay broadside to us, with her stern on our right, and was not only rolling heavily with wallowing, squelching movements, but was swirling the heavy mizzenmast that lay alongside through the water each time she went over to starboard; so that it was necessary to approach her with the greatest caution to prevent our boat from being stove in. Another element of danger was the great flood of water which she took in over her shattered bulwarks, first on this side, then on that, discharging the torrent again into the sea as she rolled. This water came from her like a cataract, and in a second would fill and sink the boat, unless extreme care were taken to keep clear of it.

I waved my hat to the poor girl, to let her know that we saw her and had come to save her, and steered the boat right around the wreck, that I might observe the most practical point for boarding her.

She appeared to be a vessel of about seven hundred tons. The falling of her masts had crushed her port bulwarks level with the deck, and part of her starboard bulwarks was also smashed to pieces. Her wheel was gone, and the heavy seas that had swept her deck had carried away capstans, binnacle, hatchway gratings, pumps—everything, in short, but the deck-house and the remnants of the galley. I particularly noticed a strong iron boat's-davit twisted up like a corkscrew. She was full of water, and lay as deep as her main-chains; but her bows stood high, and her fore-chains were out of the sea. It was miraculous to see her keep afloat as the long swell rolled over her in a cruel, foaming succession of waves.

Though these plain details impressed themselves upon my memory, I did not seem to notice anything, in the anxiety that possessed me to rescue the lonely creature in the deck-house. It would have been impossible to keep a footing upon the main-deck without a life-line or something to hold on by; and seeing this, and forming my resolutions rapidly, I ordered the man in the bow of the boat to throw in his oar and exchange places with me, and head the boat for the starboard port-chains. As we approached I stood up with one foot planted on the gunwale ready to spring; the broken shrouds were streaming aft and alongside, so that if I missed the jump and fell into the water there was plenty of stuff to catch hold of.

"Gently—'vast rowing—ready to back astern smartly!" I cried as we approached. I waited a moment: the hull rolled toward us, and the succeeding swell threw up our boat; the deck, though all aslant, was on a line with my feet. I sprung with all my strength, and got well upon the deck, but fell heavily as I reached it. However, I was up again in a moment, and ran forward out of the water.

Here was a heap of gear,—stay-sail, and jib-halyards, and other ropes, some of the ends swarming overboard. I hauled in one of these ends, but found I could not clear the raffle; but looking round, I perceived a couple of coils of line—spare stun'-sail tacks or halyards I took them to be—lying close against the foot of the bowsprit. I immediately seized the end of one of these coils, and flung it into the boat, telling them to drop clear of the wreck astern; and when they had backed as far as the length of the line permitted, I bent on the end of the other coil, and paid that out until the boat was some fathoms astern. I then made my end fast, and sung out to one of the men to get on board by the starboard mizzen-chains, and to bring the end of the line with him. After waiting a few minutes, the boat being hidden, I saw the fellow come scrambling over the side with a red face, his clothes and hair streaming, he having fallen overboard. He shook himself like a dog, and crawled with the line, on his hands and knees, a short distance forward, then hauled the line taut and made it fast.

"Tell them to bring the boat round here," I cried, "and lay off on their oars until we are ready. And you get hold of this line and work yourself up to me."

Saying which, I advanced along the deck, clinging tightly with both hands. It very providentially happened that the door of the deck-house faced the forecastle within a few feet of where the remains of the galley stood. There would be, therefore, less risk in opening it than had it faced beamwise: for the water, as it broke against the sides of the house, disparted clear of the fore and after parts; that is, the great bulk of it ran clear, though of course a foot's depth of it at least surged against the door.

I called out to the girl to open the door quickly, as it slid in grooves like a panel, and was not to be stirred from the outside. The poor creature appeared mad; and I repeated my request three times without inducing her to leave the window. Then,

not believing that she understood me, I cried out, "Are you English?"

"Yes," she replied. "For God's sake, save us!"

"I cannot get you through that window," I exclaimed. "Rouse yourself and open that door, and I will save you."

She now seemed to comprehend, and drew in her head. By this time the man out of the boat had succeeded in sliding along the rope to where I stood, though the poor devil was nearly drowned on the road; for when about half-way, the hull took in a lump of swell which swept him right off his legs, and he was swung hard a-starboard, holding on for his life. However, he recovered himself smartly when the water was gone, and came along hand over fist, snorting and cursing in wonderful style.

Meanwhile, though I kept a firm hold of the life-line, I took care to stand where the inroads of water were not heavy, waiting impatiently for the door to open. It shook in the grooves, tried by a feeble hand; then a desperate effort was made, and it slid a couple of inches.

"That will do!" I shouted. "Now then, my lad, catch hold of me with one hand, and the line with the other."

The fellow took a firm grip of my monkey-jacket, and I made for the door. The water washed up to my knees, but I soon inserted my fingers in the crevice of the door and thrust it open.

The house was a single compartment, though I had expected to find it divided into two. In the centre was a table that traveled on stanchions from the roof to the deck. On either side were a couple of bunks. The girl stood near the door. In a bunk to the left of the door lay an old man with white hair. Prostrate on his back, on the deck, with his arms stretched against his ears, was the corpse of a man, well dressed; and in a bunk on the right sat a sailor, who, when he saw me, yelled out and snapped his fingers, making horrible grimaces.

Such, in brief, was the *coup d'œil* of that weird interior as it met my eyes.

I seized the girl by the arm.

"You first," said I. "Come; there is no time to be lost."

But she shrunk back, pressing against the door with her hand to prevent me from pulling her, crying in a husky voice, and looking at the old man with the white hair, "My father first! my father first!"

"You shall all be saved, but you must obey me. Quickly, now!" I exclaimed passionately; for a heavy sea at that moment flooded the ship, and a rush of water swamped the house through the open door and washed the corpse on the deck up into a corner.

Grasping her firmly, I lifted her off her feet, and went staggering to the life-rope, slinging her light body over my shoulder as I went. Assisted by my man, I gained the bow of the wreck, and hailing the boat, ordered it alongside.

"One of you," cried I, "stand ready to receive this lady when I give the signal."

I then told the man who was with me to jump into the fore-chains, which he instantly did. The wreck lurched heavily to port. "Stand by, my lads!" I shouted. Over she came again, with the water swooping along the main-deck. The boat rose high, and the fore-chains were submerged to the height of the man's knees. "Now!" I called, and lifted the girl over. She was seized by the man in the chains, and pushed toward the boat; the fellow standing in the bow of the boat caught her, and at the same moment down sunk the boat, and the wreck rolled wearily over. But the girl was safe.

"Hurrah, my lad!" I sung out. "Up with you,—there are others remaining;" and I went sprawling along the line to the deck-house, there to encounter another rush of water, which washed as high as my thighs, and fetched me such a thump in the stomach that I thought I must have died of suffocation.

I was glad to find that the old man had got out of his bunk, and was standing at the door.

"Is my poor girl safe, sir?" he exclaimed, with the same huskiness of voice that had grated so unpleasantly in the girl's tone.

"Quite safe: come along."

"Thanks be to Almighty God!" he ejaculated, and burst into tears.

I seized hold of his thin cold hands, but shifted my fingers to catch him by the coat collar, so as to exert more power over him; and handed him along the deck, telling my companion to lay hold of the seaman and fetch him away smartly. We managed to escape the water, for the poor old gentleman bestirred himself very nimbly, and I helped him over the fore-chains; and when the boat rose, tumbled him into her without ceremony. I

saw the daughter leap toward him and clasp him in her arms; but I was soon again scrambling on to the deck, having heard cries from my man, accompanied with several loud curses, mingled with dreadful yells.

"He's bitten me, sir!" cried my companion, hauling himself away from the deck-house. "He's roaring mad."

"It can't be helped," I answered. "We must get him out."

He saw me pushing along the life-line, plucked up heart, and went with myself through a sousing sea to the door. I caught a glimpse of a white face glaring at me from the interior: in a second a figure shot out, fled with incredible speed toward the bow, and leaped into the sea just where our boat lay.

"They'll pick him up," I exclaimed. "Stop a second;" and I entered the house and stooped over the figure of the man on the deck.

I was not familiar with death, and yet I knew it was here. I cannot describe the signs in his face; but such as they were, they told me the truth. I noticed a ring upon his finger, and that his clothes were good. His hair was black, and his features well shaped, though his face had a half-convulsed expression, as if something frightful had appeared to him, and he had died of the sight of it.

"This wreck must be his coffin," I said. "He is a corpse. We can do no more."

We scrambled for the last time along the life-line and got into the fore-chains; but to our consternation, saw the boat rowing away from the wreck. However, the fit of rage and terror that possessed me lasted but a moment or two; for I now saw they were giving chase to the madman, who was swimming steadily away. Two of the men rowed, and the third hung over the bows, ready to grasp the miserable wretch. The Grosvenor stood steady, about a mile off, with her mainyards backed; and just as the fellow over the boat's bows caught hold of the swimmer's hair, the ensign was run up on board the ship and dipped three times.

"Bring him along!" I shouted. "They'll be off without us if we don't bear a hand."

They nearly capsized the boat as they dragged the lunatic, streaming like a drowned rat, out of the water; and one of the sailors tumbled him over on his back, and knelt upon him, while he took some turns with the boat's painter round his body, arms

and legs. The boat then came alongside; and watching our opportunity, we jumped into her and shoved off.

I had now leisure to examine the persons whom we had saved. They — father and daughter, as I judged them by the girl's exclamation on the wreck — sat in the stern-sheets, their hands locked. The old man seemed nearly insensible; leaning backward with his chin on his breast and his eyes partially closed. I feared he was dying; but could do no good until we reached the Grosvenor, as we had no spirits in the boat.

The girl appeared to be about twenty years of age; very fair, her hair of golden straw color, which hung wet and streaky down her back and over her shoulders, though a portion of it was held by a comb. She was deadly pale, and her lips blue; and in her fine eyes was such a look of mingled horror and rapture as she cast them around her, — first glancing at me, then at the wreck, then at the Grosvenor, — that the memory of it will last me to my death. Her dress, of some dark material, was soaked with salt water up to her hips, and she shivered and moaned incessantly, though the sun beat so warmly upon us that the thwarts were hot to the hand.

The mad sailor lay at the bottom of the boat, looking straight into the sky. He was a horrid-looking object, with his streaming hair, pasty features, and red beard, his naked shanks and feet protruding through his soaking, clinging trousers, which figured his shin-bones as though they clothed a skeleton. Now and again he would give himself a wild twirl and yelp out fiercely; but he was well-nigh spent with his swim, and on the whole was quiet enough.

I said to the girl, "How long have you been in this dreadful position?"

"Since yesterday morning," she answered, in a choking voice painful to hear, and gulping after each word. "We have not had a drop of water to drink since the night before last. He is mad with thirst, for he drank the water on the deck;" and she pointed to the man in the bottom of the boat.

"My God!" I cried to the men, "do you hear her? They have not drunk water for two days! For the love of God, give way!"

They bent their backs to the oars, and the boat foamed over the long swell. The wind was astern and helped us. I did not speak again to the poor girl; for it was cruel to make her

talk, when the words lacerated her throat as though they were pieces of burning iron.

After twenty minutes, which seemed as many hours, we reached the vessel. The crew pressing round the gangway cheered when they saw we had brought people from the wreck. Duckling and the skipper watched us grimly from the poop.

"Now then, my lads," I cried, "up with this lady first. Some of you on deck get water ready, as these people are dying of thirst."

In a few minutes, both the girl and the old man were handed over the gangway. I cut the boat's painter adrift from the ring-bolt so that we could ship the madman without loosening his bonds, and he was hoisted up like a bale of goods. Then four of us got out of the boat, leaving one to drop her under the davits and hook on the falls.

At this moment a horrible scene took place.

The old man, tottering on the arms of two seamen, was being led into the cuddy, followed by the girl, who walked unaided. The madman, in the grasp of the big sailor named Johnson, stood near the gangway; and as I scrambled on deck, one of the men was holding a pannikin full of water to his face. The poor wretch was shrinking away from it, with his eyes half out of their sockets: but suddenly tearing his arm with a violent effort from the rope that bound him, he seized the pannikin and bit clean through the *tin;* after which, throwing back his head, he swallowed the whole draught, dashed the pannikin down, his face turned black, and he fell dead on the deck.

The big sailor sprung aside with an oath, forced from him by his terror; and from every looker-on there broke a groan. They all shrunk away and stood staring with blanched faces. Such a piteous sight as it was, lying doubled up, with the rope pinioning the miserable limbs, the teeth locked, and the right arm uptossed!

"Aft here and get the quarter-boat hoisted up!" shouted Duckling, advancing on the poop; and seeing the man dead on the deck, he added, "Get a tarpaulin and cover him up, and let him lie on the fore-hatch."

"Shall I tell the steward to serve out grog to the men who went with me?" I asked him.

He stared at me contemptuously, and walked away without answering.

RUSSIAN LYRIC POETRY

BY PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY

NO OTHER branch of literature is better fitted than lyric poetry to affirm the two principles which seem to constitute the chief acquisition of our modern culture: individualism and cosmopolitism. In no other kind of poetry do the great variety of individuals and the great equality of mankind find more concise nor more simultaneous expression. The two apparently contradictory elements are combined: the endless variety of feeling and expression is covered by the unchangeable eternity of the subject, of that «old story which is always new,» — the story of man's inner life. The poets of the world are, as it were, the irradiation of the universal human soul; the poetry of every one of them is the irradiation of the poet's individuality; yet every single poem, though itself the result of individualism, is a focus which gathers all other individualities and makes them meet on the common ground of their identity and similitude. Passing over all barriers erected by national distinctions, a Frenchman, for instance, and an Englishman will recognize in a German poem their identity and similitude with the author, hence with each other, consequently with all mankind. The cosmopolitan importance of the most individual of all arts appears clearly enough, and the circumference of its humanitarian influence stands in exact proportion with the depth of the poet's individualism. If measured by this standard, Russian lyricism will count among the most precious contributors to universal poetry: the human soul in our lyric songs, like a harp with palpitating chords, vibrates and responds to every touch of life.

The blossoming of Russian lyric poetry was sudden, and developed with a wonderful rapidity, if we consider that its beginning and its finest bloom are contained in the first eighty years of the present century. The eighteenth century, or, as it is more specifically called in the history of Russian literature, the «century of Catherine the Great,» struck in fact no lyrical chords; and this is comprehensible. Lyricism is not possible without genuine feeling nor without genuine ways of expressing it: Russian literature of the eighteenth century was, *per contra*, all imitative. Under the impulse of Peter the Great's reform, the Russian intellect awakens to literary interests; at the touch of French literature and philosophy of the time, a number of

poets and writers arise and bring forth that imitative literature which is known as «Russian pseudo-classicism»: Russian subjects, draped in the mantle of Greek and Roman antiquity, seen through French spectacles, and sung in Russian verses. The latter, we must acknowledge, attain a wonderful sonority; and however artificial the whole gait of that pompous and often ridiculous poetry, the beauty of the language it had worked out constitutes its everlasting merit for Russian poetry. But with the exception of the language there was scarcely anything genuine; for even genuine subjects seemed to lose their reality through being forced into unsuitable foreign forms. Poets did not compose because they felt a psychological necessity of doing so: their productiveness was stimulated not by inner inspiration, but by the simple desire of living up to patterns created by foreign writers, consecrated by public opinion. Our poetry of the eighteenth century is not so much the result of feeling, as the result of a deliberate decision on the part of writers to possess a Russian literature because other nations possessed theirs: it is imbued rather with a spirit of international competition than with that of national *expression.* It is easy to conceive that such conditions could offer no propitious ground for the blossoming of lyricism. In the first years of our century the Russian intellect emancipates itself from its passive acceptance of European influences. The seeds of foreign culture had germinated in the national soil; writers apply themselves to the study of national questions, they give up their attitude of confiding pupils, and consciously and deliberately join the great stream of universal literature. Russian poetry gives up its spirit of competition; poets begin to sing because they want to sing, and not because they want to sing *as well* as others.

This was just at the time when the romantic flood which inundated Europe stood at its highest. The romantic stream makes irruption into our country, and fructifies the virgin soil which had been slumbering for so many centuries. Among the brilliant pleiad of poets who brought about the vigorous offspring of Russian poetry in the twenties and thirties of our century, three figures arise, though with different literary importance, yet each with strong individual coloring. These are Zoukovsky, the poet of romantic melancholy; Poushkin, the poet of romantic epicurism; and Lermontov, the poet of romantic pessimism. Zoukovsky (1783–1852) was the first among Russian poets who made the human soul the object of poetry, not without a certain exaggeration and one-sidedness. After the cold stiffness of the French pseudo-classical style, the new romantic breeze which came from Germany and England entirely took hold of the young poet, who seemed by nature the most fitted man to navigate on the waves of sentimental and fantastic romanticism. His ballads,

either original, or translated from German and English, became the funnel through which romanticism inundated Russian poetry. The main tonality of his lyre is elegy. Simplicity, genuineness, a quiet melancholy, a serene resignation to the troubles of real life, belief and hope in the future, a constant thought of death and compensation in eternity, are, with the extreme charm of their musical fascination, the chief characteristics of Zoukovsky's poems. In his verses did for the first time those gentle chords resound which Christianity made to vibrate in the human soul. "His romantic lyre," says a critic, "gave soul and heart to Russian poetry: it taught the mystery of suffering, of loss, of mystic relations, and of anxious strivings towards the mysterious world which has no name, no place, and yet in which a young soul feels its sacred native land." This "striving" towards unknown, unreachable regions is what communicates to Zoukovsky's poetry its exaggeratedly idealistic character: earth and real life to him are but a starting-point; reality seems to present no interest by itself, to possess no other capacity but that of provoking sorrow, no other value but that of contrasting with the happiness which exists somewhere — which cannot be attained in this life, and undoubtedly will be reached some day.

The absolute intrinsic value of Zoukovsky's poems is not of an everlasting character, yet his merits toward national poetry are great: for those qualities of his lyre we mentioned above, he is the founder of Russian lyricism; for the beauty of his language and the simplicity of means by which he obtained it, he is the precursor of Poushkin. His influence was great on the generation, in the first decades of our century, when Byronism pervaded our literary life: the serene tranquillity of Zoukovsky's elegy was enforced by the storm and gloom of the British poet, and this combined influence produced that kind of poetry which we characterized as romantic pessimism, and which found its final intensified expression in Lermontov. In the minor harmony of these poetical lamentations, the powerful lyre of Poushkin strikes the chords of the major triton in all its plenitude.

Poushkin (1799–1837) is among our poets the most difficult figure to be retraced; for the sublime excellency of his poetry comes just from the fact that he has no predominating coloring. Every poet has his favorite element, his beloved subjects, his own particular moods: this makes it easy for the critic,—as a matter of fact, the more one-sided a poet the easier it is to retrace his portrait. Poushkin has no predominating element: his chief particularity is that he has none. The most many-chorded responsiveness, the greatest variety of moods and expressions, are fused in a general harmony; if we may say so, of a "spherical" equilibrium. In another place we characterized Poushkin's lyricism as "pouring rain with brilliant sunshine."

We find no other words for expressing its completeness: the whole scale of feelings has been touched by the poet, from the abysses of sorrow to the summits of joy; and yet none of his lyrical poems can be classified into one of these extremes, for in his artistic contemplation of life, human happiness and human misery are to him so equal, that even in the given moment when he depicts one of them, the other is present to his mind. Thus never does a feeling appear single in his verses: joy never goes without regret, sorrow without a ray of hope; a vague idea of death floats in the background of those poems which give way to the most boundless gayety, and a smile is shining from behind the bitterest of his tears. The striking difference from Zoukovsky's poetry is the absence of sterile strivings in unreal regions, and a vigorous healthy love of real life: our greatest romanticist was at the same time our first realist. This combination is the very quality which assigns to Poushkin's poetry its individual place in the concert of the poets of the world. Prosper Mérimée could not conceive how it was possible to make such beautiful poetry with every-day-life subjects, nor to write such beautiful verses with words taken from the very heart of every-day-life speech; and the French writer envies the language which can raise its «spoken speech» to such a degree of beauty as to introduce it into the highest regions of poetry. Zoukovsky had proclaimed that «poetry and life are one»: yet in his verses he did not live up to this principle; his romantic aspirations drew him away from life into a world of dreams. Poushkin proves and realizes that which Zoukovsky proclaimed: his is the real «poetry of life.» «It is not a poetical lie which inflames the imagination,» says the critic Belinsky, «not one of those lies which make man hostile at his first encounter with reality, and exhaust his forces in early useless struggle.» Life and dream, real and ideal, are combined and fused into each other in that poetry which the same critic characterizes as «earth imbued with heaven.» Poushkin's place in Russian literature is unique. He marks the culminating point in the ascending curve of our poetical evolution, and at the same time he is the literary contemporary of all those writers who came after him: for not only are all kinds of our poetry contained in his, but all branches of prose, all shadowings of style. He marks the central point of our literature: the preceding writers converge towards Poushkin, those who come after radiate from Poushkin. Of no less importance than his literary influence was Poushkin's personal prestige: he had become a sort of literary ferment amidst his generation. A pleiad of talented poets group themselves round their young leader, and cast over the first four decades of the present century a quite peculiar charm of romantic youthfulness.

Among these poets, who are all more or less a reflection of Poushkin, only one is powerful enough to stand as an independent individuality: this is the already mentioned Lermontov (1814–1841). It is hard for a critic to speak of Lermontov's poetry without mentioning the poet's age; it is almost impossible for a Russian to consider as an accomplished cycle the work of a man who died at the age of twenty-seven. And yet it is certainly not as an extenuating circumstance we mention the fact: no one can guess what might have become of the poet had he lived longer, but that which he left is as excellent as the productions of a genius in its full maturity. We are far from Poushkin's harmony and many-sidedness in Lermontov's lyricism. Poushkin's serenity, his inner equilibrium, appear almost as if they belonged to some distant world,—so painfully do the chords of Lermontov's lyre resound at the contact of life. His is the poetry of longing, of hopeless expectations; disenchantment, indignation, accesses of moral fatigue, revolt and resignation, alternate in his beautiful verses with a painful intensity of feeling. How far the bitterness of this romantic pessimism from Zoukovsky's sentimental melancholy! The world of dreams is left behind: with Poushkin and Lermontov, poetry abandons phantoms, visions, sterile strivings into unreachable regions; it confines itself to the human soul, and finds the greatest beauty in expressing reality of feeling. In this respect Lermontov's merit towards Russian lyricism can stand the comparison with Poushkin: though his individuality was not as vast, not as comprehensive, yet the circumference in which he moved was a different one from Poushkin's, and his poetry therefore is an independent and important contribution; his lyre was not as many-chorded, but if added to Poushkin's, his chords would not be out of tune,—they would only introduce into the limpid harmony of his major triton, the melancholy of minor tones and the hopeless bitterness of dissonances longing for resolution. Thus the works of the two great poets complete each other, and establish the whole scale of Russian lyricism. After Poushkin and Lermontov, Russian poetry is but a working out: no new chords will be added; the individuality of poets will express itself in diversity of styles, of coloring, of moods, of intensity; there will be different *kinds* of poetry, *matter* of poetry will be one.

Since the forties of the present century we enter into the second period of Russian modern literature. The representatives of the first pleiad of poets, like their leaders, all die very young: the last writer who belonged to the Poushkin circle, the novelist Gogol, dies in 1852; under his influence romanticism expires, naturalism definitely takes root in the soil, and the Russian naturalistic novel brings its powerful contribution to the stream of universal literature. The names of

Tourgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, rise as embodiers of Russia's intellectual activity, as representatives of the country's inner life. Yet behind these names there is a series of others, which until to-day remain screened from the eyes of the reader of universal literature. It is one of the most remarkable features of Russia's literary development, that just in the fifties and sixties, at the very time when the naturalistic novel was debating the most burning problems of practical life, a chorus of poets raised their voices to give as it were a lyrical echo to the demands of reality. Their participation with the intellectual, social, and political movement of their time was very different, and influenced their lyricism in a very different way; yet the general spirit of their poetry was more contemplative than active. Only two poets did in a considerable part of their productions enter the way of deliberate didacticism, and impressed upon their literary activity a character of belligerency.

These are Nekrassov (1821–1877) and Count Alexis Tolstoy (1817–1875). The former was the poet of "civic sorrows"; bureaucratic indifference, epicurism of the rich, are the objects of his venomous sarcasm. His poetical gifts were great; unfortunately they were stimulated not so much with love for the lower people as with hatred for the upper classes,—and hatred has never been a creative element in art (nor in anything). His lyricism, when it appears pure, without any alloy of sarcastic didacticism, attains a great intensity of bitterness and grief. Count Alexis Tolstoy's didacticism was directed against the materialistic tendencies of his time, especially against the habit of measuring works of art by the standard of practical usefulness. For his criticism he selected the form of old Russian ballads: this gives a very peculiar character to his satires where the novelty of the subject is combined with an archaism of folk-lore. When expressing pure feeling, Count Tolstoy's lyre is serene, ethereal, seraphic: he is the only poet after Poushkin who is entirely major; the minor tones in his harmony are transitory, and never leave any bitterness behind them. Strange as it may appear, in spite of the above-mentioned belligerent character of his poetry, peace is the predominating element of his lyricism; peaceful are his joys, peaceful his sorrows: no extremes; he dives into no abysses; he takes the æsthetical surface, rather the expression than the substance of feeling; his love is dreamy, his anger indulgent; there is much light in his poetry,—its rays vibrate and sparkle in multiple combinations of coloring and shadowing,—but they are not burning, their heat is mild, and they remind one of the long caressing beams of the sunset, whose glow is all color.

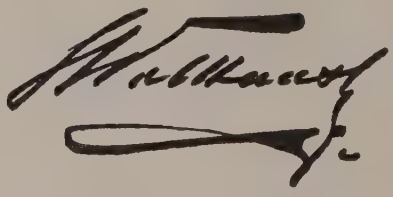
Two poets have communicated to their poetry a strong coloring of the political and scientific parties to which they belonged: these

are the two poets-Slavophiles, Homiakov (1804–1860) and Tutchev (1803–1873). The characteristic feature of the Slavophiles' doctrine — the ardent belief in the sacred mission of their fatherland, in its being predestined by Providence to be the instrument for the fulfillment of its plans — finds more or less decisive expression in Homiakov's and Tutchev's verses. The high qualities of their personal character preserved them from entering the direction of bombastic spread-eagleism, and communicate to their poetry a sort of religious gravity, which commands respect even to those who do not share their ideas: we may contest opinions, we always bow before faith. Homiakov's lyricism moves in the field of religious thought. Tutchev has a refined sense of nature; and his lyricism — differently from others who treat the same subject — is not so much a reflection of nature in the poet's personality as a participation with the phenomena, an infusion of the poet into nature. These are the poets in whose works the intellectual, political, and social currents of their time find active responsiveness; others give but a few occasional echoes to the problems of their time, and are all more or less contemplative.

Maykov (born in 1821), the Alma-Tadema of Russian poetry, resuscitates pictures of Greek and Roman antiquity; a lofty spirit emanates from his philosophical juxtapositions. His lyricism is cold: his lyric poems do not seem an immediate expression of feeling; the process of incarnation seems to remove the work from the artist; perhaps an exaggerated propensity towards antiquity has dried up the source of genuine feeling, which cannot gush but out of the soil of reality. Polonsky (born in 1820) is the poet of "psychological landscape": the outside world is either reflected by the poet's personality, or participates with his feelings in a peaceful harmony of mood; nature seems to have no proper life nor any sense by itself,— it exists simply as man's perception. Quite different is the landscape of Count Golenischev-Koutousov (born in 1848): he is an observer, a spectator, not a participant of nature, and the latter has a complex and multiple life of its own, independently from man; she pursues her own way, with her own direction, and leaves man the choice of joining her after his death in a nirvanic fusion with impersonal cosmos. The most lyric of lyric poets is Fet (1820–1893): pure feeling, impalpable, immaterial, like effect without cause; imagine a picture without canvas, a sound without the chord which produces it, the perfume of a flower without the flower itself,— so free of matter is his poetry. He is the poet of indefinite emotions, unseizable shadowings; where others enter into silence, there he begins to talk; with a wonderful subtlety, and at the same time a great audacity of expression, he becomes the singer of lyrical twilight, of fugitive impressions, fading memories, vanishing sounds. For the usual chords of a poet's

lyre he substituted the palpitating rays of the moonlight and the rainbow.

Such is in brief lines the evolution of Russian lyricism to the present moment, and such is in concise formulas the character of its chief representatives.



THE BLACK SHAWL

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin: 1799–1837)

Like a madman I gaze on a raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish,—this heart knows them all.

When believing and fond, in the springtime of youth,
I loved a Greek maiden with tenderest truth.

That fair one caressed me—my life! oh, 'twas bright;
But it set, that fair day, in a hurricane night.

One day I had bidden young guests, a gay crew,
When sudden there knocked at my gate a vile Jew.

"With guests thou art feasting," he whisperingly said,
"And *she* hath betrayed thee—thy young Grecian maid."

I cursed him and gave him good guerdon of gold,
And called me a slave that was trusty and bold.

"Ho! my charger—my charger!"—We mount, we depart,
And soft pity whispered in vain at my heart.

On the Greek maiden's threshold in frenzy I stood:
I was faint, and the sun seemed as darkened with blood.

By the maiden's low window I listen, and there
I beheld an Armenian caressing the fair.

The light darkened round me; then flashed my good blade—
The minion ne'er finished the kiss that betrayed.

On the corse of the minion in fury I danced,
Then silent and pale at the maiden I glanced.

I remember the prayers and the red-bursting stream —
Thus perished the maiden — thus perished my dream.

This raven-black shawl from her dead brow I tore —
On its fold from my dagger I wiped off the gore.

The mists of the evening arose, and my slave
Hurled the corpses of both in the Danube's dark wave.

Since then, I kiss never the maid's eyes of light,
Since then, I know never the soft joys of night.

Like a madman I gaze on the raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish, — this heart knows them all.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

THE ROSE

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Where is our rose, friends?
Tell if ye may!
Faded the rose, friends,
The Dawn-child of Day.
Ah, do not say,
Such is life's fleetness!
No, rather say,
I mourn thee, rose, — farewell!
Now to the lily-bell
Flit we away.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

TO ——

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Yes! I remember well our meeting
When first thou dawnedst on my sight,
Like some fair phantom past me fleeting,
Some nymph of purity and light.

By weary agonies surrounded
'Mid toil, 'mid mean and noisy care,
Long in mine ear thy soft voice sounded,
Long dreamed I of thy features fair.

Years flew; Fate's blast blew ever stronger,
Scattering mine early dreams to air,
And thy soft voice I heard no longer—
No longer saw thy features fair.

In exile's silent desolation
Slowly dragged on the days for me,—
Orphaned of life, of inspiration,
Of tears, of love, of deity.

I woke: once more my heart was beating—
Once more thou dawnèdst on my sight,
Like some fair phantom past me fleeting,
Some nymph of purity and light.

My heart has found its consolation;
All has revived once more for me,
And vanished life, and inspiration,
And tears, and love, and deity.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

MY STUDIES

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

In solitude my soul, my wayward inspiration
I've schooled to quiet toil, to fervent meditation.
I'm master of my days; order is reason's friend;
On graver thoughts I've learned my spirit's powers to bend:
I seek to compensate, in freedom's calm embraces,
For the warm years of youth, its joys and vanished graces,
And to keep equal step with an enlightened age.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

CAUCASUS

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Beneath me the peaks of the Caucasus lie;
My gaze from the snow-bordered cliff I am bending;
From her sun-lighted eyrie the eagle ascending
Floats movelessly on in a line with mine eye.
I see the young torrent's first leaps towards the ocean,
And the cliff-cradled lawine essay its first motion.

Beneath me the clouds in their silentness go,
The cataracts through them in thunder down-dashing,
Far beneath them bare peaks in the sunny ray flashing;
Weak moss and dry shrubs I can mark yet below,
Dark thickets still lower; green meadows are blooming
Where the throstle is singing and reindeer are roaming.

Here man, too, has nested his hut, and the flocks
On the long grassy slopes in their quiet are feeding,
And down to the valley the shepherd is speeding,
Where Arágva gleams out from her wood-crested rocks.
And there in his crags the poor robber is hiding,
And Térek in anger is wrestling and chiding.

Like a fierce young wild beast, how he bellows and raves,
Like that beast from his cage when his prey he espieth;
'Gainst the bank, like a wrestler, he struggleth and plieth,
And licks at the rocks with his ravening waves.
In vain, thou wild river! dumb cliffs are around thee,
And sternly and grimly their bondage hath bound thee!

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

THE BARD

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Say, have you heard by night in woodland depths
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow,
And when the fields at morning-hour were silent,
The plaintive simple accents of his pipe,—
Say, have you heard?

Say, have you met in empty forest shades
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow?
Have you remarked his recent tears, his smiling,
His gentle eyes so full of pathos mild,—
Say, have you seen?

Say, have you sighed to hear his gentle voice,—
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow?
When in the grove you saw the youthful poet
And met the glance of his pathetic eyes,—
Say, have you sighed?

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

A MONUMENT

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

I've raised myself no statue made with hands,—
The people's path to it no weeds will hide.
Rising with no submissive head, it stands
Above the pillar of Napoleon's pride.
No! I shall never die: in sacred strains
My soul survives my dust and flees decay;
And famous shall I be, while there remains
A single poet 'neath the light of day.
Through all great Russia will go forth my fame,
And every tongue in it will name my name;
And by the nation long shall I be loved,
Because my lyre their nobler feelings moved:
Because I strove to serve them with my song,
And called forth mercy for the fallen throng.
Hear God's command, O Muse, obediently,
Nor dread reproach, nor claim the poet's bay;
To praise and blame alike indifferent be,
And let fools say their say!

Translation of John Pollen.

YA PEREZHIL SVOÏ ZHELANYA

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

I've overlived aspirings,
My fancies I disdain;
The fruit of hollow-heartedness,
Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate
With my crown of bay,
A sad and lonely life I lead,
Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold
While howls the wintry wind,
Trembles upon the naked bough
The last leaf left behind.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE FREE LIFE OF THE BIRD

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Painful labors, grievous sorrows,
Never on God's birdling rest,
And it fears no dark to-morrows,
Builds itself no lasting nest.

On the bough it sleeps and swings
Till the ruddy sun appears;
Then it shakes its wings and sings,
For the voice of God it hears.

After spring's delightful weather,
When the burning summer's fled,
And the autumn brings together
For men's sorrow, for men's dread,

Mists and storms in gloomy legions,—
Then the bird across the main
Flies to far-off southern regions,
Till the spring returns again.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE ANGEL

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

At Eden's gates an angel holy
Was shining with bowed reverent head,
While o'er the abyss of hell soared slowly
A demon with black pinions dread.

The rebel spirit of doubt and lying
Beheld the sinless one; and then
The glow of tenderness, fast dying,
Awoke within his breast again!

"Farewell! my eyes have seen the vision:
Thou dost not shine in vain!" he cries.
"Not all on earth draws my derision,
Not all in heaven do I despise!"

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE PRISONER

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov: 1814–41)

Away from the prison shade!
Give me the broad daylight;
Bring me a black-eyed maid,
A steed dark-maned as night.
First the maiden fair
Will I kiss on her ruddy lips,
Then the dark steed shall bear
Me, like the wind, to the steppes.

But the heavy door hath a bar,
The prison window is high;
The black-eyed maiden afar
In her own soft bed doth lie;
In meadow green the horse,
Unbridled, alone, at ease,
Gallops a playful course
And tosses his tail to the breeze.

Lonely am I, unjoying
Amid bare prison walls;
The light in the lamp is dying,
Dimmer the shadow falls;
And only, without my room,
I hear the measured ring
Of the sentry's steps in the gloom,
As he treads unanswering.

Translation of A. E. Staley.

THE CLOUD

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

To the giant cliff's wide bosom straying
Came a golden cloud, and soon was sleeping.
In the early dawn it woke, and leaping,
Hurried down the blue sky, gayly playing.

On the old cliff's wrinkled breast remaining,
Was a humid trace of dew-drops only.
Lost in thought the cliff stands, silent, lonely;
In the wilderness its tears are raining!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE CUP OF LIFE

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

We quaff life's cup with dim,
With covered eyes;
We blur its golden rim
With tears and sighs.

When from our brows at death
The bonds shall fall,
And with them vanisheth
False festival,—

Then shall we see that naught
The cup outpours;
A dream the draught so sought,
And that — not ours.

Translation of A. E. Staley.

THE ANGEL

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

Through the midnight heavens an angel flew,
And a soft low song sang he,
And the moon and the stars and the rolling clouds
Heard that holy melody.

He sang of the bliss of sinless souls
'Neath the tents of Eden-bowers;
Of God — the Great One — he sang; and unfeigned
Was his praise of the Godhead's powers.

A little babe in his arms he bore,
For this world of woe and tears;
And the sound of his song in the soul of the child
Kept ringing, though wordless, for years.

And long languished she on this earth below,
With a wondrous longing filled,
But the world's harsh songs could not change for her
The notes which that angel trilled.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(M. Y. Nekrassov: 1821–77)

Then up there comes a veteran,
With medals on his breast:
He scarcely lives, but yet he strives
To drink with all the rest.
«A lucky man am I,» he cries,
And thus to prove the fact he tries:
«In what consists a soldier's luck?
Pray listen while I tell.
In twenty fights or more I've been,
And yet I never fell.
And what is more, in peaceful times
Full weal I never knew;
Yet all the same, I have contrived
Not to give Death his due.
Again, for sins both great and small
Full many a time they've me
With sticks unmercifully flogged,
Yet I'm alive, you see!»

Translation of John Pollen.

THE PROPHET

(M. Y. Nekrassov)

Ah! tell me not he prudence quite forgot;
That he himself for his own fate's to blame.
Clearer than we, he saw that man cannot
Both serve the good and save himself from flame.

But men he loved with higher, broader glow;
His soul for worldly honors did not sigh;
For self alone he could not live below,
But for the sake of others he could die.

Thus thought he — and to die, for him, was gain.
He will not say that «life to him was dear»;
He will not say that «death was useless pain»:
To him long since his destiny was clear.

Translation of John Pollen.

HAPPINESS IN SLUMBER

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky: 1783–1852)

Along the road the maiden
Walked with her faithful youth;
Their eyes with grief were laden,
Their faces pale with ruth.

On eyes and lips with yearning
Their tender kisses rain;
And life and beauty returning
Bloom in their hearts again.

Their joy was quickly reckoned:
Twice rang a solemn bell!
She in a convent wakened—
He, in a prison cell!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE COMING OF SPRING

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky)

Deep silence in the sky;
The moon mysteriously
Through filmy haze is sinking;
The Star of Love is winking
Above the darkling hill,
And in the abyss so still
Things formless, fascinating,
Come flying, animating
The silence of the night,—
They bring the Spring's delight.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

NIGHT

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky)

Already now the weary day
Has through the purple waves descended;
The cooling shades have fast extended;
The azure arch of heaven grows gray!

And solemn Night with peaceful pinions
Comes winging through her vast dominions,
And Hesper with his glittering star
Is herald of her flight afar!

To us, O heavenly Night, draw near
With Slumber's welcome chalice hovering,
With magic curtain all things covering,
To weary hearts bring peace and cheer!
Soothe with thy presence so pacific,
With thy sweet music soporific,
As mothers soothe their babes to rest,
The soul by sorrow's pangs distrest.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE VESPER BELLS

(Ivan Ivanovich Kozlov: 1779–1840)

O vesper bells, O vesper bells!
My heart with sweet remembrance swells.
Ye bring me back to days of yore;
I see my father's home once more,
As when I left it for all time,
And heard your last, your parting chime.

The bright days of my traitorous spring,
How little profit did ye bring!
How many, once so young and gay,
No longer see the light of day.
Their sleep is deep where silence dwells,—
They do not hear the vesper bells!

Lay me too in the damp cold ground!
A song of melancholy sound
The breeze above my grave shall sigh;
Another singer shall pass by,—
Not I but he it is who tells
The meaning of the vesper bells!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

SPRING WATERS

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev: 1803–73)

Still on the fields the snow lies white,
But spring-like founts already spout:
Adown the banks in sunshine bright
They dash and gleam and shout!

They shout aloud to every side:
"The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
Her couriers, we have hither hied;
She sent us forward — we are here!"

The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
And in a ruddy brilliant throng
The warm sweet days of May appear,
To cheer her train with joy and song.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

SUNRISE

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

The East grew white — fast flew the shallop;
The joyous sails were full distended;
And like a heaven beneath us stretching,
The sea with misty light was blended.

The East grew red — the maiden worshipt,
Her veil from off her locks untying.
Heaven seemed to glow upon her features,
As on her lips the prayer was sighing.

The East grew fire — in adoration
She knelt, her beauteous head inclining.
And on her young cheeks, fresh and blooming,
The tear-drops stood like jewels shining.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

EVENING

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

How sweetly o'er the silent valley
The distant solemn bell-tones fly!
Like rustling flights of cranes they dally,
Then in the sighing of leaves they die.

And like a spring tide overflowing
The day grows bright, then slowly fades;
And swifter and more silent going,
Adown the valley creep the shades.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE LEAVES

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

Let pine-trees and cedars
All winter make show,
And sleep 'mid the snow-storms,
Wrapt fast in the snow.
Their needles are pallid
Like grass that is transient;
Though they never turn yellow
They always look ancient.

But we, tribes of lightness,
Though brief our abiding,
Are blooming with brightness
On our branches residing.
All the long lovely summer
In beauty we grew;
We played with the sunbeams,
We bathed in the dew.

But the birds have ceased singing,
The blossoms are dead,
The meadows are yellow,
The south wind has fled.
What use then in clinging
To the boughs all in vain?
'Twere best we should follow
O'er valley and plain.

O buffeting storm-winds!
Blow fiercer, blow harder,
And strip us from branches
We hate now with ardor.
Despoil us completely,—
We wish not to stay.
O whirl us and hurl us
Forever away!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dolé.

RUSSIAN SONG

ALEKSEI STEPANOVICH HOMIAKOFF (1804–1860)

HAIL, lovely land of Saint Vladimir!
Thy strength is vast, thy cities mighty;
Thou hast a host of faithful people!
On azure mountains firm thou leanest;
In azure seas thy feet thou bathest.
Thou dost not fear the cruel foe,
But thou dost fear the wrath of God!

Hail, lovely land of Saint Vladimir!
My fathers' fathers gave thee service.
They won thee peace by fruitful reason,
Thy holy cities they embellisht,
Thy cruel foes they helpt to vanquish.
Recall the good deeds of my fathers.
They served thee with a faithful service,
And I with faithful heart have served thee.
On the steppes from my loins have peasants descended,
Have peasants descended, well-to-do little peasants;
Their place do they know, they know what is useful,
Their brethren they love, and God do they worship.
From me, in the courts, has justice been done
Has justice been done, unbought and impartial.
From me has gone forth to the whole world a rumor
That bluer skies are not to be seen,
That bluer seas are not to be plowed,
That beautiful is the land of Vladimir.
Admire her — thou wilt never sufficiently gaze;
Draw wisdom from her, thou ne'er wilt exhaust her.

Across the heavens the bright sun goes;
All the earth it warms, it lightens.
By night the crowded stars are shining,
And there is no counting the sand or the grass-blades,
And over the earth proceed the words of God—
It warms with life, with joy it shineth;
Bright gleam the churches' golden cupolas,
And the servants of the Lord and the pilgrims
Are countless like the grass-blades on the steppes,
Are countless like the sands upon the sea-shore.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE EASTER KISS

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov: 1821–?)

Soon the sun-bright feast-day cometh,—
I will claim my Easter kiss;
Others then will stand around us:
Pray, my Dora, mark you this!

Just as if I never kissed you,
Blushing red before the rest,
You must kiss with downcast eyelids,
I will kiss with smile repressed.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE ALPINE GLACIER

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov)

Dank the darkness on the cliff-side;
Faintly outlined from below,
In their modest maiden gladness
Glaciers in the dawn's blush glow.

What new life upon me blowing
Breathes from yonder snowy height,
From that depth of liquid turquoise
Flashing in the morning light?

There I know, dread Terror dwelleth,
Track of man there is not there;
Yet my heart in answer swelleth
To the challenge, "Come thou here!"

Translation of John Pollen.

THE KISS REFUSED

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov)

I would kiss you, lover true!
But I fear the moon would spy;
Little bright stars watch us too.
Little stars might fall from sky
To the blue sea, telling all!
To the oars the sea will tell,
Oars, in turn, tell Fisher Eno—
Him whom Mary loveth well:
And when Mary knows a thing,
All the neighborhood will know;—
How by moonlight in the garden
Where the fragrant flowers grow,
I caressed and fondly kissed thee,
While the silver apple-tree
Shed its bloom on you and me!

Translation of John Pollen.

BELIEVE IT NOT

(Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy: 1817–75)

Believe it not, when in excess of sorrow
I murmur that my love for thee is o'er!
When ebbs the tide, think not the sea's a traitor,—
He will return and love the land once more.

I still am pining, full of former passion:
To thee again my freedom I'll restore,
E'en as the waves, with homeward murmur flowing,
Roll back from far to the beloved shore!

Translation of John Pollen.

RENEWAL

(Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

Brighter look the early flowers,
Louder sounds the skylark's strain;
Blue the air and green the bowers,
And the heart feels young again.

Shaking off all bonds and fetters,
Flinging every chain aside,
Life in sunshine flows and glitters
Like the freely flowing tide.

Do you hear fresh voices singing,
And all pulses beating high,
As if chords unseen were ringing,
Tightly drawn from earth to sky?

Translation of S. N. Wolkonsky.

ON SKOBELEV

(Yakov Petrovich Polonsky: 1820–?)

He stood alone!
Around, from East, from West,
By Russia watched from far,
A giant—nay! a god of war.
Beneath the hostile fire he stood
Unmoved, in reckless hardihood.
His snow-white vest on battle-field
Seemed covered by St. Michael's shield.
And now his life is reft; that strength
Broken at length.

Translation of John Pollen.

TRYST

(A. Fet [Afanasi Afanasyevich Sheashin]: 1820–93)

A whisper, a gentle sigh,
Trills of the nightingale;
The silver flash of the brook
Asleep in the sleepy vale.

The shadow and shine of night
Shadows in endless race;
The sweep of a magical change
Over a sweet young face.
The blush of a rose in the mist,
An amber gleam on the lawn,
A rush of kisses and tears—
And oh, "the Dawn, the Dawn!"

Translation of John Pollen.

A RUSSIAN SCENE

(A. FET [AFANASI AFANASYEVICH SHEASHIN])

WONDROUS the picture,—
How homelike to me!
Distant plain whitening,
Full moon on the lea;
Light—in the heavens high,
And snow flashing bright;
Sledge in the distance
In its lonely flight.

Translation of John Pollen.

FOLK-SONGS

(ALEKSEI NIKOLAEVICH APUKHTIN: 1841–?)

MAY in the court! Begins now the planting;
Sings in his furrow the sower.
Songs of my fatherland, mournful, enchanting,
Sadly I hear you once more.

Yet in your cadences sad and pathetic,
Born of an infinite pain,
There is a something unknown and prophetic
Echoing through their refrain!

Conquering sorrow, their melodies swelling
Thrill with the vigor of youth;
Vanish the torments of years beyond telling
Under the sway of their truth.

Mayst thou, my Russia, for glory created,
Mayst thou, my fatherland dear —
No! Freedom's songs thy children ill-fated
Ne'er o'er these prairies shall hear!

Translation of Pauline W. Brigham.

SORROW

(Author Unknown)

Whither shall I, the fair maiden, flee from Sorrow?
If I fly from Sorrow into the dark forest,
After me runs Sorrow with an axe:
"I will fell, I will fell the green oaks;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I fly from Sorrow into the open field,
After me runs Sorrow with a scythe:
"I will mow, I will mow the open field;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
Whither then shall I flee from Sorrow?
If I rush from Sorrow into the blue sea,
After me comes Sorrow as a huge fish:
"I will drink, I will swallow the blue sea;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I seek refuge from Sorrow in marriage,
Sorrow follows me as my dowry;
If I take to my bed to escape from Sorrow,
Sorrow sits beside my pillow.
And when I shall have fled from Sorrow into the damp earth,
Sorrow will come after me with a spade;
Then will Sorrow stand over me, and cry triumphantly,
"I have driven, I have driven the maiden into the damp earth."

Translation of W. R. S. Ralston.

HANS SACHS

(1494–1576)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

BETWEEN the brilliant age of Walther von der Vogelweide and the classic period of Goethe, the most national as well as the most winsome figure in the annals of German literature is Hans Sachs. He was a complete abstract of what his time actually contained, although he lacked the prophetic vision to see that he was living at the dawn of a new era. He represented the sixteenth century, and combined in himself all the homely virtues and amiable limitations of the burghers, who constituted the democracy in which the modern world took its rise. He was born on November 5th, 1494, at Nuremberg. His father was a tailor, and from the first Hans was destined for a trade. In his seventh year, nevertheless, he was sent to a Latin school, and passed through a rigid course of instruction. The knowledge thus acquired kept alive his sympathy with the Humanists, although he was himself deflected into the intellectually reactionary movement of Luther. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and it was from a linen-weaver that he received his first lessons in the mastersinger's art. In 1511 he went forth upon his travels as a journeyman; but upon his return five years later he settled in his native town, and there lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday. He died on January 19th, 1576. During these sixty years he seems never to have left Nuremberg. His life ran the honorable, uneventful course of a citizen diligent in business and prosperous. He became master in his guild in 1517. In 1519 he married Kunigunde Kreuzer, who was so entirely a woman of human mold that in 'The Bitter-Sweet of Wedded Life,' Sachs is obliged to describe her by antitheses,—she was all things to him, at once his woe and weal; but the simple pathos of his sorrow when she died, in 1560, is very touching. Untrue, however, to the cautious principles

HANS SACHS

that Wagner has put into his mouth, the real Sachs married, one year and a half after his first wife's death, a widow of twenty-seven, whose charms he celebrates in song with refreshing frankness. He was then a hale and healthy man of sixty-eight. He continued to write with unremitting energy until 1573. His mastersongs numbered between four and five thousand; of tales and farces there were some seventeen hundred, besides two hundred and eight dramas. These writings filled thirty-four manuscript volumes, of which twenty have been preserved. Three volumes of a handsome folio edition of his complete works appeared before his death, and two more afterwards. This in itself is an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. No citizen of Nuremberg except Dürer ever won more honorable distinction in the annals of that ancient city than

«Hans Sachs, the Shoe-
Maker and Poet, too.»

The rise of cities, and of the bourgeoisie, had placed Germany in the front rank of commercial nations. For the products of the Orient, coming by way of Venice to the west, Nuremberg had become the mart and dépôt. With material wealth came luxury for merchants as well as nobles, and a higher cultivation in the arts of living. Through the Humanistic movement and the Reformation, Germany also assumed the spiritual leadership of Europe. Everywhere there was a deepening of the national consciousness. Of all these elements in their clearest manifestations, Hans Sachs was the representative. He was the type of the well-to-do, patriarchal citizen of the wealthiest among German cities. He had had glimpses of the austere charms of scholarship, and had himself translated Reuchlin's 'Henno' and Macropedius's 'Hecastus.' The Humanists therefore, although their successors despised the cobbler-bard, spoke to him in an intelligible tongue. And he stood in the forefront of the Reformation. Finally, Sachs was wholly and quintessentially German. In him that «incomprehensible century» found its most complete and characteristic expression.

And yet, although it was in the full flower of that municipal democracy that the seed of our modern civilization lay, Hans Sachs was a mediæval man. It is in this respect that he, and even Luther, were inferior to men like Dürer, Hutten, and Reuchlin. The Reformation was a matter of ecclesiastical administration: it marked no important intellectual advance. The man of the sixteenth century was interested in the Here and Now; he delighted in his daily life, and it presented no problems; theology was accepted as a fact, and no questions were asked. It was only in the souls of the Humanists that the future lay mirrored; and it was through them that the revival of the

eighteenth century was made possible. Sachs was the last of a passing generation. He did indeed advance the German drama until it far surpassed the contemporary drama of England; but he left behind him only the banal imitator of the English, Jacob Ayrer: while in England, before Sachs died, Shakespeare had been born. In Sachs the literary traditions of three centuries came to an end. Walther von der Vogelweide had lived to deplore the gradual degradation of courtly poetry: the peasants' life and love became the poet's theme. In the years that followed, it sank into hopeless vulgarity. From this it was rescued by Sachs. But the world meanwhile had traveled a long road: poetry had left the court and castle for the cottage and the chapel; the praise of women was superseded by the praise of God. It is a striking contrast between the knightly figure of Walther, with the exquisite music of his love lyrics, and the dignified but simple shoemaker, with the tame jog-trot of his homely couplets. But Walther was chief among the twelve masters whose traditions the mastersingers pretended to preserve; and the mastersong itself was the mechanical attempt of a matter-of-fact age to reproduce the melodious beauty of the old minnesang. Thus Hans Sachs, the greatest of the mastersingers, was in a sense the last of the minnesingers; and German literature, which had waited three centuries, had two more yet to wait before it should again bloom as in those dazzling days of the Hohenstaufen bards.

Hans Sachs was a most prolific and many-sided poet. Before his twentieth year he had fulfilled the exacting conditions of the mastersingers, and had invented a new air, which, after the affected manner of the guild, he called 'Die Silberweise' (Silver Air). Sixty years of uninterrupted productivity followed, during which he filled sixteen folios with mastersongs. These he never published, but kept for the use of the guild, of which he was the most zealous and distinguished member. But the strait-jacket of form imposed by the leathern rules of the «Tabulatur» impeded the free movement of the poet. The real Sachs is in the dramas and poetic tales. All are written in rhymed couplets. He read omnivorously; and chose his subjects from all regions of human interest and inquiry. He often treated the same theme in several forms. 'Die Ungleichen Kinder Evã' (Eve's Unlike Children), for instance, he took from a prose fable of Melanchthon's, and rendered in four different versions. It seeks to account for and justify the existence of class distinctions; and is perhaps the best as it is the most delightfully characteristic of all his compositions. It is one of the chief merits of Sachs that he purified the popular Fastnachtspiele (Shrovetide Plays). Of these plays Nuremberg was the cradle; and those of Hans Sachs are by far the best that German literature has to show. He shunned the vulgarity that had characterized them; and made them the medium of his homely wisdom, of

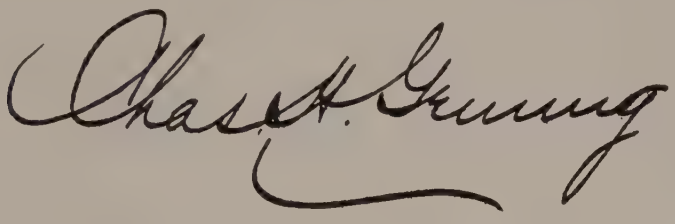
his humorous and shrewd observation of life, and of his simple philosophy. Each is a delicious *genre* picture of permanent historic interest.

As the Reformation advanced, there came a deeper tone into the poetry of Hans Sachs. He read Luther's writings as early as 1521, and two years later publicly avowed his adherence in the famous poem of 'Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigall' (The Nightingale of Wittenberg). It was a powerful aid in the spread of Lutheran ideas. The dialogue, so closely allied in form with the drama, was a popular form of propaganda in that age; and the four dialogues that Sachs wrote are among his most important contributions to literature. Their influence was as great as that of Luther's own pamphlets; and in form they were inferior only to the brilliant and incisive dialogues of Hutten. One of them was translated into English in 1548. The city council, alarmed at the strongly Lutheran character of these writings, bade the cobbler stick to his last; but the council itself soon turned Lutheran, and Sachs continued his work amid ever-increasing popular applause.

The impression made by Hans Sachs upon his time was ephemeral: his imitators were few and feeble; all literary traditions were obliterated by the Thirty Years' War. Goethe at last revived the popular interest in him by his poem, 'The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs'; and Wagner's beautiful characterization in 'The Mastersingers' has endeared him to thousands that have never read a single couplet from his pen. There is a natural tendency to overestimate a man whose real worth has long lain unrecognized; but when all deductions have been made, there remains a man lovable and steadfast, applying the wisdom of a long experience to the happenings of each common day, exhibiting a contagious joy in his work, and avowedly working for «the glory of God, the praise of virtue, the blame of vice, the instruction of youth, and the delight of sorrowing hearts.» It is the manifest genuineness of the man, his amiable roguishness, his shrewd practical sense, that give to his writings their vitality, and to his cheerful hobbling measures their best charm. But the appeal is not direct; one must project oneself back into the sixteenth century, and live the life of Nuremberg in her palmiest days. That city was for Hans Sachs the world; in this concentration of his mind upon his immediate surroundings lay at once his strength and his limitations. He is at his best when he relates what he has himself seen and experienced. His humorous pictures have a sparkling vivacity, beneath which lurks an obvious moral purpose. The popularity of these simply conceited tales gives point to the description of the German peasant's condition at the time of the Reformation as «misery solaced by anecdote.» It was such solace that Hans Sachs supplied in a larger quantity and of a better quality

than any other man of his time. A grateful posterity, upon the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, erected to his memory a stately statue in the once imperial city; and his humbler fame is as indissolubly associated with Nuremberg as is the renown of his greater contemporary.

«Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.»



UNDER THE PRESSURE OF CARE OR POVERTY

WHY art thou cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God; be not afraid:
He is thy Friend, who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are his;
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since thou my God and Father art,
I know thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget thy child;
See, I am poor; I am but dust;
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that he hath taught,—
Who trusts in God shall want for naught. . . .

Yes, Lord, thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been and shalt be aye:
  I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
  That through thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me:
For this, for this, I cry to thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,
  Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That thou hast taught me by thy word
  To know this truth and thee;
Oh, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honor, thanks, to thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
  By thy great mercy, Christ.
This one thing only still I pray,—
Oh, cast me ne'er from thee away.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

FROM 'THE NIGHTINGALE OF WITTENBERG'

AWAKE, it is the dawn of day!
  I hear a-singing in green byway
The joy-o'erflowing nightingale;
Her song rings over hill and dale.
The night sinks down the occident,
The day mounts up the orient,
The ruddiness of morning red
Glows through the leaden clouds o'erhead.
Thereout the shining sun doth peep,
The moon doth lay herself to sleep;

For she is pale, and dim her beam,
Though once with her deceptive gleam
The sheep she all had blinded,
That they no longer cared or minded
About their shepherd or their fold,
But left both them and pastures old,
To follow in the moon's wan wake,
To the wilderness, to the break:
There they have heard the lion roar,
And this misled them more and more;
By his dark tricks they were beguiled
From the true path to deserts wild.
But there they could find no pasturage good,
Fed on rankest weeds of the wood;
The lion laid for them many a snare
Into which they fell with care;
When there the lion found them tangled,
His helpless prey he cruelly mangled.
The snarling wolves, a ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack;
And all around the silly sheep
They prowled, and greedy watch did keep.
And in the grass lay many a snake,
That on the sheep its thirst did slake,
And sucked the blood from every vein.
And thus the whole poor flock knew pain
And suffered sore the whole long night.
But soon they woke to morning light,
Since clear the nightingale now sings,
And light once more the daybreak brings.
They now see what the lion is,
The wolves and pasture that are his.
The lion grim wakes at the sound,
And filled with wrath he lurks around,
And lists the nightingale's sweet song,
That says the sun will rise ere long,
And end the lion's savage reign.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

THE UNLIKE CHILDREN OF EVE: HOW GOD THE LORD TALKS TO THEM

ACT I

The Herald comes in, bows, and speaks

HEALTH and grace from God the Lord
Be to all who hear his Word,
Who come from far or come from near
This little comedy to hear,
Which first in Latin speech was done
By good Philippus Melanchthon;
And now I put in good plain speech,
That so the commonfolk it reach;
And thus I go without delay
In brief the Argument to say.

When Adam out of Paradise
Was driven after God's device,
And set to labor in the field,
Then God did of his mercy yield
And came to pay him a visit,
And trust and comfort him a bit;
And specially to better know
If obediently or no
His children feared their heavenly Lord,
And rightly studied in his Word.
And so without more preparation
He came and held examination.
And when the Lord did Abel find,
He and his lads quite pleased his mind,
And straightway blessed He him on earth,
And all who from him should get birth.
But when thereafter did the Lord
His brother Cain see and his herd,
He found them all so stupid dumb
And godless that they ne'er might come
Into his favor, but must live
In hardest toil if they would thrive
At all, and at all times must be
Subject to Abel's mastery.
At this did Cain so angry get,
While Satan stirred still more his fit,

That out he went and Abel slew,
For nothing less his wrath let do.
And then to punish him God said
That wheresoe'er on earth he fled,
He ne'er should find a resting-place.
But when the angels by God's grace
Good Abel's body had interred,
Then came to Adam and Eve the word
That Seth should in his place be born,
Whose death had left them all forlorn,
And comfort them in this world's pain,
And be through loss the greater gain.
And this you all shall straightway see
In speech and act conveniently.

[Here follows the scene in the house of the First Pair. Eve, alone, laments the hardships of her lot, driven from Paradise, and condemned to bear children in pain and to be obedient to her husband. Adam enters and asks the reason for her unhappy looks, and learns that she bemoans their being doomed to live under the unending curse of the offended God. Adam comforts her with the assurance that after proper penance, God will pardon and restore them to happiness; and indeed that he has just heard from the angel Gabriel that the Lord will on the morrow pay them a visit.]

To-morrow will the Lord arrive
To look in and see how we thrive,
And give us pleasant holiday,
And leave his promise as I say;
He'll look around the house to find
If we do manage to his mind,
And teach the children as they need
To say their Bible and their Creed.
So wash the children well, and dress
Them up in all their comeliness,
And sweep the house and strew the floor,
That it may give him sweet odor,
When God the Lord, so morn begin,
With his dear angels shall walk in.

Eve speaks

O Adam, my beloved man,
I will do all the best I can:
If God the Lord will but come down,
And cheer the heart that fears his frown.

All praise to my Creator be,
That so in mercy pityeth me.
Quick will I make the children clean,
And all the house fit to be seen
By him who comes by morrow's light,
That he may find it sweet and right,
And so his blessing deign to leave.
That so he'll do I hope and b'lieve.

Adam speaks

And where is Abel, my dear son?

Eve speaks

He out to feed the sheep is gone.
Pious he is and fears his God,
Obedient to his every nod,
And with him do his children go,
Who are obedient also.

Adam speaks

And where is Cain, our other son,
That wretch for whom the halter's spun?

Eve speaks

Oh, when of him I hopeless think,
Woeful in me my heart does sink.
Belial's child, he's always done
The part of disobedient son.
When told to bring the wood from shed,
He cursed and out the house he fled;
And now with angry words and noise
Out in the street he fights the boys.
I can't endure him in the room:
Above him hangs each day his doom,
And with it I'm near overcome.

[Abel soon enters, and is asked by his mother to go and bring in Cain, from whom Abel fears violence. Encouraged by the news that the Lord is coming to visit them, Abel promises to go, and Adam thus closes the scene:—]

Adam speaks

So in the house we now will go,
And put it all in finest show,

To please God and the angels dear.
Sweet shall it smell and wear good cheer
With wreaths of green and May bedeckt
For the high Guests we dare expect.

[*They all go out.*

ACT II

[This act represents Abel's interview with Cain; in which, later, Adam and Eve both take part, urging him to come and be washed and ready for the expected Visitor.]

Abel speaks

Cain, Cain, come quickly here with me.
That you by mother washed may be!

Cain speaks

That fellow got well washed by me!
And could they catch me now, you'd see
What for a washing they'd me give!

Abel speaks

In quarrel wilt thou always live!
I fear a murderer thou'lt grow!

Cain speaks

And if I should, I'd prove it so
On thee, thou miserable knave!

Abel speaks

To-morrow to our house draws near
The Lord God with his angels dear;
So come and let yourself be dressed
To welcome him in all our best!

Cain speaks

The feast may go on high or low:
I care not for it, but will go
To play and with my comrades be. . . .
Who says that God will to us come?

Abel speaks

The mother just sent word from home.

Cain speaks

The Lord stay up there where he is!

Abel speaks

How can you blaspheme God that way!
That he will come do not we pray,
And keep us safe from every ill?

Cain speaks

I too have prayed, when 'twas my will,
But never that he should come near.
I take the life God gave us here,
But leave eternity to him.
Who knows what all up there may be!

Abel speaks

How dar'st thou speak so godlessly!
Hast thou no fear of endless hell?

Cain speaks

What you do call damnation's spell!
O boy, the father talketh so,
But little of it all I know.

Abel speaks

The more thou'rt likely to be there!

Cain speaks

Poor fool, thou mayest thy teaching spare!
I know quite well what I'll believe.
If God no angel wants to make me,
The Devil's glad enough to take me! . . .

Adam [*calls*]

Where art thou, Cain? Come quick to me!

Eve speaks

Come, Cain, thy father calls for thee.

Cain speaks

I'm sitting here: where should I be?

Adam speaks

Come, and be washed and combed and clean,
Fit by the Lord God to be seen,
To offer sacrifice and pray,
And hear what the good preachers say.

Cain speaks

Unwashed will I forsooth remain.
Just let those rogues catch me again,
My head will be in such a flood
That mouth and eyes shall run with blood!

Eve speaks

Just hear the idle fellow's speech:
What water can such vileness bleach?

Cain speaks

Yes, mother, there you speak the truth!
But so I will remain forsooth.

Eve speaks

Then, Abel, come and washèd be
With the other sons, obediently.
And when the Lord God shall come in,
Stand you before him pure and clean.
And then the Lord will find out Cain,
Where he all careless doth remain,
With those who to rebel incline,
And live as stupid as the swine:
There be they in the straw and rot,—
A ragged, miserable lot.

Abel speaks

Mother, unto my God and thee
I ever will obedient be;
With all good children will I strive
To please thee all days that I live.

ACT III

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *and afterward* Abel *and* Cain

Adam speaks

Eva, is the house set right,
So that in the Master's sight
All shall fine and festive stand,
As I gave you due command?

Eve speaks

In readiness was all arrayed
By time our vesper prayer was said.

Adam speaks

Children, behold the Lord draws near,
Surrounded by the angels dear;
Now stand all nicely in a row,
And when the Lord shall see you so,
Bow low and offer him the hand.
See how at the very end do stand
Cain and his gallows-doomèd herd,
As if to flee before their Lord.

The Lord *enters with two* Angels, *gives* Adam *his blessing, and speaks*

Peace, little ones, be to you all!

Adam raises his hand and speaks

O Father mine, who art in heaven,
We thank thee for this mercy given,
That thou in all our need and pain
Shouldst deign to visit us again.

Eve raises her hand and speaks

O thou true Father and true God,
Wherein have we deserved this lot?
That thou so graciously shouldst come
And visit this our humble home?

[The pious salutations continue; Adam bidding all his sons to offer the word of welcome, beginning with Cain, who offers the Lord his left hand, and forgets to take off his hat. Then follows the greeting of Abel and all the good

children, including Seth, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech; each one repeating in turn a petition out of the Lord's Prayer, concluding with Lamech's:—]

Deliver us from evil, through
That blessed Seed thou'st promised true: Amen.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means that word "Amen"?

Abel speaks

That we may be assured then
That God will do our prayer, without
We yield to unbelieving doubt.

The Lord speaks

Seth, tell me how on earth you know
That all you pray will be heard so?

Seth speaks

We know it by thy promise sure,
Which ever faithful must endure;
For since the God of truth thou art,
Thy word is done at very start.

The Lord speaks

Jared, when God acts not so swift,
What shall a man do in the rift?

Jared speaks

Hope must he still in God's good word,
And trust him to his gracious Lord,
That in good time he'll find a way
Wherein his mercy to display. . . .

[So continues the catechizing on the Lord's Prayer; which being ended, that on the Ten Commandments is taken up.]

The Lord speaks

Abel, the First Commandment say!

Abel speaks

To one God shalt thou bow and pray,
Nor any strange God have in mind.

The Lord speaks

And in that word what dost thou find?

Abel speaks

God above all we honor must;
Fear him and love, and in him trust.

The Lord speaks

And Seth, how reads the Second Law?

Seth speaks

Thy God's name must thou have in awe,
And never speak in vanity.

[The children rehearse and explain the Ten Commandments in their turn. Then follows in like manner the recitation and explanation of the Creed.]

The Lord speaks

Your answers are in all ways good;
You speak as pious children should.
You now may show me if as right
You can the holy Creed recite.

[They all say Yes.]

The Lord speaks

Let each in turn his portion say.

Abel speaks

I b'lieve in God of highest worth,
Maker of heaven and the earth.

Seth speaks

The Savior too in faith I own,
Who was from heaven to earth sent down.
The head of Satan bruisèd he,
And so the human race set free.

Jared speaks

I trust too in the Holy Ghost,
Who peace and comfort giveth most.

Enoch speaks

And I in holy Church believe,
Who shall in heaven her place receive.

Methuselah speaks

All sins' forgiveness do we know,
For the good Lord hath promised so.

Lamech speaks

And that our bodies shall arise
And live forever in the skies.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means in God t' have creed?

Abel speaks

That we to him in all our need
Commit ourselves, and on him rest
In heart and soul as Father best. . . .

The Lord speaks

What is the bodies' rising up?

Lamech speaks

When we have drainèd sorrow's cup,
From realm of death we free shall go,
The bliss of endless life to know.

The Lord speaks

Children, right well my Word ye know,—
Now take ye heed therein to go.
Thereto shall ye my spirit share,
To teach and keep you free from care,
That so ye come above to live;
And here will I full blessing give:
On earth, health and prosperity,
That you a mighty folk shall be,
As kings and priests and potentates
And learned preachers and prelates,
So that the world shall know your fame,
And every land admire your name.
Thereto your father's blessing take,
Which nevermore shall you forsake.

The Angel Raphael speaks

To God arise your praises let
With harp and song and glad quintette,
The while his grace and mercy stand
Displayed to man on every hand,
To guide you to the heavenly land.

[*They all depart.*

ACT IV

[In this act Cain takes counsel with his evil companions Dathan, Nabal, Achan, Esau, Nimrod the Tyrant, and Satan the Devil, as to how they, who have always held the Lord's name and worship in contempt, shall answer his questions. Satan bids them instead to accept his rule and guidance, and assures them the possession of all worldly goods and pleasures in so doing.]

Enter the Lord *with* Adam *and* Eve. Satan *hides himself.*

The Lord speaks

Cain, come hither with thy crew,
And tell me how ye pray God to?

Cain speaks

O Lord, we've him forgotten quite.

The Lord speaks

If I thy speech can read aright,
Thou hast of him but little learned;
His Word in folly hast thou spurned.
But let me hear what you can say.

Cain speaks

O Father of our heaven, we pray,
Let us right here thy kingdom see;
Give us our debts and bread plenty,
And evil want and misery. Amen.

The Lord speaks

Who taught him such a twisted prayer?

Eve speaks

O Lord, to teach him I despair.
No whipping helped what I might say:
He drove it to the winds away;

And so did those who with him stand,—
All threw contempt on my command.

The Lord speaks

Thou, Dathan, canst thou say the Creed?

Dathan speaks

I believe in God and heaven and earth,
In woman who of him has birth;
And in the name of Holy Ghost.
Sin and flesh I b'lieve in most.

The Lord speaks

So briefly has thy faith been told?

Dathan speaks

And that is more than I can hold!

The Lord speaks

Nabal, tell me the Ten Commands.

Nabal speaks

Lord, none I know, for so it stands;
To learn I never thought 'twas need.

The Lord speaks

But Achan, thou canst tell me this:
Dost thou have hope of heavenly bliss?

Achan speaks

I know quite well how here it goes,
But up there what will be, who knows?
If God shall so forgiving be
That I that happy state shall see,
So good! What matters what I do?

The Lord speaks

Esau, now thou canst tell me true,
What good shall holy offerings do?

Esau speaks

I hold that God will take the price
Of endless life in sacrifice,

And so we can with offerings buy
Our right to his eternity!

The Lord speaks

Nimrod, now answer me this minute,
Eternal life, believ'st thou in it?

Nimrod speaks

Now I will tell you straight and plain,
My heart trusts what my eyes have seen.
I lift it not to things on high;
I take of earth's good my supply,
And leave to thee Eternity.

[After the Lord administers the Divine reproof for such godlessness and indifference, and warns these wicked children of the awful results of their profanity and idleness, he appoints Abel to the duty of instructing these his wicked brothers; and on his accepting the office with meek obedience, the angel Gabriel closes the Act with an exhortation to praise.]

The Angel Gabriel speaks

That so these poor souls may repent,
Come down ye hosts from heaven sent,
With all your loveliest melody,
To sound abroad God's majesty,
Who hath done all things righteously!

ACT V

Enter Cain *with* Satan, *and speaks*

My brother Abel is filled with glee
That he will now our bishop be.
The Lord with him will play great rôle
And give him over us control.
Him must we all in worship greet,
And be like slaves beneath his feet.

[Satan shows Cain that he, being the first-born, has the right to rule; and advises him to kill Abel. Cain admits that he has long had it in mind to do this. Abel entering asks Cain if they shall go and offer the sacrifice. As they are offering, the Lord comes and admonishes Cain, and departs. Abel kneels by his sacrifice.]

Cain, his brother, speaks

Brother, in swinging my flail about
My offering's fire have I put out;
But thine with fat of lambs flames high.

Abel speaks

In all be praised God's majesty,
Who life and good and soul doth give,
And by whose grace alone we live!

[Satan gives the sign to Abel; Cain strikes him down; Satan helps to conceal him, and flees. The Lord comes and speaks:—]

Cain, tell me where thy brother is!

Cain speaks

Shall I my brother's keeper be?
What is my brother's lot to me?

The Lord speaks

O Cain! Alas! What hast thou done?
Through heaven the voice of blood has run;
The earth the curse has understood,
In that she drank thy brother's blood!

Satan whispers in Cain's ear, and speaks

Now Cain, forever thou art mine,
And bitter martyr's lot is thine.
Within thy conscience endless pain
And biting grief without refrain.
The world for thee is all too small,—
Thou art accursed by one and all.
God and mankind are now thy foe,
And all creation this shall show,
For thou thy brother's blood hast taken:
Hence be thou hated and forsaken;
Thy doom by no deed can be shaken.

Cain speaks

My sin is far too great that I
Should dare for God's forgiveness cry.
So must I wander on and on,
My life the prey of every one.

The Lord speaks

No, Cain: who deals to thee a blow
Shall seven times its misery know.
And so I put a mark on thee,
That none may do thee injury.

Satan leads Cain away, and speaks

Cain, hang thyself upon a tree,
Or else in water drownèd be;
That so thyself from pain thou save,
And I in thee a firebrand have.

[*They both depart.*

[Adam and Eve now enter, weeping and lamenting the death of their good son. The Lord comforts them by ordering the angels to bury Abel's body, and by assuring them that Seth, who shall now be to them as their first-born, shall be the father of a blessed race.]

The Lord speaks

Till comes that day when shall be born
That holy Seed, of earth forlorn
And cursed with sin,—the Savior,
Whom every one shall bow before,—
So ye to heavenly kingdom come,
And find with me eternal home.

[*They all depart.*

The Herald *comes and concludes*

So is the Comedy at end,
And four good lessons may it send.
And first, all people that do live
We see in Adam and in Eve.
These are the fallen human race,
Accursed by God and in disgrace,
E'en as to-day we see it so.
We all in misery do go,
In sorrow eat our daily bread,
As God the same hath truly said.
And next in Abel may we see,
Described and pictured cleverly,
All people that do fear the Lord,
And give good heed unto his word.

And these by Holy Ghost do strive
In love with fellow-man to live,
In soul and body so to prove
What is the heavenly Father's love,
Whose mercy is to them always:
That do they to God's thank and praise.
Thirdly, however, by this Cain,
The godless people are made plain,
Who mock and jeer at holy grace,
And faithless are in every place;
By their own reason, flesh and blood,
Taught what is right and what is good.
And so they know no fear nor shame,
And cast themselves in passion's flame;
In sin and blasphemy forget
What love hath God upon them set.
To them it is but idle sport
That men should bid them heed God's Word;
And so with murder, envy, hate,
On Satan's wicked will they wait.
His word into their ear is blown,
And safe he claims them as his own.
Fourthly, in God we plainly see
How great is his benignity;
How he doth stoop to all mankind
A way from sin and curse to find,
Through that same holy Seed foretold
To Adam and to Eve of old:
And this is Christ, our Savior Lord,
Who by the heavenly Father's word
From Mary's body has come forth,
And crushed the serpent's head to earth.
By cruel death upon the cross
He took away all wrath that was
'Twixt God and man by Adam's fall,
That we after earth's pain may all
Forever come with him to live:
That God may this in mercy give,
When endless joy our soul awakes,
With angels all, so prays Hans Sachs.

Translated by Frank Sewall.

TALE. HOW THE DEVIL TOOK TO HIMSELF AN OLD WIFE

One day the Devil came to earth,
To try what is a husband's worth:
And so an aged wife he wed;
Rich but not fair, it must be said.
But soon as they two married were,
There rose but wretchedness and fear.
The old wife spent the livelong day
In nagging him in every way;
Nor could he rest when came the night,
For so the fleas and bugs did bite.
He thought, Sure here I cannot stay,—
To wood and desert I'll away;
There shall I find the rest I need.
So fled he out, and with all speed
Into the wood, and sat him down
Upon a tree, when passed from town
A doctor with his traveling-sack
Of remedies upon his back.
To him the Devil now did speak:—
"We both are doctors, and do seek
Men of their troubles to relieve,
And in one fashion, I believe."
"Who are you?" then the doctor said.—
"The Devil: and woe be on my head,
That I have taken to me a wife,
That makes a torment of my life;
Therefore take me to be your slave,
And I will handsomely behave."
He showed the doctor then the way
That he his devilish arts could play.
In short, they soon agreed, and so
The Devil said:—"Now I will go
Unto a burgher in your town,
Who's rich enough to buy a crown:
And I will give him such a pain
That soon as you come by again,
You enter in, and pray me out;
That is, upon a ransom stout,—
Some twenty gulden fair laid down,
At which the rich man will not frown.
So then between yourself and me
The money even shared shall be."

[The tale goes on to state how the plot was successfully carried out. The doctor, however, obtaining thirty instead of twenty gulden for his reward, thought to deceive the Devil, whom he found again in the wood; and he offered him the ten gulden as his share, retaining the twenty for himself. The Devil detecting the doctor's trick, to avenge himself purposes now to go and infest with pain the rich owner of a fortress near by; which being done, and the doctor being called in to allay the dreadful pain in the baron's stomach, the Devil now refuses to come out. In this unlooked-for emergency, the doctor now bethinks himself of the Devil's wife: and running into the chamber he cries out to the Devil, telling him that his wife is down-stairs with a summons from the court of justice, bidding him return to his marital duty; whereupon the Devil is so frightened that he flees without more delay, and hastens back to hell and to his companions there, where he finds more rest than he could ever hope to in the house of the old woman he had taken as a wife. Thereupon the poet adds this:—]

Conclusion

By this tale every one shall know
How it with man and wife will go,
When every day there's quarreling,
And neither yields in the least thing,
But ever one the other scolds,
In fear and hate and anger holds,
With endless fretting and complaining,
No peace nor sunshine entertaining.
Truly such married life might be
Of devils in hell for aught we see.
From which may God keep us away,
And grant us rather in our day,
In marriage peace and unity,
And kindness's opportunity,
That to this virtue e'er may wax
True wedded love,—so prays Hans Sachs.

Anno Salut. 1557. On the 13th day of July.

Translation of Frank Sewall.

SA'DĪ

(1184–1291?)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

SA'DĪ of Shīrāz, the moral teacher and didactic poet,—the "Nightingale of a Thousand Songs," as he has been termed in the Orient,—is one of the Persian authors whose name is best known in the Occident. He may rightly claim a place in "the world's best literature" for the excellence of his short moral stories in prose intermingled with rhyme, and for the merit of his poetical reflections, which abound in sound wisdom presented in a charming and appropriate style. His "discourse is commingled with pleasantry and cheerful wit," as he says of himself in his masterpiece, the 'Gulistān'; and he adds that "the pearls of salutary counsel are strung on the thread of his diction, and the bitter medicine of advice is mixed up with the honey of mirthful humor." These words of his own admirably characterize his work; because good sense, high thought, religious feeling, human sympathy, and knowledge of man, combined with a general naturalness and simplicity, mark his best productions.

Sa'dī has not the epic force nor the romantic strain of Firdausī or Nizāmī, nor again the mystic elevation and abstract introspection of Jāmī and Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, nor has he the lyric ecstasy for which Hāfiz is renowned; but he possesses certain qualities that none of the others can claim, and which give to his writings a peculiar attractiveness, an enduring element, that insures their lasting throughout time. Flourishing at a period when Europe had yet to feel the quickening touch of the revival of learning, Sa'dī stands in the East as a bright light of higher aim and nobler purpose, as a character of generous open-heartedness and liberal-minded thought. In his long life devoted to study and travel, or spent in productive activity and repose, he gave to the world a vast fund which he had gathered, of sound wisdom, wholesome philosophy, broad ethics, good judgment, and common-sense. Enjoying the personal favor of potentates, he seems to have availed himself of the privileges which money confers, chiefly for the purpose of bestowing gifts in charity or for advancing worthy causes; he religiously felt and practiced what he preached—the doctrine of contentment and resignation.

Sa'dī's life was of such unusual length that it could not but be somewhat eventful. He was born in 1184 at Shīrāz, then the capital of Persia. His father died while he was still a child, as we know from the touching lines on the orphan in the 'Būstān' (ii. 2, 11). The boy now received the exalted patronage of the ruling Atābeg Sa'd bin Zangī of Fars, and he was educated upon a fellowship foundation at the Nizāmiah College of Baghdad. For thirty years (1196–1226) he was a student and earnest worker, imbibing the principles of Sūfīism, and gaining a deep insight into the doctrines and tenets of the Moslem faith. It was his pious good fortune to make no less than fourteen pilgrimages, at different times, to the shrine of Mecca. The second period of his life, from the age of forty to seventy (1226–1256), was spent in travel, east and west, north and south. He not only visited the cities of the land of Iran, but he journeyed abroad to India, Asia Minor, and Africa. Among other places he resided at Damascus, Baalbec, and Jerusalem; and was taken prisoner by the Crusaders in Tripolis, as is shown by the incident connected with his married life that is recorded in the selections given below. When already a septuagenarian he returned to his native city of Shīrāz, and there he spent the third or remaining part of his life (1256–1291). He once more enjoyed courtly favor, this time from the son of his former royal patron; and he devoted his time to producing or completing the literary work which was prepared for, or doubtless partly composed, during the long preceding period of his career.

In the world of letters, therefore, Sa'dī presents the peculiar phenomenon of one whose writing seems to have been done late in life. The 'Būstān' (Garden of Perfume) was finished in one year (1257). It is written in verse, and comprises ten divisions. Sa'dī's themes are justice, government, beneficence and compassion, love, humility, good counsel, contentment, moral education and self-control, gratitude, repentance and devotion, or the like, as a summary of the titles of the work shows. The 'Gulistān' (Rose-Garden) was completed in the following year (1258); and this work, by which Sa'dī's name is best known, has been familiar to Western students since the days when Gentius published a Latin version entitled 'Rosarium Politicum,' in Amsterdam, 1651. The 'Gulistān' is written in prose, with intermingled verses, and it comprises eight chapters. Like the 'Būstān' it is didactic in tendency, but it is lighter and more clever; it is a perfect storehouse of instructive short stories with moral design, entertainingly presented, and abounding in aptly put maxims, aphorisms, or sententious sayings, which make the work entertaining reading. Sa'dī's productiveness, however, was not confined to the ethical and didactic field; he was also under the influence of the lyrical strain, and he composed a series of odes, dirges, elegies, and short poems,

which have warm feeling and a distinctly human touch. A book of good counsel, 'Pandnāmah,' bears Sa'dī's name; but its authenticity has been open to some doubt. Some jests of a lower order in poetical vein are said to be his; and he is also the author of several shorter prose treatises known as 'Risālah.' Besides his native Persian, he could compose in Arabic, and he was acquainted with Hindūstānī.

Sa'dī was twice married; and his lament over the loss of a beloved son, who died before him, is preserved in the 'Būstān.' His own death occurred at a very advanced age in 1291 (or 1292) in his native city, where his tomb is still seen; and Sa'dī's name and fame have contributed to making Shīrāz renowned in Persian literature.

Abundant material is accessible, in English and in other languages, to those who may be interested in Sa'dī. The best information on the subject is given by Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' ii. 295–6. English translations of the 'Būstān' have been made by H. Wilberforce Clarke (London, 1879), and G. S. Davie, 'The Garden of Fragrance' (London, 1882); and selections have been rendered by S. Robinson, 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (Glasgow, 1883), specimens of which are given below. There are German renderings by K. H. Graf (Jena, 1850), by Schlechta-Wssehrd (Vienna, 1852), and by Fr. Rückert (Leipzig, 1882); and a French version by Barbier de Meynard (Paris, 1880). Among the English translations of the 'Gulistān' may be mentioned those by Dumoulin (Calcutta, 1807), Gladwin (London, 1822), J. Ross (London, 1823), Lee (London, 1827), J. T. Platts (London, 1873), the Kama Shastra Society (Benares, 1888); and the translation by Eastwick in Trübner's Oriental Series (London, 1880), which has also been drawn upon for the present article, as well as S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry' (Glasgow, 1883), mentioned above. Material in French and in German may easily be obtained, as a glance at Ethé's bibliography will show; Ethé should also be consulted by those who desire references on the subject of Sa'dī's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces.

A. V. Williams Jackson

A MEDITATION

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

IN THE name of the Lord, who created the soul; who gave to the tongue words of wisdom;

The Lord, the Benevolent, the Sustainer, who generously accepteth excuses and forgiveth sins;

The Mighty One, from whose door whoever turneth away will find Might at no other door;

In whose court the most exalted monarchs must humble themselves as suppliants;

Who is not quick to repress the arrogant, nor repulseth with violence those who sue for pardon;

Who, when he is angry for some evil deed, if thou turnest to him again, writeth it amongst the things of the past;

Who, when he beholdeth the sin, covereth it with the veil of his mercy; in the ocean of whose omniscience the universe is but a drop.

If a son is at variance with a father, thou wilt immediately behold the father in the glow of passion;

And if he doth not soon give him satisfaction, will drive him forth from his presence like a stranger.

If the slave doth not bestir himself actively at his work, his master will deem him but of little value;

Or if thou art not amiable amongst thy companions, thy companions will flee from thee to a mile's distance;

Or if a soldier deserteth his duty, his commander will speedily dismiss him from the service.

But he who is Lord of the high and of the low shutteth not the door of his riches against even the rebellious.

The expanse of the earth is the table of his people; and to his free banquet, friend and foe are alike welcome.

If he hurried to involve him in trouble, who would be secure from the hand of his power?

Independent in his essence of the judgment of any one of his creatures, his dominion is rich in the obedience of men and spirits.

Every thing and every person must bow down to his mandate: the sons of Adam, and the bird, and the ant, and the worm.

So broadly is the table of his bounty spread, that the vulture on the Caucasus receiveth his portion.

Benevolent and beneficent, and the dispenser of blessings, he is the Lord of Creation, and knoweth every secret.

This man he judgeth worthy of grandeur and a high destiny, for his kingdom is ancient, and his race is wealthy.

On the head of one he setteth the diadem of fortune; another he bringeth down from a throne to the dust.

On the head of one he placeth the crown of prosperity; another he clothes in the weeds of poverty.

For his friend [Abraham] he turned fire into a bed of roses, and cast into the flames the host from the waters of the Nile.

If he did that, it was marked with his favor; and if he did this, it was signed with his order.

He throweth his veil over evil deeds, and hideth behind it his own benefits;

If he unsheath his sword of power in wrath, the very Cherubim are dumb with terror;

But if he giveth victuals from the table of his bounty, even the Evil One says: "I too shall have a portion."

In the court of his benignity and greatness the greatest must lay their greatness aside;

But to such as are cast down he is nigh with his mercy, and he ever lendeth his ear to the prayer of the suppliant.

By his prescience he foreseeth what hath not yet been; in his goodness he provideth for what hath not yet been spoken.

By his power he is the keeper of the heights and the depths, and he is master of the Book of the Day of Account.

No one's back is strong enough to throw off obedience; nor is there room for any one to lay a finger on a letter.

The Ancient Benefactor is still ever beneficent; by decree upon decree he fashioned the beautiful image in the womb.

From east to west he set in motion sun and moon, and spread out the earth on the face of the waters.

And though it trembleth sometimes and dreadeth its ruin, he hath nailed down the roots of the mountains to its skirts.

He who hath imprinted its form upon the waters gave to the pearl its Peri-like semblance.

He hid the ruby and the turquoise in the bosom of the stone, and hung the ruby-colored rose on the turquoise-tinted branches.

Of one globule he maketh a pearl-white lily, and fashioneth another into the lofty cypress.

From his knowledge not an atom lieth concealed; for the hidden and open are both to him but one.

For the ant and for the serpent he hath alike provided its food; and for that which hath no hand, nor feet, nor strength.

At his decree non-existence hath been embellished with existence, for no one knoweth but he how to change nonentity into being.

So at one time he burieth an act in silence, and bringeth it forth again in the Plain of the Last Judgment.

The universe is agreed in the acknowledgment of his Deity, but is confounded when it attempteth to investigate his Essence.

Man cannot comprehend the extent of his majesty; the sight hath not penetrated to the limits of his excellence.

The wing of bird hath not soared to the summits of his knowledge, nor the hand of intelligence touched the skirts of his attributes.

In this whirlpool have been sunk a thousand vessels, of which not a single plank hath come to the shore.

How many a night have I sat completely lost, till I have exclaimed in terror: "Up, and be doing."

Of the kingdoms of the earth the knowledge is attainable; but the knowledge of him with thy measure thou canst not attain.

The bounds of his knowledge thy intellect cannot reach; nor can thy thoughts fathom the depths of his attributes.

To equal Sohlan in eloquence is possible: but innumerable are they who have fallen exhausted in the race.

To urge thy steed over every ground is impossible; and there are occasions on which thou must throw away thy shield.

If the traveler is forbidden to penetrate to the secret place, he will find the door barred, and will have to return.

To many a one at this banquet is offered the goblet, who findeth it to be but a stupefying drug.

Let every one tremble who hath trusted himself to this ocean of blood, from which no one yet ever brought back his vessel.

One falcon soareth up, but with bandaged eyes; another returneth, but with singed eyes and feathers.

No one hath found his way to the treasure of Karūn; or if he hath found it, hath he brought anything back.

Seekest thou to survey this country? as well mayest thou begin by hamstringing the horse on which thou wouldst return.

Let each one look into the mirror of his own soul, and gradually it will acquire the same clearness.

Perhaps the odor of love will inebriate thee, and seeking for a compact with the Divine, thou mayest thyself become divine.

Proceed on the road of inquiry on foot, till thou reach the goal, and thence fly upwards on the pinions of affection.

Truth will rend in twain the veils of illusion; yea, even the veil which concealeth the glory of God.

But the courser of intellect can run no further. Astonishment tighteneth the reins, and exclaimeth, "STAND!"

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

THE ORPHAN

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

CAST protection over the head of the one father-dead;
Scatter his dust of affliction, and pluck out his thorn.

Knowst thou not how very dejected his state was?
May a rootless tree be ever green?

When thou seest an orphan, head lowered in front [from grief],
Give not a kiss to the face of thy own son.

If the orphan weeps, who buys for his consolation?
And if he becomes angry, who leads him back [to quietude]?

Beware that he weep not; for the great throne of God
Keeps trembling when the orphan weeps.

Pluck out with kindness the tear from his pure eye;
Scatter with compassion the dust of affliction from his face.

If his [father's] protection departed from over his head,
Do thou cherish him with thy own protection.

I esteemed my head crown-worthy at that time
When I held my head in my father's bosom.

If a fly had sat on my body,
The heart of some would have become distressed.

If now enemies should bear me away captive,
None of my friends is a helper.

For me [there] is acquaintance with the sorrows of orphans,
For in childhood my father departed in death, from my head.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMILITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A YOUTH, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day:—

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveler heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying:—

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him:—

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path,—to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

MORAL EDUCATION AND SELF-CONTROL

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

MY THEME is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practicing-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valor.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and reason is thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exalted,—Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

SULTAN TAKISH once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning," but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant:—

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BRINGING UP A SON

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

WHEN a boy has passed ten years of age,
Say: "Sit apart from those not unlawful" [to him in marriage].

It is not right to kindle a fire on cotton;
For while thou wink'st the eye, the house is burned.

When thou wishest that thy name may remain in place [of honor]
Teach the son wisdom and judgment.

When his skill and judgment are insufficient
Thou wilt die, and none of thy family will remain.

He endures severity for much time,—
The son whom the father tenderly cherishes.

Keep him wise and abstinent;
If thou lovest him, keep him not by endearing expressions.

Rebuke and instruct him in childhood;
Exercise promise and fear as to his good deeds.

For the young student, commendation and reward
[Are] better than the master's reprimand and threatening.

Teach the one matured, hand-toil,
Even if, Kārūn-like, thou hast command as to wealth.

How knowest thou? The revolution of time
May cause him to wander in exile in the country.

Rely not on that resource which is;
For it may be that wealth may not remain in thy hand.

When for him there are the resources of trade,
How may he bear the hand of beggary before any one?

The purse of silver and gold reaches its limit;
The purse of the trader becomes not empty.

Know'st thou not how Sa'dī obtained his object?
He neither traversed the desert nor plowed the sea.

In childhood he suffered slaps from the great;
In matureness God gave him purity.

Whosoever places his neck [in submission] to order,
Not much time passes but he gives orders.

Every child who the violence of the teacher
Experiences not, will suffer the violence of time.

Keep the son good and cause ease to reach him
That his eyes [of expectation] may not remain on the hands of others.

Whosoever endured not grief for his son,
Another suffered grief and abused him.

Preserve him from the bad teacher,
For the unfortunate and road-lost one makes him like himself.

. . . . . .

Suffer not regret as to the destruction and ruin [of a wicked son],
For the degenerate son dead before his father [is] best.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMANITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A MAN found in the desert a thirsty dog, which from want of drink was at its last gasp.

The worthy man made a bucket of his cap, and twisted his muslin sash into a rope;

Then he girded his waist and extended his arms for service, and gave to the feeble dog a sup of water.

The Prophet revealed of his future condition, that the Supreme Judge had for this act pardoned his sins.

Oh, if thou hast been a hard man, bethink thee; learn to be kind, and make beneficence thy business!

If a kindness done to a dog is not lost, how should that be which is done to a worthy man?

Do good as you find it offered to your hand; the Master of the Universe hath closed against no one the door for doing some good.

To give from your treasury a talent of gold is of less worth than a carat bestowed by the hand of labor.

Each one shall bear the burthen proportioned to his strength: the foot of a locust would be heavy for an ant.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DI AND THE RING

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

I RECALL to my memory how, during the life of my father,—may the rain of mercy every moment descend upon him!—

He bought for me in my childhood a tablet and a writing-book, and for my finger a golden seal-ring.

As it happened, a peddler came to the door, and in exchange for a date carried off the ring from my hand;

For a little child cannot estimate the value of a seal-ring, and will easily part with it for anything sweet.

And thou too dost not estimate the value of a life, who throwest it away in luxurious indulgences.

In the Resurrection, when the righteous arrive at the lofty place, and are raised from the damp pit to the region of the Pleiades,

Will thy head not be bowed down in abasement, when all *thy* works shall be assembled before thee?

O brother, be ashamed now to do the deeds of the bad, that thou mayest not need to be ashamed in the face of the good.

On that day when inquest shall be made into deeds and words, and the body even of those who have striven after holiness shall tremble,

With what excuse for thy sins wilt thou hear *thy* summons, when the very Prophets will be overwhelmed with terror?

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

WHILST I was at Sanāa, I lost a child;—why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head?

Fate never formed an image of comeliness like Joseph's, that a fish did not become, like Jonah's, its tomb.

In this garden no cypress ever reached its full stature, that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth, when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

I said in my heart: "Die! for, shame to man, the child departeth unsullied, and the old man polluted!"

In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my color paled, and my senses failed me.

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear:—

"If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation, recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

"Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb bright as day, light it up with the lamp of good works."

The body of the gardener trembleth as in a fever, lest the palm-tree should not produce its date.

Crowds are there of those who, greedy of the world's pleasures, think that, not having scattered the grain, they can yet gather in the crop;

But Sa'dī telleth you: Only he who planteth a tree will eat the fruit of it; only he who casteth the seed will reap the harvest.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ THE CAPTIVE GETS A WIFE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

HAVING become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis; till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way and recognized me, and said, "What state is this? and how are you living?" I replied:—

STANZA

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make."

COUPLET

Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dīnārs redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dīnārs. As time went on, the girl turned out to be of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said:—

DISTICHS

In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well;
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dīnārs?" I replied, "Yes! he redeemed me with ten dīnārs, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred."

DISTICHS

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife;
When thus complained the lamb's departing life:—
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then; but now,
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

HOW THE STUDENT SAVED TIME

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A DISCIPLE said to his spiritual master, "What shall I do? for I am in great straits because of the numbers of people who come to visit me; and my occupations are disturbed by their coming to and fro." He replied, "Lend something to those who are poor, and ask something of those who are rich, in order that they may not come about thee again."

If a mendicant were the leader of Islam's hosts,
The infidels would fly to China [itself] through fear of his soliciting something.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

A POWERFUL VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

ONCE on a time, in traveling through Arabia Petræa, a company of devout youths shared my aspirations and my journey. They used often to chant and repeat mystic verses; and there was a devotee *en route* with us, who thought unfavorably of the character of darweshes, and was ignorant of their distress. When we arrived at the palm grove of the children of Hallāl, a dark youth came out of one of the Arab families, and raised a voice which might have drawn down the birds from the air. I saw the camel of the devotee begin to caper, and it threw its rider, and ran off into the desert. I said, "O Shekh! it has moved a brute: does it not create any emotion in thee?"

VERSE

Knowest thou what said the bird of morn, the nightingale, to me?
"What meanest thou that art unskilled in love's sweet mystery?
The camels, at the Arab's song, ecstatic are and gay:
Feel'st thou no pleasure, then thou art more brutish far than they!"

COUPLET

When e'en the camels join in mirth and glee,
If men feel naught, then must they asses be.

COUPLET

Before the blast the balsams bend in the Arab's garden lone;
Those tender shrubs their boughs incline: naught yields the hard firm stone.

DISTICHS

All things thou seest still declare His praise;
The attentive heart can hear their secret lays.
Hymns to the rose the nightingale his name;
Each thorn's a tongue his marvels to proclaim.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A VALUABLE VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A PERSON was performing gratis the office of summoner to prayer in the mosque of Sanjāriyah, in a voice which disgusted those who heard him. The patron of the mosque was a prince who was just and amiable. He did not wish to pain the crier, and said, "O sir! there are Mūazzins attached to this mosque to whom the office has descended from of old, each of whom has an allowance of five dīnārs, and I will give thee ten to go to another place." This was agreed upon, and he departed. After some time he returned to the prince and said, "O my lord! thou didst me injustice in sending me from this place for ten dīnārs. In the place whence I have come they offered me twenty dīnārs to go somewhere else, and I will not accept it." The prince laughed and said, "Take care not to accept it, for they will consent to give thee even fifty dīnārs."

COUPLET

No mattock can the clay remove from off the granite stone
So well as thy discordant voice can make the spirit moan.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

FOR GOD'S SAKE! READ NOT

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN with a harsh voice was reading the Kur'ān in a loud tone. A sage passed by and asked, "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied, "Nothing." "Wherefore, then," asked the sage, "dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." "Then," said the sage, "for God's sake! read not."

COUPLET

If in this fashion the Kur'ān you read,
You'll mar the loveliness of Islām's creed.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE GRASS AND THE ROSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know,
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance,—true;
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by his bounty from the dust:
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in his favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet he will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, he'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sa'dī! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns;
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A WITTY PHILOSOPHER REWARDED

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villainous set are these, who have untied their dogs and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and

said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET

From some a man might favors hope: from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH

We feel thy kindness that thou lett'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat, and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition; and further, presented him with some dirhams.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE PENALTY OF STUPIDITY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR IS REPOSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I NOTICED the son of a rich man, sitting on the grave of his father, and quarreling with a Dervish-boy, saying: — "The sarcophagus of my father's tomb is of marble, tessellated with turquoise-like bricks! But what resembles thy father's grave? It consists of two contiguous bricks, with two handfuls of mud thrown over it." The Dervish-boy listened to all this, and then observed: "By the time thy father is able to shake off those heavy stones which cover him, mine will have reached Paradise."

An ass with a light burden
No doubt walks easily.
A Dervish who carries only the load of poverty
Will also arrive lightly burdened at the gate of death;
Whilst he who lived in happiness, wealth, and ease,
Will undoubtedly on all these accounts die hard;
At all events, a prisoner who escapes from all his bonds
Is to be considered more happy than an Amir taken prisoner.

Translation of the Kama Shastra Society.

THY WORST ENEMY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I ASKED an eminent personage the meaning of this traditionary saying, "*The most malignant of thy enemies is the lust which abides within thee.*" He replied, "It is because every enemy on whom thou conferrest favors becomes a friend, save lust; whose hostility increases the more thou dost gratify it."

STANZA

By abstinence, man might an angel be;
By surfeiting, his nature brutifies:
Whom thou obligest will succumb to thee —
Save lusts, which, sated, still rebellious rise.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

MAXIMS

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw with my eyes in the desert,
That a slow man overtook a fast one.
A galloping horse, fleet like the wind, fell back
Whilst the camel-man continued slowly his progress.

Nothing is better for an ignorant man than silence; and if he were to consider it to be suitable, he would not be ignorant.

If thou possess not the perfection of excellence,
It is best to keep thy tongue within thy mouth.
Disgrace is brought on a man by his tongue.
A walnut having no kernel will be light.

A fool was trying to teach a donkey,
Spending all his time and efforts in the task;
A sage observed: "O ignorant man, what sayest thou?
Fear blame from the censorious in this vain attempt.
A brute cannot learn speech from thee,
Learn thou silence from a brute."

He who acquires knowledge and does not practice it, is like him who drives the plow and sows no seed.

Translations of the Kama Shastra Society and J. T. Platts.

SHABLI AND THE ANT

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

Listen to one of the qualities of good men, if thou art thyself a good man, and benevolently inclined!

Shabli, returning from the shop of a corn dealer, carried back to his village on his shoulder a sack of wheat.

He looked and beheld in that heap of grain an ant which kept running bewildered from corner to corner.

Filled with pity thereat, and unable to sleep at night, he carried it back to its own dwelling, saying:—

"It were no benevolence to wound and distract this poor ant by severing it from its own place!"

Soothe to rest the hearts of the distracted, wouldst thou be at rest thyself from the blows of Fortune.

How sweet are the words of the noble Firdausi, upon whose grave be the mercy of the Benignant One! —

"Crush not yonder emmet as it draggeth along its grain; for it too liveth, and its life is sweet to it."

A shadow must there be, and a stone upon that heart, that could wish to sorrow the heart even of an emmet!

Strike not with the hand of violence the head of the feeble; for one day, like the ant, thou mayest fall under the foot thyself!

Pity the poor moth in the flame of the taper; see how it is scorched in the face of the assembly!

Let me remind thee that if there be many who are weaker than thou art, there may come at last one who is stronger than thou.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ'S INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ĀBĀQĀ-ĀN

From 'The Risālahs'

[Sa'dī, after describing the circumstances of his introduction to the Sultan, adds: —]

"When I was about to take my leave, his Majesty desiring me to give him some counsel for his guidance, I answered: "'In the end you will be able to carry nothing from this world but blessings or curses: now farewell.'"

The Sultan directed him to compose the purport of this in verse, on which he immediately repeated the following stanzas: —

"Sacred be the revenue of the king who protects his subjects from injury; for it is the earned hire of the shepherd.

"But poison be the portion of the prince who is not the guardian of his people; for whosoever he devours is a capitation tax exacted from the followers of Mohammed."

Ābāqā-ān wept, and several times said: "Am I the guardian of my subjects or not?" To which the Shaikh as often replied: "If you are, the first stanza is in favor of you; but if not, the second is applicable."

On taking his final leave, Sa'dī repeated the following verses:

"A king is the shadow of the Deity; and the shadow must be attached to the substance on which it depends.

"His people are incapable of doing good except under his all-governing influence.

«Every good action performed on earth is affected by the justice of its rulers.

«His kingdom cannot abound in rectitude, whose counsel is erroneous.»

Ābāqā-ān highly applauded the above and the preceding verses; [and the Persian biographer adds a remark, that] «in these times none of the learned men or Shaikhs of the age would venture to offer such even to a shopkeeper or butcher; which accounts indeed for the present state of society!»

Translation of J. H. Harington.

SUPPLICATION

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

My body still trembleth when I call to memory the prayers of one absorbed in ecstasy in the Holy Place,

Who kept exclaiming to God, with many lamentations: Cast me not off, for no one else will take me by the hand!

Call me to thy mercy, or drive me from thy door; on thy threshold alone will I rest my head.

Thou knowest that we are helpless and miserable, sunk under the weight of low desires,

And that these rebellious desires rush on with so much impetuosity, that wisdom is unable to check the rein.

For they come on in the spirit and power of Satan; and how can the ant contend with an army of tigers?

O lead me in the way of those who walk in thy way; and from those enemies grant me thy asylum!

By the essence of thy majesty, O God; by thine attributes without comparison or likeness;

By the «Great is God» of the pilgrim in the Holy House; by him who is buried at Yathreb — on whom be peace!

By the shout of the men of the sword, who account their antagonists in the battle as woman;

By the devotion of the aged, tried, and approved; by the purity of the young, just arisen;

In the whirlpool of the last breath, O save us in the last cry from the shame of apostasy!

There is hope in those who have been obedient, that they may be allowed to make intercession for those who have not been obedient.

For the sake of the pure, keep me far from contamination; and if error escape me, hold me excused.

By the aged, whose backs are bowed in obedience, whose eyes, through shame of their past misdeeds, look down upon their feet,

Grant that mine eye may not be blind to the face of happiness; that my tongue may not be mute in bearing witness to the Faith!

Grant that the lamp of Truth may shine upon my path; that my hand may be cut off from committing evil!

Cause mine eyes to be free from blindness; withhold my hand from all that is unseemly.

A mere atom, carried about by the wind, O stay me in thy favor!

Mean as I am, existence and non-existence in me are but one thing.

From the sun of thy graciousness a single ray sufficeth me; for except in thy ray, no one would perceive me.

Look upon my evil; for on whomsoever thou lookest, he is the better; courtesy from a king is enough for the beggar.

If in thy justice and mercy thou receive me, shall I complain that the remission was not promised me?

O God, drive me not out on account of my errors from thy door, for even in imagination I can see no other door.

And if in my ignorance I became for some days a stranger to thee, now that I am returned shut not thy door in my face.

What excuse shall I bring for the disgrace of my sensuality, except to plead my weakness before the Rich One?

Leave me not — the poor one — in my crimes and sins! The rich man is pitiful to him who is poor.

Why weep over my feeble condition? If I am feeble, I have thee for my refuge.

O God, we have wasted our lives in carelessness! What can the struggling hand do against the power of Fate?

What can we contrive with all our planning? Our only prop is apology for our faults.

All that I have done thou hast utterly shattered! What strength hath our self-will against the strength of God?

My head I cannot withdraw from thy sentence, when once thy sentence hath been passed on my head.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BE CONTENT

From 'The Rose-Garden'

I NEVER complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor suffered my face to be overcast at the revolution of the heavens, except once, when my feet were bare and I had not the means of obtaining shoes. I came to the chief mosque of Kūfah in a state of much dejection, and saw there a man who had no feet. I returned thanks to God and acknowledged his mercies, and endured my want of shoes with patience, and exclaimed:—

STANZA

Roast fowl to him that's sated will seem less
Upon the board than leaves of garden-cress;
While, in the sight of helpless poverty,
Boiled turnip will a roasted pullet be.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

(1804–1869)

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23d, 1804, and died at Paris, October 13th, 1869, was one of the most brilliant French essayists and one of the finest critical minds of the world's literature. He takes in the France of the nineteenth century the place that Dr. Johnson held in the England of the eighteenth; while his culture was as delicate as, and his sympathies wider than, those of Matthew Arnold, with whom it is natural to compare him in our own day. He gave himself so wholly to the humane life, to the joy that he found in books, and to the views of human nature that they opened to him, that his literary studies, his 'Portraits' and 'Monday Chats,' form his best biography, and almost make superfluous the recollections of his secretaries, Levallois, Pons, and Troubat, or the labored biography of his fellow academician Haussonville. It is worth noting however that his first studies were medical; for it was to this that he attributed "the spirit of philosophy, the love of exactness and physiological reality," that always marked his critical method,—even in those first contributions to the Globe, the present 'Premiers Lundis,' where, as he said himself in later years, "youth painted youth."

C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

The landmarks in Sainte-Beuve's uneventful life are his meeting with Victor Hugo in 1827, his election to the Academy in 1845, his nominations as Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1859 and as Senator in 1865. For a half-century he was almost continuously a resident of Paris. Twice he left it, to lecture at Lausanne and at Liège; but wherever he was and whatever his functions,—journalist, professor, senator,—he was always the unwearied "naturalist of human minds," the clear-sighted critic and generous advocate of literary freedom.

To most men, Sainte-Beuve is known as the author of fifteen volumes of 'Monday Chats' (the 'Causeries du Lundi') and of their continuation in the thirteen volumes of the 'New Monday Chats,' the 'Nouveaux Lundis.' And it is for these that he best deserves to be known; but before we turn to an attempt to estimate their qualities and worth, the reader may be reminded that he is also the author of two volumes of poetry (originally three), which are very significant in the history of French prosody, where his signature can often be recognized in the verses of Baudelaire and Banville, and in that of the lyric of democracy as it afterward came to be represented by Manuel and Coppée. He wrote also a novel, 'Volupté,' which found "fit audience though few"; and a 'History of Port-Royal,' the Jansenist seminary made illustrious by Pascal, of which the seven volumes are a monument of astounding industry and critical acumen. But the 'Monday Chats' by no means exhaust his purely literary work; which under various titles—'Literary Critiques and Portraits,' 'Literary Portraits,' 'Contemporary Portraits,' 'Portraits of Women,' 'Châteaubriand and his Literary Group'—makes up a total of from forty to fifty volumes.

This imposing mass is divided by the Revolution of 1848. Before that date he is striving for the critical mastery, but making incursions also into other fields. After his return from Liège in 1849 he is the critical autocrat, always honored though not always beloved. Yet the work of his apprentice years was of great importance in its day. The portraits have not indeed the charm and winning grace of the mature artist who wrote the passages that have been chosen here to illustrate his genius; but they are full of art as well as scholarship, and constructed almost from the very first on the critical lines that he has laid down in his essay on Châteaubriand. To the young Sainte-Beuve is due, more than to any of his contemporaries, the revival of interest in the sixteenth century and in Ronsard. These studies influenced, and for a time guided, the development of romanticism, and stirred in Sainte-Beuve himself a faint poetic flame; but even in verse he was a critic of his own sensations, and wooed a refractory Muse.

With the weekly 'Monday Chats,' begun in Le Constitutionnel newspaper in 1850, and continued in various journals with but one considerable interruption until his death, began the epoch-making work that will long keep his memory green among all lovers of the humanities. Already he had made criticism a fine art; but he had been too generous in his praise of his fellow romanticists. Now the critical touch became more precise, the shading more exact. Nor was the least remarkable thing about these essays the speed and regularity of their production. Week after week, for year after year,

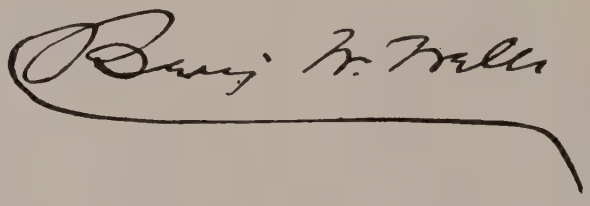
saw its acute and learned study of from 7,000 to 7,500 words, full of minute research and profound erudition, written, corrected, published. He became, as he said of himself, «a workman by the piece and the hour.» This method of production left no place for correction and repentance. As the tree fell so it must lie. But this only seemed to enhance the spontaneity of his essays. As a contemporary said, «He had no time to spoil them.» And under this pressure his style grew ever more supple, more concise and yet more popular, though it never ceased to be scholarly and profound.

What other writing has ever appeared in daily journals at regular intervals for a score of years, and has left such a permanent impress on the world of letters as this? In France Sainte-Beuve's works form the nucleus of every critical library. In England and in America selections continue to be translated and read; among which the most recent and perhaps the most representative are the 'Essays on Men and Women' edited by William Sharp (London, 1890), and 'Select Essays' translated by A. J. Butler (London, 1894). A reference to Poole and Fletcher's 'Index to Periodical Literature' reveals no less than thirty articles in English journals concerning the life and works of this genial lover of letters.

The subjects of his criticism were as world-wide as literature; and into everything that he touched he put, as he said he sought to do, «a sort of charm and at the same time more reality.» To all his work he brought the calm temper of the scientific mind, rarely crossed by querulous clouds or heated by the passion of controversy, and not often roused to a glowing and self-forgetful enthusiasm. «I have but one diversion, one pursuit,» he said: «I analyze, I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds. What I would fain create is literary natural history.»

This mood is naturally drawn to the serious and austere. And so Pascal, Bossuet, Shakespeare, and the Lake Poets attract Sainte-Beuve more than Rabelais and Molière, or Chaucer and Byron. But nothing human is wholly foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from Firdausī to General Jomini, from Madame Desbordes-Valmore to the Comte de Saxe. He is naturally tolerant of rising talent and of eccentric natures, and perhaps too stern to those contemporaries who have achieved success and need correction rather than encouragement. The unclassified attracts him; for to the last he remains essentially subjective in his judgments, praising what pleases him without measuring it on the procrustean bed of any critical code. And yet he felt that his method had in it the possibilities of an exact science; and with this prophetic vision he prepared the chosen people of literature to enter (with Taine for their Joshua) the Canaan of critical naturalism.

Sainte-Beuve was more consistent in criticism than in ethics. Fundamentally he thought he had most in common with the materialists of the eighteenth century: but while he was under the romantic spell of Hugo, the smiles of a fair proselyter almost won him to Catholicism; and later his restless mind seemed to sympathize, now with the communism of Saint-Simon, now with the spiritual absolutism of Calvin, now with the liberalism of Lamennais. But from each of these moral experiments he came back to his first conception of life; and in it he found perhaps as much mental repose as so restless a mind could hope to enjoy or attain. He was not, and did not aspire to be, a model of the distinctively Christian virtues; but he was always honorable, single-minded, kindly, cheerful, and ready to make great sacrifices for the integrity of his critical independence. If his manifold ethical experiments suggest a facile morality, yet they contributed to give him a deep insight into human nature and a catholic sympathy with it. Men may differ in their judgment of the man, but they are constrained to unite in their admiration of the critic.



A CRITIC'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN CRITICAL METHOD

From the 'Nouveaux Lundis'

It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its environment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations,— a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one

can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu and comparative anatomy before Cuvier,—in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when mental science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skillful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practices it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments,—to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment,—the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his

talent was revealed, took material form and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centres themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas, — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers, — that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance, — its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring; nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date! Ineffable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators, — its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he

should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.—I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man,—the young man confident and proud,—one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everybody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work,—that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last

easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Châteaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

From 'Causeries du Lundi,' May 11th, 1857. (Abridged.)

It is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said

and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation, — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world, — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited, — his 'Andalouse,' his 'Don Paez,' and his 'Juana,' — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm, — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself; he sought by reflection to distill its sadness, its bitterness. He said to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that

he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of 'Rolla'), he kept still his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years. . . .

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion,"—passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two,—Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly

traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries,—his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

GOETHE: AND BETTINA BRENTANO

From 'Portraits of Men'

IT MAY be remembered that we have already seen Jean Jacques Rousseau in correspondence with one of his admirers, whose partiality towards him ultimately developed into a warmer sentiment. After reading 'La Nouvelle Heloïse,' Madame de la Tour-Franqueville became extremely enthusiastic, believing herself to be a Julie d'Etange; and thereupon indited somewhat ardent love-letters to the great author, who in his misanthropical way treated her far from well. It is curious to note, in a similar case, how differently Goethe, the great poet of Germany, behaved to one of his admirers who declared her love with such wild bursts of enthusiasm. But not more in this case than in the other must we expect to find a true, natural, and mutual affection, the love of two beings who exchange and mingle their most cherished feelings. The adoration in question is not real love: it is merely a kind of worship, which requires the god and the priestess. Only, Rousseau was an invalid,—a fretful god, suffering from hypochondria, who had fewer good than bad days; Goethe, on the other hand, was a superior god, calm and equable, in good health and benevolent,—in fact, the Olympian Jupiter, who looks on smiling.

In the spring of 1807 there lived at Frankfort a charming young girl nineteen years of age,* though of such small stature

* She was in fact twenty-two, having been born April 4, 1785.—ED.

that she only appeared to be twelve or thirteen. Bettina Brentano, the child of an Italian father, who had settled and married at Frankfort, came of a family noted for its originality, each member having some singular or fantastic characteristic. It was said in the town that "madness only began in the Brentano family where it ended in other people." Little Bettina considered this saying as a compliment. "What others call eccentricity is quite comprehensible to me," she would remark, "and is part of some esoteric quality that I cannot define." She had in her much of the devil and the imp; in fact, all that is the reverse of the *bourgeois* and conventional mind, against which she waged eternal war. A true Italian as regards her highly colored, picturesque, and vivid imagination, she was quite German in her dreamy enthusiasm, which at times verged on hallucination. She would sometimes exclaim, "There is a demon in me, opposed to all practical reality." Poetry was her natural world. She felt art and nature as they are only felt in Italy; but her essentially Italian conceptions, after having assumed all the colors of the rainbow, usually ended in mere vagaries. In short, in spite of the rare qualities with which little Bettina was endowed, she lacked what might be called sound common-sense,— a quality hardly in keeping with all her other gifts. It seemed as if Bettina's family, in leaving Italy for Germany, had instead of passing through France come by the way of Tyrol, with some band of gay Bohemians. The faults to which I have just alluded grow sometimes graver the older one becomes; but at nineteen they merely lend an additional charm and piquancy. It is almost necessary to apologize in speaking so freely in relation to Bettina; for Signorina Brentano — having become Frau d'Arnim, and subsequently widow of Achim d'Arnim, one of the most distinguished poets of Germany — is now living in Berlin, surrounded by some of the most remarkable men of the day. She receives a homage and consideration not merely due to the noble qualities of her mind, but to the excellency of her character. This woman, who was once such a frolicsome imp, is now known as one of the most unselfish and true-hearted of her sex.

However, it was she herself who in 1835, two years after Goethe's death, published the correspondence that enables us to glean an accurate knowledge of her character; allowing us — in fact, compelling us — to speak so unconstrainedly in relation to her. This book — translated into French by a woman of merit,

who has concealed her identity under the *nom de plume* of "St. Sebastien Albin"—is a most curious work, enabling us to realize the difference that distinguishes the German genius from our own. The preface, as written by the authoress, is thus worded: "This book is intended for good, not bad people." This is similar to saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It was quite suddenly that Bettina fell in love with the great poet Goethe; but her romantic feeling was of a purely ideal nature, for as yet she had never seen him. While musing alone one summer morn in the redolent and silent garden, Goethe's image presented itself to her mind. She only knew him through his renown and his works,—in fact, through the very evil she heard spoken in relation to his cold and indifferent character. But the idea instantly captivated her imagination; she had discovered an object for her worship. Goethe was then fifty-eight years of age. In his youth he had conceived a slight affection for Bettina's mother. For many years he had lived at Weimar, at the small court of Charles Augustus; in favor or rather intimate friendship with the prince. There he calmly pursued his vast studies, forever creating with prolific ease; he was then at the height of contentment, genius, and glory.

Goethe's mother lived at Frankfort. She and Bettina became great friends; and the young girl began to love, study, and understand the son in the person of this remarkable mother, so worthy of him to whom she had given birth. Goethe's aged parent,—"Goethe's Lady Counselor," as she was called,—with her noble (I was about to say august) character, and her mind so replete with great sayings and memorable conversations, liked nothing better than to converse about her son. In speaking of him "her eyes would dilate like those of a child," and beam with contentment. Bettina became the old lady's favorite; and on entering her room would take a stool at her feet, rush at random into conversation, disturb the order of everything around her, and being certain of forgiveness, would allow herself every freedom. The worthy Frau Goethe, being gifted with great discernment and common-sense, perceived from the very first that Bettina's love for her son would lead to no serious consequences, and that this flame would injure no one. She would laugh at the child's fancy, and in so doing would profit by it. Not a day passed without this happy mother thinking of her son; "and these thoughts," she would say, "are gold to me." If not to Bettina,

to whom could she express them, before whom could she count her gold — this treasure not intended for the ears of the profane? So, when the frolicsome young creature was absent, running along the banks of the Rhine, and playing the truant in every old tower and rock, she would be greatly missed by her dear "Lady Counselor." The old lady would write to her in the following manner: —

"Hasten homeward. I do not feel so well this year as last. At times I long, with a certain foreboding, for your presence, and for hours together I sit thinking of Wolfgang" (Goethe's Christian name); "of the days when he was a child playing at my feet, or relating fairy tales to his little brother James. It is absolutely necessary that I should have some one with whom I can converse in relation to all this, and *nobody listens to me as well as yourself.* I truly wish you were here."

On returning to the mother of the man she adored, Bettina would hold long conversations with the venerable lady about Goethe's childhood, his early promise, the circumstances attendant on his birth; about the pear-tree his grandfather planted to celebrate its anniversary, and which afterwards flourished so well; about the *green arm-chair* where his mother would sit, relating to him tales that made him marvel. Then they would speak about the first signs of his awakening genius. Never was the childhood of a god studied and watched in its minutest details with more pious curiosity. One day, while he was crossing the road with several other children, his mother and a friend, who were at the window, remarked that he walked with "great majesty," and afterwards told him his upright bearing distinguished him from the other boys of his age. "That is how I wish to begin," he replied: "later on I shall distinguish myself in many different ways." "And this has been realized," his mother would add on relating the incident.

Bettina knew everything about Goethe's early life better than he did himself, and later on he had recourse to her knowledge when wishing to write his memoirs. She was right in saying, "As to me, what is my life but a profound mirror of your own?"

In his boyhood Goethe was considered one of the finest fellows of his age. He was fond of skating, and one fine afternoon he persuaded his mother to come and watch him sporting on the ice. Goethe's mother, liking sumptuous apparel, arrayed herself

in "a pelisse, trimmed with crimson velvet, that had a long train and gold clasps," and she drove off in a carriage with friends.

"On arriving at the river Mein, we found my son energetically skating. He flew like an arrow through the throng of skaters; his cheeks were rosy from the fresh air, and his auburn locks were denuded of their powder. On perceiving my crimson pelisse, he immediately came up to the carriage, and looked at me with a gracious smile. 'Well, what do you require?' I said to him. 'Mother, you are not cold in the carriage, so give me your velvet mantle.'—'But you do not wish to array yourself in my cloak, do you?'—'Yes, certainly.'—There was I, taking off my warm pelisse, which he donned; and throwing the train over his arm, he sprang on the ice like a very son of the gods. Ah, Bettina! if you had only seen him! Nothing could have been finer. I clapped my hands with joy. All my life I shall see him as he was then, proceeding from one archway and entering through the other, the wind the while raising the train of the pelisse, that had fallen from his arm."

And she added that Bettina's mother was on the bank, and it was her whom her son wished to please that day.

Have you not perceived in this simple tale told by the mother, all the pride of a Latona? "He is a son of the gods!" These were the words of a Roman senator's wife, of a Roman empress, or Cornelia, rather than the utterance of a Frankfort citizen's spouse! The feeling that then inspired this mother in regard to her son, ultimately permeated the heart of the German nation. Goethe is "the German fatherland." In reading Bettina's letters, we find ourselves, like her, studying Goethe through his mother; and in so doing we discover his simple and more natural grandeur. Before the influence of court etiquette had distorted some of his better qualities, we see in him the true sincerity of his race. We wish his genius had been rather more influenced by this saying of his mother,—"There is nothing grander than when the man is to be felt in the man."

It is said that Goethe had but little affection for his mother; that he was indifferent towards her,—not visiting her for years, though he was only a distance of about forty miles from where she lived. And on this point he has been accused of coldness and egotism. But here, I think, there has been exaggeration. Before denying any quality to Goethe it is necessary to think twice. At first sight we imagine him to be cold; but this very

coldness often conceals some underlying quality. A mother does not continue to love and revere her son when he has been guilty of a really serious wrong towards her. Goethe's mother did not see anything wrongful in her son's conduct, and it does not beseem us to be severer than she. This son loved his mother in his own way; and though his conduct could not perhaps be exactly regarded as the model of filial behavior, it cannot be said that he was in any wise ungrateful. «Keep my mother's heart warm,» he would say in writing to Bettina. . . . «I should like to be able to reward you for the care you take of my mother. A chilling *draught* seemed to emanate from her surroundings. Now that I know you are near her I feel comforted —I feel warm.» The idea of a *draught* makes us smile. Fontenelle could not have expressed himself better. I have sometimes thought Goethe might be defined as a *Fontenelle invested with poetry.*

At the time of his mother's death, Bettina wrote to him, alluding to the cold disposition that was supposed to characterize him —a disposition inimical to all grief: «It is said that you turn away from all that is sad and irreparable: do not turn away from the image of your dying mother; remember how loving and wise she was up to the last moment, and how the *poetic element* predominated in her.» By this last touch, Bettina evinced her knowledge of how to affect the great poet. Goethe responded in words replete with gratitude for the care she had shown his mother in her old age. But from that day their relationship suffered by the loss of the being who had forged the link between them. However, as I have already mentioned, Bettina was in love with Goethe. We might ask what were the signs of this feeling. It was not an ordinary affection; it was not even a passionate love, which, like that of Dido, Juliet, or Virginia, burns and consumes until the desire is satisfied. It was an ideal sentiment; better than a love purely from the imagination, and yet dissimilar to one entirely from the heart. I scarcely know how to explain the feeling, and even Bettina herself could hardly define what she felt. The fact is that, gifted with a vivid imagination, exquisite poetical feeling, and a passionate love of nature, she personified all her tastes and youthful inspirations in Goethe's image, loving him with rapture as the incarnation of all her dreams. Her love did not sadden her, but on the contrary, rendered her happier. «I know a secret,» she would say: «the

greatest happiness is when two beings are united, and the Divine genius is with them."

It generally sufficed her to be thus united in spirit. Goethe, whose insight into life and human nature was as profound as his knowledge of the ideal, had from the first understood the quality of this love, and did not shun it, though at the same time he avoided too close a contact. The privilege of the gods is, as we all know, the possession of eternal youth: even at fifty-eight years of age, Goethe would not have been able to endure every day with impunity the innocent familiarities and enticements of Bettina. But the girl lived far away. She wrote him letters, full of life, brilliant with sensibility, coloring, sound, and manifold fancies. These epistles interested him, and seemed to rejuvenate his mind. A new being, full of grace, was revealing herself to the observation of his poetical and withal scientific mind. She opened for his inspection "an unlooked-for book, full of delightful images and charming depictions." It seemed to him as much worth his while reading this book as any other; especially as his own name was to be found on every page, encircled with a halo of glory. He called Bettina's letters "the gospel of nature." "Continue," he would say, "preaching your gospel of nature." He felt that he was the *god-made man* of that evangel. She recalled to his mind (and his artistic talent needed it) the impressions and the freshness of the past, all of which he had lost in his somewhat artificial life. "All you tell me brings me back remembrances of youth; it produces the effect of events gone by, which all of a sudden we distinctly remember, though for a long time we may have forgotten them."

Goethe never lavished his attention on Bettina, although he never once repulsed her. He would reply to her letters in a sufficiently encouraging way for her to continue writing. There was a strange scene the very first time Bettina met Goethe; and from the way she describes the meeting, we perceive that she does not write for the benefit of the cynical scoffer. Towards the end of April, in 1807, she accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to Berlin, and they promised to return by the way of Weimar. They were obliged to pass through the regiments that were then occupying the land. On this journey Bettina was arrayed in male attire, and sat on the box of the coach in order to see farther; while at every halting-place she assisted in harnessing and unharnessing the horses. In the morning she would

shoot off a pistol in the forests, and clamber up the trees like a squirrel, for she was peculiarly agile (Goethe called her the Little Mouse). One day, when in an uncommonly frolicsome mood she had ascended into one of the Gothic sculptures of the Cologne Cathedral, she commenced a letter in the following way to Goethe's mother:—

"Lady Counselor, how alarmed you would be to see me now, seated in a Gothic rose."

Somewhere else she says: "I prefer dancing to walking, and I prefer flying to dancing."

Bettina arrived at Weimar after passing several sleepless nights on the box of the coach. She immediately called on Wieland, who knew her family; and obtained from him a letter, introducing her to Goethe. On arriving at the house of the great poet, she waited a few minutes before seeing him. Suddenly the door opened, and Goethe appeared.

"He surveyed me solemnly and fixedly. I believe I stretched out my hands towards him — I felt my strength failing me! Goethe folded me to his heart, murmuring the while, 'Poor child! have I frightened you?' These were the first words he uttered, and they entered my soul. He led me into his room, and made me sit on the sofa before him. We were then both speechless. He at last broke the silence. 'You will have read in the paper,' he said, 'that a few days ago we sustained a great loss through the death of the Duchess Amelia' (the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Weimar). 'Oh!' I answered, 'I never read the papers.'— 'Indeed! I imagined that everything in relation to Weimar interested you.'—'No, nothing interests me excepting yourself; moreover, I am much too impatient to read a newspaper.'—'You are a charming child.' Then came a long pause. I was still exiled on that fatal sofa, shy and trembling. You know it is impossible for me to remain sitting like a well-bred person. Alas! mother" (it was Goethe's mother to whom she was writing), "my conduct was utterly disgraceful. I at last exclaimed, 'I cannot remain on this couch!' and I arose suddenly. 'Well, do as you please,' he replied. I threw my arms round his neck, and he drew me on his knee, pressing me to his heart."

In reading this scene, we must remember that it took place in Germany, not in France! She remained long enough on his shoulder to fall asleep; for she had been traveling for several nights, and was exhausted with fatigue. Only on awakening did

she begin conversing a little. Goethe plucked a leaf off the vine that clustered round his window, and said, "This leaf and your cheek have the same freshness and the same bloom." My readers may be inclined to think this scene quite childish; but Goethe soon divulged to her his most serious and intimate thoughts. He became nearly emotional in speaking of Schiller, saying that he had died two springs ago; and on Bettina interrupting him to remark that she did not care for Schiller, he explained to her all the beauties of this poetical nature,—so dissimilar to his own, but one of infinite grandeur; a nature he himself had the generosity to fully appreciate.

The evening of the next day Bettina saw Goethe again at Wieland's; and on her appearing to be jealous regarding a bunch of violets he held, which she supposed had been given him by a woman, he threw her the flowers, remarking, "Are you not content if I give them to you?" These first scenes at Weimar were childlike and mystic, though from the very first marked by great intensity; it would not have been wise to enact them every day. At their second meeting, which took place at Wartburg after an interval of a few months, Bettina could hardly speak, so deep was her emotion. Goethe placed his hand on her lips and said, "Speak with your eyes—I understand everything;" and when he saw that the eyes of the charming child, "the dark, courageous child," were full of tears, he closed them, adding wisely, "Let us be calm—it beseems us both to be so!" But in recalling these scenes, are you not tempted to exclaim, "What would Voltaire have said?"

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE

(1798–1865)

SAINTINE, the author of the familiar classic 'Picciola,' was in many respects a fortunate man. He was endowed with a contagious optimism, which made him friends and brought him success. From his earliest efforts in authorship, he won readers by the cheering spirit of his pages and his refined sympathy with his fellows. He had no long apprenticeship of failure. His first work, entitled 'Bonheur de l'Étude,' brought him a prize from the French Academy when he was only twenty-one. Two years later he received a second prize from the Academy, for a discourse upon mutual instruction. A volume of pleasing verse — 'Poésies' — appeared in 1823, which was characterized by the fresh romantic spirit, kept within bounds by classical influences.

SAINTINE

Saintine was a contributor to many journals; among them the Revue de Paris, the Siècle, the Constitutionnel, and La Revue Contemporaine. He did some interesting historical work, — 'Histoire des Guerres d'Italie'; and made a study of German folk-lore, — 'Mythologie du Rhin': but he was best known for his stories. 'Seul,' one of the most interesting, is the story, simply and vividly told, of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

But by far his most famous work was 'Picciola,' which brought him more fame and more money than all the others. It has been republished more than forty times, and translated into many languages, and is still a favorite everywhere. The Academy awarded it the Montyon prize of three thousand francs, and decorated its author with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The story is exquisitely told, — of the rich and scholarly but *blasé* young nobleman, who, while a State prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrella, finds a little plant springing between the paving-stones of his court, watches it, loves it, makes it his companion, and is gradually regenerated by its revelation to him of natural and divine law. Picciola the plant becomes to him

Picciola the ideal maiden of his heart and imagination. There is a charming love tale too. Thérèse, a beautiful unselfish girl, is watching over her father, who is also a prisoner. Picciola is likely to die unless the paving-stones pressing on her stem are removed. It is Thérèse who takes charge of the Count's despairing petition to Napoleon. After the gloom and suffering comes the happy ending. In this book, Saintine's own love of nature is revealed in delicate descriptive touches.

For a Parisian — he was born at Paris in 1798, and died there in 1865 — he had an unusual sympathy with nature. His mind had a healthy turn toward all that was alive and growing, and hence the high moral tone and nobility of his work. He was a man whose vigorous appreciation of life was refined and strengthened by education. He was acquainted with books, and versed in natural science; and he wrote with scholarly finish as well as with spontaneity.

To read the touching story of Picciola makes it seem incongruous to think of Saintine as a humorist. Yet with the pseudonym of "Xavier" he was a comic dramatist of great popularity. In collaboration with leading writers of vaudeville, he composed over two hundred such works. 'Julien' and 'L'Ours et le Pacha,' witty vaudevilles written with Eugène Scribe, were particularly brilliant successes.

In his old age Saintine gave up writing, and passed a peaceful happy leisure, with abundant means and surrounded by friends.

FROM 'PICCIOLA'

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[The Count of Charney, a rich, young, and intellectual nobleman, has vainly and successively tried to find satisfaction in literature, science, metaphysics, and dissipation. In disgust with existing social conditions, he conspires against the government of Napoleon, is arrested, and cast into the fortress of Fenestrella. He is allowed neither books, pens, nor paper; and is forced to exercise all his ingenuity to find the slightest diversion from his hopeless thoughts.]

One day at the prescribed hour Charney was walking in the court-yard; his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs; and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, — doubtless to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, — when he perceived, there under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, and slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive: in the most indifferent objects and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work underground; perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore him to life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again: the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin, and the roll of the drum, were only the distant sound of a church bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal — a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet — had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men and the overthrow of a great empire.

In order to make his mind quite clear about it, however, he stooped over the little mound and carefully removed some of the particles of earth; and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with

claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn was wafted to him,—as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant—so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it—to raise, separate, and throw out earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed?

He bent over it again, and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of a double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enable them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

"Ah," said he to himself, "behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength; like the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner! thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom."

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly; and surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself,—colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. "Yes, its leaves, without doubt," thought he, "will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be? Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the

same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind indeed," repeated he. "I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight: of what use are they?"

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached. The two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves against his reproach: they drew closer together, and inclosed in their bosom — to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects — the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun; and which, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings that the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained.

This strange colloquy between thought on one side and action on the other — between the man and the plant — was not to end here. Charney had been too long occupied with metaphysical discussions to surrender himself easily to a good reason.

"This is all very well," said he: "here as elsewhere a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favored this feeble creation. It was born armed with a lever to lift the soil, and a buckler to protect its head,— two conditions necessary to its existence: if it had happened that these had not been fulfilled, the plant must have died, stifled in its germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species whom Nature has no doubt created,— unfinished, imperfect, incapable of preserving and reproducing themselves, and who have had but an hour of life on earth. Who can calculate the number of false and impotent combinations Nature has made, before succeeding in producing one single specimen fitted to endure? A blind man may hit the mark, but how many arrows must he lose before he attains this result! For thousands of ages matter has been triturated by the double movement of attraction and repulsion: is it then strange

that chance should so many times produce the right combinations? I grant that this envelope can protect these first leaves; but will it grow and enlarge so as to shelter and preserve also the other leaves against the cold and the attacks of their enemies? Next spring, when new foliage will be born as fragile and tender as this, will it be here to protect it again? No. Nothing then has been planned in all this; nothing is the result of intelligent thought, but rather of a happy chance."

Sir Count, Nature has more than one response with which to refute your argument. Have patience, and observe that feeble and isolated production, sent forth and thrown into the court of your prison, perhaps less by a stroke of chance than by the benevolent foresight of Providence. These excrescences, in which you have divined a lever and a shield, had already rendered other services to this feeble plant. After having served it as envelope in the frozen ground through the winter, the right time having arrived, they lent it their nourishing breast,—as it were suckling it when, a simple germ, it had not yet roots with which to seek moisture from the ground, or leaves to breathe the air and the sun. You were right, Sir Count: these protecting wings which have until now brooded so maternally over the young plant, will not be developed with it,—they will fall; but not till they have accomplished their task, and when their ward will have gained strength sufficient to do without their aid. Do not be anxious about its future! Nature watches over this as over its sister plants; and as long as the north winds—the chilly fogs and snowflakes—descend from the Alps, the new leaves yet in the bud will find there a safe asylum; a dwelling arranged for them, closed from the air by a cement of gum and resin which will expand according to their need, only opening under a favorable sky and atmosphere. They will not come out without a warm covering of fur,—a soft cottony down which will defend them from the late frosts or any atmospheric caprices. Did ever mother watch more lovingly over the preservation of her child? Behold, Sir Count, what you might have known long since, if, descending from the abstruse regions of human science, you had deigned to lower your eyes to examine the simple works of God. The further north your steps had turned, the more these common marvels would have manifested themselves to you. Where the danger is greater, there the cares of Providence are redoubled.

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had ever an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which,—thanks to them,—kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived: she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green; and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages, the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew; and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came: and by a new manœuvre the leaves, rising along the stem and shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their under side to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles; in their union was their strength. This time the plant had come forth from the combat not without some slight mutilations; but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is chance then intelligent?" said Charney: "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

One day, after he had contemplated it for a long time, he was surprised to find that he had been lost in thought; that his reveries had an unaccustomed tenderness, and that his happy thoughts continued during his walk in the court. Raising his head, he saw at the barred window of the great wall the "fly-catcher," who seemed to be observing him. At first he blushed, as if the man could read his thoughts; but then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. Had he the right to do so? Was not his mind also absorbed in the contemplation of one of the lowest ranks of creation?

«Who knows,» said he, «but this Italian may have discovered in a fly as much worthy of study as I in my plant?»

On returning to his chamber, that which first struck his eye was this maxim of the fatalist, inscribed by him upon the wall two months before:—

«CHANCE IS BLIND, AND IS THE SOLE AUTHOR OF CREATION»

He took a bit of charcoal and wrote underneath:—

«PERHAPS!»

. . . . . .

One day soon after, at the appointed hour, Charney was at his post near his plant, when he saw a heavy black cloud obscuring the sun, hanging like a gray floating dome over the towers of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain began to fall: he started to go quickly under shelter, when hailstones mingled with the rain pattered on the pavement of the court. *La Povera*, whirled and twisted by the storm, seemed on the point of being uprooted from the earth; her wet leaves, fretting one against the other, trembling with the tossing of the wind, uttered as it were plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney paused. He remembered the reproaches of Ludovic, and looked eagerly around for some object with which to protect his plant; he found nothing: the hailstones became larger and fell more quickly, and threatened its destruction. He trembled for her;—for her whom he had seen so lately resist so well the violence of the wind and the hail; but now he loved his plant too well to suffer it to run any risk of injury, for the sake of getting the better of it in an argument.

Taking then a resolution worthy of a lover,—worthy of a father,—he drew near; he placed himself before his protégée, and interposed himself as a wall between her and the wind; he bent over her, serving as a shield against the shock of the hail: and there, motionless, panting from his struggles with the storm, from which he sheltered her,—protecting her with his hands, with his body, with his head, with his love,—he waited till the cloud had passed.

The storm was over. But might not a similar danger menace it when he, its protector, was held from it by bolts and bars? Moreover, the wife of Ludovic, followed by a large dog, sometimes

came into the court. This dog in his gambols might, with one snap of his mouth or a stroke of his paw, destroy the darling of the philosopher. Charney spent the rest of the day in meditating upon a plan; and the next day prepared to put it in execution.

The small portion of wood allowed him was scarcely enough for his comfort in this climate, where the evenings and mornings are so chilly. What matter? has he not the warmth of his bed? He can retire earlier and rise later. In this way, sparing his wood, he soon amassed enough for his purpose. When Ludovic questioned him about it, he said, "It is to build a palace for my mistress." The jailer winked his eye as if he understood; but he did not.

During this time Charney split, shaped, and pointed his sticks, laid together the most supple branches, preserved carefully the flexible osier which was used to tie together his daily bundle of fagots. Then he found the lining of his trunk to be of a coarse, loosely woven fabric: this he detached, and drew from it the coarsest and strongest threads. His materials thus prepared, he set himself bravely to work as soon as the laws of the jail and the scrupulous exactness of the jailer would allow.

Around his plant, between the pavement of the court, he carefully inserted the sticks of various sizes,— making them firm at their base by a cement, composed of earth gathered bit by bit here and there in the interstices between the stones, and of plaster and saltpetre purloined from the old moat of the castle. The principal framework thus arranged, he interlaced it with light twigs; thus making a sort of hurdle, capable in case of need of protecting *La Povera* from any blow, or the approach of the dog.

He was greatly encouraged during this work to find that Ludovic — who at the commencement, shaking his head with a low grumbling sound of evil augury, had seemed uncertain whether to allow him to continue his work — had now decided in his favor: and sometimes, while quietly smoking his pipe, leaning against the door at the entrance of the court, he would smilingly watch the inexperienced worker; occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to give him some counsel, which Charney did not always know how to profit by.

But inexpert as he was, his work progressed. In order to complete it, he impoverished himself, by robbing his scanty bed of straw with which to make a sort of matting, to use when needed for the protection of his tender plant from the sharp gusts of

Alpine wind which threatened it on one side, or the midday rays of the sun reflected from the granite.

One evening the wind blew violently. Charney from his window saw the court strewed with bits of straw and little twigs. The matting of straw and the twigs had not been firmly enough bound to resist the wind. He promised himself to repair the misfortune the next day; but the next day, when he descended, it was all rebuilt. A hand more skillful than his had firmly interlaced the straw and the branches, and he knew well whom to thank in his heart.

Thus, against all peril, thanks to him, thanks to *them*, the plant was sheltered by rampart and roof; and Charney became more and more warmly attached to it, watching with delight its growth and development, as it unceasingly opened to him new marvels for admiration.

Time gave firmness and solidity to the plant; the covering of the stem, at first so delicate, gave from day to day assurance of increasing fitness to endure: and the happy possessor of the plant was seized with a curious and impatient desire to see it blossom.

At last then, he desired something: this man of a worn-out heart and frozen brain — this man so priding himself in his intellect — stoops from the proud heights of science to be absorbed in the contemplation of an herb of the field.

But do not hasten to accuse him of puerile weakness or of lunacy. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in examining the structure of a violet, determined to devote the powers of his mind to the study of the vegetable wonders of nature; and so gained a place among the masters of science.

If a philosopher of India became mad in seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive-plant, perhaps Charney on the contrary will learn from this plant true wisdom. Has he not already found in it the charm which has the power to dissipate his ennui and enlarge his prison?

"Oh, the flower! the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will expand only for my eyes, whose perfume will exhale for me alone,— what form will it take? What shades will color its petals? Without doubt it will offer me new problems to solve, and throw a last challenge to my reason. Well, let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at all points; I will not shrink from the contest. Perhaps only then shall I be

able to comprehend in her completeness that secret which her imperfect formation has thus far hidden from me. But wilt thou flower,—wilt thou show thyself to me one day in all the glory of thy beauty and its adornment, Picciola?»

Picciola! that is the name by which he called her, when, in the necessity of hearing a human voice, he conversed aloud with the companion of his captivity, while lavishing upon her his cares. «Povera Picciola!» (poor little one): such had been the exclamation of Ludovic, moved with pity for the poor little thing, when it had nearly died for want of water. Charney remembered it.

«Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?» repeated he, while carefully opening the leaves at the extremities of the stems to see if there was any promise of blossom. And this name, Picciola, was very pleasant to his ear; for it brought to his mind at once the two beings who peopled his world,—his plant and his jailer.

One morning, when at the hour of his daily promenade he interrogated Picciola leaf by leaf, his eyes were suddenly arrested by something peculiar in its appearance; his heart beat violently; he laid his hand upon it, and the blood suffused his face. It was a long time since he had experienced so keen an emotion. What he saw was at the end of the main stem: a new excrescence, green, silky, of a spherical form, covered with delicate scales placed one upon the other, like the slates upon the rounded dome of a kiosk.

He cannot doubt,—it is the bud: the flower will soon be here.

[Under the influence of Picciola, Charney softens to friendliness for his fellow captive, the Italian Girhardi, and for the young daughter Thérèse, who is voluntarily sharing his imprisonment. He learns too to appreciate the gruff conscientiousness and genuine kindness of Ludovic, his jailer.

Picciola grows larger, and the paving-stones between which it is forcing its way, lacerate its stem, and threaten its destruction. After a struggle with his pride, Charney writes on a handkerchief a petition to Napoleon, which Girhardi agrees to forward. At much risk to herself, Thérèse, after vainly seeking Napoleon, who is on the field of Marengo, presents the petition to Josephine.]

While Josephine was giving her orders, an opening in the crowd showed her Thérèse, imploring, restrained by strong arms, yet resisting. At a gracious sign from the Empress, which every

one about her knew how to interpret, they released the captive, who finding herself free sprang forward, threw herself panting on her knees at the foot of the throne, and drawing quickly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she waved in the air, cried, "Madame, madame, a poor prisoner!"

Josephine could not understand the meaning of this handkerchief offered to her.

"Do you wish to present a petition to me?" said she.

"This is it, madame, this is it: the petition of a poor prisoner." And the tears sprang from the eyes of the supplicant, while a smile of hope illuminated her countenance. The Empress replied to her by another smile, gave her her hand, forced her to rise, and bending towards her with a manner full of kindness, said, "Come, come, my child, be reassured. He interests you very much, then, this poor prisoner?"

Thérèse blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she; "but he is so unhappy! Read, madame!"

Josephine unfolded the handkerchief, moved to pity in thinking how much misery and privation this linen, so painfully written upon with an artificial ink, bore witness to; then stopping at the first line,—"But it is addressed to the Emperor."

"What matters! are you not his wife? Read, read, madame, in mercy read! it is so urgent!"

The combat was at its height. The Hungarian column, although under fire from the artillery of Marmont, renewed its forward movement. Zach and Desaix were face to face, and the result of their encounter was to decide the salvation or the loss of the army.

The cannon thundered on every side; the field of battle was aflame; the shouts of the soldiers, mingled with the clang and roar of battle, caused an agitation of the air as if a tempest was raging.

The Empress read that which follows:—

Sire:

Two stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favor that I ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself that I ask your protection; but in this desert of stones, where I am expiating my offenses against you, one single being has brought some solace to my pain,—one single being has thrown some charm upon my life. It is a plant, Sire, which

has spontaneously sprung up between the pavements of the court where I am permitted sometimes to breathe the air and see the sky. Accuse me not of delirium or folly. This flower has been for me an object of study so sweet and so consoling! My eyes fixed upon this plant have been opened to the truth; to it I owe reason, repose, life perhaps. I love it as you love glory.

At this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space in the ground; it is dying, and I cannot succor it;—the commandant of Fenestrella would send my complaint to the governor of Turin, and when they have decided, my plant will be dead. Therefore, Sire, I address you: you who by one word can do all, can save my plant. Permit the lifting of these two stones, which weigh upon me as upon it. Save it from destruction—save me from despair! Give the order: it is the life of my plant that I ask of you. I implore, I entreat you upon my bended knees, and I swear to you that on my heart shall be inscribed the record of your goodness.

Why should it die? It has, I acknowledge, lightened the punishment that your powerful hand has inflicted upon me; but it has also humbled my pride, and brings me now, a suppliant, to your feet. From the height of your double throne look down upon us. Can you comprehend what ties may bind a man to a plant, in this isolation which leaves for a man only a vegetable existence? No, you cannot know; and may God guard you from ever knowing what effect imprisonment may produce upon the firmest and proudest spirit. I do not complain of my captivity: I support it with resignation; prolong it, let it continue through my life: but mercy for my plant!

Remember, Sire, that this mercy that I implore of your Majesty is in vain if it is not granted immediately—even to-day. You may hold the sword suspended for a time over the head of the condemned one, and raise it at last to grant him pardon. But nature follows other laws than the justice of man: two days more, and even the Emperor Napoleon can do nothing for the flower of the captive of Fenestrella.

CHARNEY.

On the evening of that day, Josephine and Napoleon, after the official dinner at which they had been present, were in one of the apartments that had been prepared for them in the Hôtel de Ville of Alessandria: the one dictating letters to his secretary, pacing the room, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a lofty mirror, admiring with naïve coquetry the elegance of her robes, and the splendor of the jewels with which she was adorned.

When the secretary was dismissed, Napoleon seated himself; and leaning both his elbows upon a table covered with crimson

velvet fringed with gold, rested his head on his hands, and fell into a revery,—the subject of which was far from painful, judging from the expression of his face.

But Josephine soon wearied of the silence which ensued. He had already once that day treated her rudely in the matter of the petition; and aware that she had been maladroit in too great precipitation, she resolved to choose the moment more wisely next time. She believed that now the right time had come: and seating herself on the other side of the table opposite her husband, she too leaned upon her elbows, and like him affected an air of abstraction; soon their eyes met with a smile.

"What are you thinking of?" said Josephine to him, with a caressing tone and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "that the diadem is very becoming to you, and that it would be a great pity if I had neglected to place one in your jewel casket."

The smile of Josephine gradually faded; while that of Napoleon became more decided, for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions which always took possession of her when she contemplated the height to which they had lately risen. Noble woman! it was not for herself that she trembled.

"Are you not better pleased to see me Emperor than General?" pursued he.

"Certainly: as Emperor you have the right to grant mercy, and I have a favor to ask of you."

Now it was on the face of the husband that the smile faded, to brighten on the face of the wife. Knitting his brows, he prepared to be firm, fearing that the influence which Josephine exercised upon his heart might lead him into some foolish weakness.

"Again, Josephine! You have promised me not to attempt in this way again to interrupt the course of justice. Do you think that the right to exercise mercy is granted us only to satisfy the caprices of our hearts? No: we ought to use it only to soften the too rigorous punishment of the law, or to repair the errors of the tribunal. Always to extend the hand of forgiveness to one's enemies is only to augment their number and their insolence."

"Nevertheless, Sire," replied Josephine, with difficulty restraining a burst of laughter, "you will accord me the favor that I implore of your Majesty."

"I doubt it."

«And I do not doubt it. First and before all, I demand the removal of two oppressors! Yes, Sire, let them be displaced; let them be driven out, forced away, if necessary!»

And speaking thus, she covered her mouth with her handkerchief; for, seeing the astonished face of Napoleon, she could no longer restrain her mirth.

«How? you urge me to punish! you, Josephine! And who are the guilty ones?»

«Two paving-stones, Sire, which are in the way in a court-yard.»

And the laughter so long restrained broke forth in a merry peal.

He rose quickly, and crossing his arms behind him, regarded her with an air of doubt and surprise.

«How? what do you mean? Two paving-stones! Are you jesting?»

«No,» said she; and rising, she approached him, and with her graceful Creole nonchalance leaning her two clasped hands on his shoulder, said: «On these two stones depends a precious existence. Listen to me, Sire; I invoke all your good-will while I speak.»

She then recounted to him the whole story of the petition, and all that she had learned from the young girl concerning the prisoner (whose name however she did not mention), and of the devotion of the poor child; and in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, and the love which he bore it, the words flowed from her lips gracious, tender, caressing, full of charm and of that eloquence in which her heart so naturally expressed itself.

In listening, the Emperor smiled; and the smile was born of admiration of his wife.

At last Charney said adieu to the priest and the colonel. One day, when he least expected it, the prison doors opened for him.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (who in her turn probably yielded to the importunities of another interceding for the prisoner of Fenestrella), caused an account to be rendered to him of the seizure made by the officers in their visit of search. They brought to the Emperor the cambric manuscripts, until then deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. He read them over carefully, and declared

loudly that the Count of Charney was a madman; but a harmless one.

"He who can so abase his thoughts as to be absorbed in a weed," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon. Let his estates be restored to him; and let him cultivate them himself, if such is his good pleasure."

Charney, in his turn, left Fenestrella; but he did not go alone. Could he be separated from his first, his constant friend? After having her transplanted into a large case of good earth, he took Picciola in triumph with him; his Picciola,—Picciola to whom he owed reason; Picciola to whom he owed his life; Picciola from whose bosom he had drawn consoling faith; Picciola through whom he had learned friendship and love; Picciola, finally, through whom he was to be restored to liberty!

As he was about to cross the drawbridge, a large rough hand was extended towards him.

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, trying to conceal his emotion, "give me your hand: now we can be friends, since you are going, since you leave us; since we shall see you no more—thank God."

Charney interrupted him: "We shall see each other again, my dear Ludovic! Ludovic, my friend!"

And after having embraced him and pressed his hand again and again, he left the citadel.

He had crossed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress is built, crossed the bridge over the Clusone, and turned into the road to Suza, when a voice from the ramparts reached him, crying "Adieu, Signor Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, one sunny day in spring, a rich equipage drew up at the gates of the prison of Fenestrella. A traveler alighted and inquired for Ludovic Ritti.

It was his former captive who came to pay a visit to his friend the jailer. A young lady leaned lovingly on the arm of the traveler. That young lady was Thérèse Girhardi, Countess of Charney.

Together they visited the court, and the chamber where once abode ennui, skepticism, disillusion.

Of all the despairing sentences which had been inscribed upon the white walls, one alone remained:—

«LEARNING, WIT, BEAUTY, YOUTH, FORTUNE—ALL ARE POWERLESS TO GIVE HAPPINESS»

Thérèse added:

«—WITHOUT LOVE»

The kiss which Charney pressed upon her brow gave confirmation to the truth of what she had written.

Before leaving the count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. Then saying farewell, the husband and wife returned to Turin, where Girhardi awaited them in his country-seat of La Colline.

There, near the house, in a rich parterre, brightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had ordered his plant to be placed,—alone, that no other might interfere with its development. By his order, no hand but his might touch it or care for it. He alone would watch over it: it was an employment, a duty, a debt imposed upon him by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days flowed by! Surrounded by extensive grounds, on the borders of a beautiful river, under a genial sky, Charney tasted the wine of this world's happiness. Time added a new charm, new strength, to all these ties; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy. The friendship of Girhardi, the love of Thérèse, the blessings of all who lived under his roof,—nothing was wanting to his happiness; and yet that happiness was to be made still greater. Charney became a father.

Oh, then his heart overflowed with felicity. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he felt for his wife. He was never weary of gazing upon and adoring them both. To be separated a moment from them was pain.

Ludovic arrived to fulfill his promise. He wished to visit his first godchild, that of the prison. But alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of the prosperity and happiness with which La Colline abounded,—the source of all these joys, of all this happiness, *La Povera* Picciola, was dead,—dead for want of care!

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE

(1737–1814)

ONE of the most beautiful works in romantic literature is 'Paul and Virginia,' by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Upon this short tale rests his literary fame. In bulk, its few score pages are not one twentieth of his collected writings; yet while the others are almost forgotten, this has become a classic. Its success oddly illustrates the fallibility of educated opinion. When composed in 1784, the author read it before a brilliant assemblage at Madame Necker's. As he proceeded, they yawned; one by one they deserted the room; only some of the ladies present wept. This chilling reception caused him to throw it aside, and very nearly to burn it. In 1788, when he was induced to publish this apparent trifle, it quickly passed through more than three hundred editions, and was translated into every civilized language. Themes for dramas, romances, pictures, and statues were drawn from it; new-born children were named after its young lovers. Napoleon slept with a copy under his pillow during the Italian campaign, «as Homer under that of Alexander»; and Joseph Bonaparte settled a pension of six thousand francs on the author. Perhaps with 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' it has been among the novels that have enjoyed the greatest immediate and lasting popularity. Strangely, too, 'Robinson Crusoe' had so profoundly influenced Saint-Pierre as a boy, that after several vain trips to find a desert isle, he made various attempts for the rest of his life to describe it; one of which resulted in this book.

SAINT-PIERRE

The precision with which it satisfied contemporary longings and tastes was the secret of its wide circulation. Externally it continued the tradition of Richardson, who had launched the novel of sentiment in 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and after whom the doctrine had been evolved that a love story should be of necessity pathetic and end unhappily; and it fell into line directly with the sense of the beauty of nature, and the desire for escape from social conventionalities, recently aroused by Rousseau. But fundamentally it was the work of

a poet who selected, as the form to body forth his thought, prose instead of verse; but a prose of finely chosen, richly set words, warm with imaginative life and color. Prior to its publication, the popular ideas and ideals then current, while powerfully presented in prose, had failed to reach any worthy expression in poetry. Yet a desire existed that would fly to welcome such a contribution. 'Paul and Virginia,' a poem in so many essentials, answered at least the purpose of poetry to its generation; hence its enthusiastic reception. The sorrows of the two young lovers, whose isolated existence sprang from misfortune and was ended by it; the loveliness of their lifelong devotion through childish pleasures and youthful dreams; the luxuriant verdure of their environment, whose rich tropical splendor made the milder French landscape seem pale and wan,—these poetic elements, deeply as they still move us, yet more profoundly affected its contemporaries of all classes. Its pathos gripped their hearts; its gorgeous scenery fired their imaginations. Marie Antoinette, masquerading as shepherdess at Laucret, as farmeress at the Trianon, saw in it a vista of peaceful retirement, dear also to the aristocracy about her; the people, a realm devoid of prince, tyrant, or law; all were stirred at its narration of naïve, perfect love, piteously frustrated. In this modern analogue of the Greek pastoral 'Daphnis and Chloe,' Saint-Pierre succeeded in being, as he wished, «the Theocritus and Virgil of the tropics.» He has written the first novel where the background is as important as the characters themselves, and dowered the world of fiction with two types of perennial interest.

Curiously enough, his life is at utter variance with the spirit of his work. Instead of being suave, contented, and tolerant, he was restless and ambitious, in constant vicissitude from his wayward temper. Born at Havre in 1737, he studied engineering, and went to serve in Malta, but was discharged for insubordination. With a few francs, eked out by the bounty of those with whom he lodged, he traveled to Russia, where his handsome mien won him a position in the army. Failure to interest Catherine in a scheme of Siberian colonization, however, caused his resignation; after which, disgusted with foreign favors, he returned to besiege the home government with petitions and memoirs. These brought finally an appointment to Madagascar. The expedition there he abandoned, upon learning that its object was the barter of negroes at the Isle of France. His 'Voyage to the Isle of France' (1773), and his 'Studies of Nature' (1784–88),—a medley of the social philosophy of his friend Rousseau, and his own crude, pseudo-scientific theories,—made him famous. Louis XVI. created him supervisor of the Jardin des Plantes as Buffon's successor. While the Revolution stripped him of his honors and position, it made him a professor at the École Normale. After

enjoying the uninterrupted favor of Napoleon and King Joseph, he died in 1814 at Eragny-sur-Oise, where was his country-seat.

Aside from the composition of 'Paul and Virginia,' Saint-Pierre occupies an important position in the history of literature as a great colorist in words. A minute, sensitive observer of nature, he felt the need of a picturesque vocabulary in French, and this he supplied and handled so effectually that his forest vistas and storm scenes have individualized themselves indelibly on the memory; a rare thing in literature. An ingenious savant has calculated that his palette employs fifty-four distinctly named shades of color; certain it is, his influence upon Châteaubriand, Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Pierre Loti has been decided. Unfortunately his pupils' fame has overshadowed his own; but notwithstanding, he is by right of priority the father of descriptive writing of nature in France during the nineteenth century.

THE HOME IN MARTINIQUE

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

IN THE rainy season the two families met together in the cottage, and employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboo. Rakes, spades, and hatchets were ranged along the walls in the most perfect order; and near these instruments of agriculture were placed its products,— sacks of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantains. Some degree of luxury is usually united with plenty; and Virginia was taught by her mother and Margaret to prepare sherbet and cordials from the juice of the sugar-cane, the lemon, and the citron.

When night came, they all supped together by the light of a lamp: after which Madame de la Tour or Margaret told stories of travelers lost during the night in forests of Europe infested by banditti; or of some shipwrecked vessel, thrown by the tempest upon the rocks of a desert island. To these recitals their children listened with eager sensibility, and earnestly begged that Heaven would grant they might one day have the joy of showing their hospitality toward such unfortunate persons. At length the two families would separate and retire to rest, impatient to meet again the next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to repose by the beating rains which fell in torrents upon the roofs of their cottages; and sometimes by the hollow winds, which brought to their ear the distant murmur of the waves

breaking upon the shore. They blessed God for their own safety, of which their feeling became stronger from the idea of remote danger.

Madame de la Tour occasionally read aloud some affecting history of the Old or New Testament. Her auditors reasoned but little upon these sacred books, for their theology consisted in sentiment, like that of Nature; and their morality in action, like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure, and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, Almighty, and the friend of human kind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which Nature gives us, our best support under evil.

But as clouds sometimes arise which cast a gloom over the best-regulated tempers, whenever any member of this little society appeared sad the rest gathered around, endeavoring to banish painful thoughts rather by sentiment than by arguments. Each used in this their especial character. Margaret exerted her gayety, Madame de la Tour employed her mild theology, Virginia her tender caresses, Paul his cordial frankness. Even Mary and Domingo hastened to offer their succor, and to weep with those that wept. Thus weak plants are interwoven in order to resist the tempests.

During the fine season they went every Sunday to the church of the Shaddock Grove, the steeple of which you see yonder upon the plain. Rich planters used to come to church in their palanquins; these several times sought the acquaintance of families so bound up in each other, and would have invited them to parties of pleasure. But they always declined such overtures with respectful politeness; persuaded that the powerful seek the weak only to feed their own complacency, and that the weak cannot please them without flattering them, whether they are good or evil. On the other hand, they avoided with equal care too intimate an acquaintance with the small planters, who are as a class jealous, calumniating, and gross. They thus acquired with some the character of being timid, and with others of being

proud; but their reserve was accompanied with so much obliging politeness, above all toward the unfortunate, that they insensibly acquired the respect of the rich and the confidence of the poor. After service the poor often came to require some kind office at their hands. Perhaps it was a person troubled in mind who sought their advice, or a child led them to its sick mother in the neighborhood. They always took with them remedies for the ordinary diseases of the country, which they administered in that soothing manner which stamps so much value upon the smallest favors. Above all, they succeeded in banishing the disorders of the mind, which are so intolerable in solitude and under the infirmities of a weakened frame. Madame de la Tour spoke with such sublime confidence of the Divinity, that the sick, while listening to her, believed that he was present. Virginia often returned home with her eyes wet with tears, and her heart overflowing with delight, at having had an opportunity of doing good. After these visits of charity, they sometimes prolonged their walk by the valley of the Sloping Mountain, till they reached my dwelling, where I used to prepare dinner for them upon the banks of the little river which glides near my cottage. I procured for these occasions some bottles of old wine, in order to heighten the gayety of our Indian repast by the more genial productions of Europe. At other times we met upon the seashore, at the mouth of other little rivers, which are here scarcely larger than brooks. We brought from the plantation our vegetable provisions, to which we added such as the sea furnished in great variety. We caught on these shores the mullet, the roach, and the sea-urchin, lobsters, shrimps, crabs, oysters, and all other kinds of shell-fish. In this way we often enjoyed the most tranquil pleasures in situations the most frightful. Sometimes, seated upon a rock under the shade of the velvet sunflower-tree, we saw the enormous waves of the Indian Ocean break beneath our feet with a tremendous noise. Paul, who could swim like a fish, would advance on the reefs to meet the coming billows; then, at their near approach, would run back to the beach, closely pursued by the foaming breakers, which threw themselves with a roaring noise far on the sands. But Virginia at this sight uttered piercing cries, and said that such sports frightened her too much.

Our repasts were succeeded by the songs and dances of the two young people. Virginia sang the happiness of pastoral life,

and the misery of those who were impelled by avarice to cross the furious ocean, rather than cultivate the earth and enjoy its peaceful bounties. Sometimes she performed a pantomime with Paul, in the manner of the negroes. The first language of man is pantomime; it is known to all nations, and is so natural and so expressive that the children of the European inhabitants catch it with facility from the negroes. Virginia, recalling from among the histories which her mother had read to her those which had affected her most, represented the principal events in them with beautiful simplicity. Sometimes at the sound of Domingo's tamtam she appeared upon the greensward, bearing a pitcher upon her head, and advanced with a timid step toward the source of a neighboring fountain to draw water. Domingo and Mary, who personated the Shepherds of Midian, forbade her to approach, and repulsed her sternly. Upon this Paul flew to her succor, beat away the shepherds, filled Virginia's pitcher, and placing it upon her head, bound her brows at the same time with a wreath of the red flowers of the Madagascar periwinkle, which served to heighten the delicacy of her complexion. Then, joining their sports, I took upon me the part of Raguel, and bestowed upon Paul my daughter Zephora in marriage.

Another time she represented Ruth, accompanying Naomi who returns poor and widowed to her own country, where she finds herself a stranger after her long absence. Domingo and Mary personated the reapers. Virginia followed their steps, pretending to glean here and there a few ears of corn. She was interrogated by Paul with the gravity of a patriarch, and answered with a faltering voice his questions. Soon, touched with compassion, he granted an asylum to innocence and hospitality to misfortune. He filled Virginia's lap with all kinds of food; and leading her toward us as before the old men of the city, declared his purpose to take her in marriage. At this scene, Madame de la Tour, recalling her widowhood and the desolate situation in which she had been left by her relations, succeeded by the kind reception she had met with from Margaret, and now by the soothing hope of a happy union between their children, could not forbear weeping; and these mixed recollections of good and evil caused us all to join in her tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were performed with such an air of reality, that you might have fancied yourself transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. We were not unfurnished with either

decorations, lights, or an orchestra, suitable to the representation. The scene was generally placed in an opening of the forest, where such parts of the wood as were penetrable formed around us numerous arcades of foliage, beneath which we were sheltered from the heat during the whole day; but when the sun descended toward the horizon, its rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged among the shadows of the forest in strong lines of light, which produced the most sublime effect. Sometimes the whole of its broad disk appeared at the end of an avenue, spreading one dazzling mass of brightness. The foliage of the trees, illuminated from beneath by its saffron beams, glowed with the lustre of the topaz and the emerald. Their brown and mossy trunks appeared changed into columns of antique bronze; and the birds, which had retired in silence to their leafy shades to pass the night, surprised to see the radiance of a second morning, hailed the star of day with innumerable carols.

Night soon overtook us during those rural entertainments; but the purity of the air, and the mildness of the climate, admitted of our sleeping in the woods secure from the injuries of the weather, and no less secure from the molestation of robbers. At our return the following day to our respective habitations, we found them exactly in the same state in which they had been left. In this island, which then had no commerce, there was so much simplicity and good faith that the doors of several houses were without a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many of the natives.

There were, however, some days in the year celebrated by Paul and Virginia in a more peculiar manner; these were the birthdays of their mothers. Virginia never failed the day before to prepare some wheaten cakes, which she distributed among a few poor white families born on the island, who had never eaten European bread; and who, uncared for by the blacks, forced to live in the woods on tapioca roots, had not for the sustaining of their poverty either the stupidity which attends slavery or the courage which springs from education. These cakes were all the gifts that Virginia could offer to ease their condition; but she gave them in so delicate a manner that they were worth vastly more. In the first place Paul was commissioned to take the cakes himself to these families, and get their promise to come and spend the next day at Madame de la Tour's and Margaret's. They might then be seen coming: a mother of a family, perhaps,

with two or three thin, yellow, miserable-looking daughters, so timid that they dared not lift their eyes from the ground. Virginia soon put them at their ease. She brought them refreshments, the excellence of which she endeavored to heighten by relating some particular circumstance which in her own estimation greatly improved them: this drink had been prepared by Margaret; this other by her mother; her brother had himself picked this fruit from the top of the tree. She would get Paul to dance with them, nor would she leave them till she saw that they were happy. She wished them to partake of the joy of her own family. "We are happy," she would say, "only when we are seeking the happiness of others." When they left, she would have them carry away some little thing that appeared to please them; enforcing their acceptance of it by some delicate pretext, that she might not appear to know that they were in want. If she remarked that their clothes were much tattered, she obtained her mother's permission to give them some of her own, and then sent Paul to leave them secretly at their cottage doors. She followed thus the example of God, concealing the benefactor and revealing only the benefit.

You Europeans, whose minds are imbued from infancy with prejudices at variance with happiness, cannot imagine all the instruction and pleasure which Nature has to give. Your soul, confined to a little round of human knowledge, soon reaches the limit of its artificial enjoyment; but Nature and the heart are inexhaustible.

Paul and Virginia had neither clock nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit, and the years by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. "It is time to dine," Virginia would say to the family: "the shadows of the plantain-trees are at their roots;" or, "Night approaches: the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" some of her companions in the neighborhood would inquire. "At the time of the sugar-canes," Virginia would answer. "Your visit will be then still more delightful," her young acquaintances would reply. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is as old as the great

cocoa-tree of the fountain; and I am as old as the little cocoa-tree. The mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange-trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world." Their lives seemed linked to the trees like those of fauns or dryads. They knew no other historic epochs than that of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good and resigning themselves to the will of God.

After all, what need had these young people of riches or learning after our sort? Even their necessities and their ignorance added to their happiness. No day passed in which they did not do one another some service or give some knowledge; and while there might be some errors in this last, yet man in a simple state has no dangerous ones to fear.

Thus grew those children of Nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety were each day unfolding the beauty of their souls, disclosing matchless grace in their features, their attitudes, and their motions. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

THE SHIPWRECK

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

INDEED, everything presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The clouds in the zenith were of a frightful blackness, and their edges copper-colored. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic birds,—frigate-birds, cutwaters, and a multitude of other marine birds, which, notwithstanding the fogginess of the atmosphere, came from all points of the horizon, seeking shelter on the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains.

Every one exclaimed, "There is the hurricane!" and in an instant a furious gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The Saint Géran was presented to our view,—her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmast lowered to the deck, her flag at half-mast; she was moored by four cables at the bow and one at the stern, anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland,—within that belt of reefs which encircles the Isle of France, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her front to the waves, which rolled in from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait, her prow was so lifted that the keel could be seen,—the stern plunging into the sea, disappearing from view as if it were swallowed by the surges. In this position, driven by the wind and waves toward the land, it was equally impossible for her to return through the passage by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rock. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up the shingle to the distance of fifty feet on the land; then rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, rolling down the stones with a harsh and frightful sound. The sea, swollen by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was one vast sheet of white foam full of yawning black depths. Heaps of this foam more than six feet high were piled up at the lower part of the bay, and the wind which swept the surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank on to the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the sea. The horizon showed all the signs of a long tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Dense, horrifying clouds swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others seemed motionless as rocks. Not a spot of blue sky could be seen in the whole firmament; a wan olive light alone made visible the earth, the sea, and the skies.

In the violent rolling of the vessel, what we all dreaded happened. The cables which held her bow broke; and then, held only by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks at half a cable's length from the shore. One cry of horror burst from

us all. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I, "would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist and held it fast by the end. Paul precipitated himself toward the vessel, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching it; for the sea, by the reflux of its waves, left it at times almost dry, so that one could walk around it; but immediately returning with renewed fury, buried it beneath mountains of water, raising it again upon its keel and throwing the unfortunate Paul far upon the shore, his legs bleeding, his breast torn and wounded, and himself half dead. When the youth had scarcely recovered the use of his senses, he would arise and return with new ardor toward the vessel, whose joints the sea was now opening by the terrible blows of its waves.

The crew, despairing then of safety, precipitated themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we saw an object worthy of infinite pity: a young girl in the gallery of the stern of the Saint-Géran, stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had recognized her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this lovely girl exposed to such horrible danger filled us with grief and despair. As for Virginia, with a noble and dignified bearing, she waved her hand to us as if bidding us an eternal adieu. All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea except one who remained upon the deck, who was naked, and strong as Hercules. He approached Virginia with respect; we saw him kneeling at her feet, and attempt to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with dignity and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her! save her! do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain of water of frightful size was compressed between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with its black flanks and foaming summit. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself alone into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, with one hand held her robe about her, pressing the other upon her heart, and raising upward her serene eyes, seemed an angel ready to take her flight to the skies.

Oh, day of horror! alas! all was engulfed. The wave threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance toward Virginia, far up on the beach, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her in swimming. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeled on the sand, saying, "O my God, thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it gladly for that noble young lady." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul from the waves senseless, the blood flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor put him in the hands of the surgeons, while we searched along the shore, hoping that the sea might have thrown up the body of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it often does in hurricanes, we had the grief of feeling that we could not even bestow upon the unfortunate girl the last rites of sepulture. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with consternation; our minds wholly occupied by a single loss, although in the shipwreck so many had perished. Many went away doubting, after witnessing such a terrible fate for this virtuous girl, whether there was a Providence; for there are evils so terrible and unmerited that even the faith of the wise is shaken.

In the mean time Paul, who had begun to return to consciousness, had been carried into a neighboring house, till he was in a fit state to be taken to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to prepare Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event. When we were at the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended to it, and one of the first objects I saw upon the beach was the body of Virginia; it was half covered with sand, and lay in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, but her brow still retained its expression of serenity, and on her cheeks the livid hue of death blended with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her robe; and the other, which was pressed upon her heart, was firmly closed and stiffened. With difficulty I disengaged from its grasp a small case: how great was my emotion when I saw that it was the picture of St. Paul, which she had promised never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last evidence of the constancy and love of the unfortunate girl I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast and pierced the air with his cries of grief.

We carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women to wash away the sand.

While they were performing this sad office, we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret in prayer, awaiting news from the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she cried, "Where is my daughter — my dear daughter — my child?" My silence and my tears leaving her no doubt as to her misfortune, she was instantly seized with a convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pain, and her voice was no longer heard but in sighs and sobs. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance, and I assured her that Paul was living, and cared for by the governor. As soon as she recovered consciousness, she devoted herself to the care of her friend, who was roused from one fainting fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in the most cruel sufferings, which caused me to feel that there is no grief like a mother's grief. When she returned to consciousness she turned a sad fixed look toward heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hand in ours; in vain we called her by the tenderest names. She appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed bosom but deep hollow moans.

In the morning Paul was brought home in a palanquin; he had recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation appeared on the countenances of these two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms, and kissed him; and their tears, which had been held back by their excessive grief, began to flow. Paul mingled his tears with theirs; and nature having thus found relief in these three unfortunate creatures, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive expression of their grief, and afforded them a lethargic repose, resembling in truth that of death.

M. de la Bourdonnais sent privately to inform me that the corpse of Virginia had been by his order carried to the town, from whence it would be transferred to the church of Shaddock Grove. I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found a multitude assembled from all parts of the island in order to

be present at the funeral, as if the island had lost in her that which was most dear. The vessels in the harbor had their yards crossed and their flags at half-mast, and they fired guns at short intervals. A body of grenadiers led the funeral procession, with their muskets reversed, and the drums covered with crape giving only muffled, mournful sounds. Dejection was depicted on the countenances of these warriors, who had so often faced death in battle without a change of countenance. Eight young ladies of the principal families of the island, dressed in white, carrying palm branches in their hands, bore the body of their young companion covered with flowers. They were followed by a choir of children chanting hymns. After them came the governor, his staff, and all the principal inhabitants of the island, and an immense crowd of people.

This was what had been ordered by the administration to do honor to the virtues of Virginia. But when the corpse arrived at the foot of this mountain, in sight of those cottages of which she had been so long the joy, and that her death filled now with despair, all the funeral pomp was interrupted; the hymns and chants ceased, and nothing was heard throughout the plain but sighs and sobs. Then many young girls from the neighboring habitations were seen running to touch the coffin of Virginia with handkerchiefs, chaplets, and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers asked of Heaven a daughter like Virginia; lovers, a heart as faithful; the poor, a friend as tender; slaves, a mistress as good.

DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON

(LOUIS DE ROUVROY)

(1675–1755)

As Louis XVIII. was leaving chapel one Sunday, he was stopped by his favorite and efficient general, the Duke of Saint-Simon, a descendant of the annalist.

"Sire," he said, "I have a favor to ask of your Majesty."

"M. de Saint-Simon, I know your recent and valuable services: you may ask what you please."

"Sire, it is a matter of grace to a prisoner in the Bastille."

"You jest, I think, M. de Saint-Simon."

"About the Bastille, yes, Sire; but not about the original manuscripts of the Duke de Saint-Simon seized in 1760, and your Majesty's prisoners of State at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"I know of them, M. de Saint-Simon, and you shall have these manuscripts. I give you my word for it."

This conversation occurred in 1819, when Louis de Rouvroy, the famous Duke of Saint-Simon, had been dead for over sixty years. His vast collection of memoirs,— which Sainte-Beuve says "forms the greatest and most valuable body of memoirs existing up to the present," which he had bequeathed by will explicitly to his cousin, the Bishop of Metz, had been all that time in the hands of government officials. A vigorous wrangle over their possession had followed the duke's death in 1755, and for six years they were in the possession of a notary. The Bishop of Metz died in 1760 without having obtained them; and by most people they were forgotten and left unmolested at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was first in an obscure upper room "almost under the roofs" of the old Louvre, and later moved to different parts of the city.

The existence of this astonishing mass of historical material had not been entirely ignored. Marmontel and Duclos obtained access to it, and gleaned many extracts for their own histories. Voltaire had read it, in part at least. Much of it had been read aloud to Madame du Deffand, as she sat old and blind in her arm-chair. Brilliant gossip herself, she wrote enthusiastically to her friend Horace Walpole of this unrivaled gossip of an earlier generation.

Even after receiving the King's authorization, General de Saint-Simon had great difficulty in obtaining his ancestor's valuable papers; and at first only four of the eleven portfolios comprising the memoirs were grudgingly yielded to him. We know just how they looked, those leather portfolios fourteen inches long by nine and a half wide, with the Saint-Simon coat of arms in gilt on the outside. They are still in existence, with their closely written folio pages headed by the inscription in capitals, 'Mémoires de Saint-Simon.' There was no division into chapters or books, but the several thousand pages form one continuous narrative.

A garbled three-volume edition of extracts had appeared in 1789; but it was not until 1829 that a reliable edition, revised and arranged in chapters, appeared in forty volumes. It created a stir. The critics fell upon its erratic French, its solecisms, its unconscionable digressions; but all readers admitted the charm of the vivid narrative and keen description. "He wrote like the Devil for posterity," said Châteaubriand. In various abridged and unabridged forms it has been popular ever since, and widely read and quoted by the French nation. No other work affords such a revelation of life at the court of Louis XIV., and during the succeeding regency. Macaulay found material in it for more than one of his historical sketches.

Louis de Rouvroy, Vidame de la Ferté, and later Duke of Saint-Simon and peer of France, was born in Paris, January 16th, 1675, of an ancient family which claimed descent from Charlemagne. His father, as a young page of Louis XIII., had gained royal favor, chiefly by adroitness in helping the King to change horses without dismounting. The King enriched him, made him duke and peer, and in return received his lifelong devotion. Louis, born when his father was sixty-nine, the only child of a young second wife, had Louis XIII. and Marie Thérèse as sponsors, and was early introduced to the court where most of his life was passed. He tells us that he was not a studious boy, but fond of history; and that if he had been allowed to read all he wished of it, he might have made "some figure in the world."

At nineteen he entered a company of the musketeers, and served honorably in several campaigns; witnessing the siege of Namur, and active in the battle of Neerwinden. But with his lifelong propensity to consider himself slighted, he resented his lack of advancement, and retired from the army after five years. The jealous courtier had a strongly domestic side, as is shown in his devotion to his mother and in grateful tributes to his wife. His marriage in 1695 to a beautiful blonde, eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, was purely a marriage of *convenance*, but proved a delightful exception to the usual family intrigues of the period. He soon grew to love his

wife: "She exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped."

He received Jesuit training in youth, and was always a strict Catholic; retiring once a year to the monastery of La Trappe for a period of prayer and meditation, and to confess and receive absolution from his dear friend, the Abbé de La Trappe. Then feeling himself morally purged for the time being, he returned to his usual life with apparently never a thought of changing his conduct or avoiding the faults he had just confessed. Like his fellow courtiers who could quarrel over questions of precedence at the communion table, he made no clear distinction as to the relative value of religious feeling and religious observances.

He was primarily a courtier, and frankly self-seeking; but too tactless to win royal favor. Louis XIV. never cordially liked him, but he maintained a place at court chiefly through the friendship of the princes. The early death of the dauphin — previously Duke of Burgundy — he felt as most disastrous to his fortunes. But he allied himself to the Duke of Orléans, and was of the council of the Regency. He did his best to reform the profligate prince, and in return was offered the position as governor of young Louis XV., or that of Guard of the Seals, both of which he refused. He had entered upon public life very young, and most of his early associates who were older died before him. So did his wife and eldest son. Left to himself, he fell into debt. Finally it was intimated to him that his presence was no longer desired at court; and he went away to spend his remaining years either at his country seat, La Ferté, or at his hotel in Paris, and to busy himself in revising his memoirs.

In writing these, Saint-Simon had found the greatest interest of his life. He was only nineteen when, while serving upon one of his German campaigns, he began the work that was to extend over nearly thirty years, — from 1694 to 1723. Memoirs had a peculiar fascination for him; and after reading those of Marshal de Bassompierre, he decided to keep a close account of people and events. He was too shrewd not to realize that no sincere expression would be possible if his enterprise were known; so throughout his long life he accomplished his daily record in secret. He wrote for a posterity whom he wished to have know the truth. Even Voltaire thought it unpatriotic to dim the glory of Versailles by showing what was base in its royal inmates. But Saint-Simon was no idealist. He considered himself a philosopher, a statesman, a historian; but he hardly merits these titles. Like La Bruyère, this "little duke with his cruel, piercing, unsatisfied eyes," was pre-eminently a portrait painter. But La Bruyère was not a nobleman, nor of the company he describes, but there on sufferance as a retainer of the haughty Condés. Saint-Simon, on

the contrary, felt his noble birth as a fact of vital importance, for which he must force recognition. The ruling thought of all his work is this insistence upon precedence. All his life he labored to extend the privileges of the peerage; and bitterly resented any social advance on the part of a bourgeois, as though with instinctive presentiment of the change even then impending. Even talent, when of humble origin, was contemptible in his eyes. Of Voltaire — whom he calls Arouet — he says slightingly: «The son of a notary who was my father's lawyer, and has been mine.» He was supremely happy when he had brought about the Bed of Justice and effected the abasement of the illegitimate princes. He had long hated them because they took precedence of peers. To him the lower classes, the mass of the nation, only existed as a pedestal for nobility, and he never considers them as a factor in society.

What would they all have done, — selfish adulated Louis, dignified Madame de Maintenon, hiding her resolute will under determined tact, the hoydenish princesses, the toadying lords and ladies, — if they had known of the presence of this «spy» upon their every gesture? He cared little for nature. Even Lenôtre's beautifully conventionalized gardens pleased him less than a salon. «I examined everybody with my eyes and ears.» He notes the courtly manners, the gorgeous robes, the royal magnificence; and he also notes the underlying treachery and corruption. «He is like those dogs, which, without seeing him, scent and discover a robber hidden under a piece of furniture,» said Sainte-Beuve.

He excels in sketching individuals, and in communicating to us their manner, appearance, personality. He can paint a great canvas too, and show us the entire court gathered for a ball in the Salle de Glaces, or about the bed of a dying prince. Instead of the flawless, magnificent pageant others have shown as the court life of Louis XIV., he stamped verisimilitude upon his glittering yet grewsome representations.

THE MARRIAGE

From the 'Memoirs'

All this winter my mother was solely occupied in finding a good match for me. Some attempt was made to marry me to Mademoiselle de Royan. It would have been a noble and rich marriage; but I was alone, Mademoiselle de Royan was an orphan, and I wished a father-in-law and a family upon whom I could lean. During the preceding year there had been some

talk of the eldest daughter of Maréchal de Lorges for me. The affair had fallen through, almost as soon as suggested; and now, on both sides, there was a desire to recommence negotiations. The probity, the integrity, the freedom of Maréchal de Lorges pleased me infinitely, and everything tended to give me an extreme desire for this marriage. Madame de Lorges by her virtue and good sense was all I could wish for as the mother of my future wife. Mademoiselle de Lorges was a blonde, with complexion and figure perfect, a very amiable face, an extremely noble and modest deportment, and with I know not what of majesty derived from her air of virtue and of natural gentleness. The Maréchal had five other daughters; but I liked this one best beyond comparison, and hoped to find with her that happiness which she since has given me. As she has become my wife, I will abstain here from saying more about her, unless it be that she has exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped.

My marriage being agreed upon and arranged, the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the King, who had the goodness to reply to him that he could not do better, and to speak of me very obligingly. The marriage accordingly took place at the Hôtel de Lorges, on the 8th of April, 1695; which I have always regarded, and with good reason, as the happiest day of my life. My mother treated me like the best mother in the world. On the Thursday before Quasimodo the contract was signed; a grand repast followed; at midnight the curé of St. Roch said mass, and married us in the chapel of the house. On the eve, my mother had sent forty thousand livres' worth of precious stones to Mademoiselle de Lorges, and I six hundred louis in a *corbeille* filled with all the knick-knacks that are given on these occasions.

We slept in the grand apartment of the Hôtel de Lorges. On the morrow, after dinner, my wife went to bed, and received a crowd of visitors, who came to pay their respects and to gratify their curiosity. The next evening we went to Versailles, and were received by Madame de Maintenon and the King. On arriving at the supper-table, the King said to the new duchess, "Madame, will you be pleased to seat yourself?"

His napkin being unfolded, he saw all the duchesses and princesses still standing: and rising in his chair, he said to Madame de Saint-Simon, "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all immediately seated themselves. On the

morrow, Madame de Saint-Simon received all the court in her bed,—in the apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajon, as being more handy, being on the ground floor. Our festivities were finished by a supper that I gave to the former friends of my father, whose acquaintance I had always cultivated with great care.

THE PORTRAIT

From the 'Memoirs'

I HAD, as I have already mentioned, conceived a strong attachment and admiration for M. de La Trappe. I wished to secure a portrait of him; but such was his modesty and humility that I feared to ask him to allow himself to be painted. I went therefore to Rigault, then the first portrait-painter in Europe. In consideration of a sum of a thousand crowns, and all his expenses paid, he agreed to accompany me to La Trappe, and to make a portrait of him from memory. The whole affair was to be kept a profound secret; and only one copy of the picture was to be made, and that for the artist himself.

My plan being fully arranged, I and Rigault set out. As soon as we arrived at our journey's end, I sought M. de La Trappe, and begged to be allowed to introduce to him a friend of mine, —an officer, who much wished to see him. I added that my friend was a stammerer, and that therefore he would be importuned merely with looks and not words. M. de La Trappe smiled with goodness, thought the officer curious about little, and consented to see him. The interview took place. Rigault, excusing himself on the ground of his infirmity, did little during three-quarters of an hour but keep his eyes upon M. de La Trappe; and at the end went into a room where materials were already provided for him, and covered his canvas with the images and the ideas he had filled himself with. On the morrow the same thing was repeated; although M. de La Trappe, thinking that a man whom he knew not, and who could take no part in conversation, had sufficiently seen him, agreed to the interview only out of complaisance to me. Another sitting was needed in order to finish the work; but it was with great difficulty M. de La Trappe could be persuaded to consent to it. When the third and last interview was at an end, M. de La Trappe testified to me his

surprise at having been so much and so long looked at by a species of mute. I made the best excuse I could, and hastened to turn the conversation.

The portrait was at length finished, and was a most perfect likeness of my venerable friend. Rigault admitted to me that he had worked so hard to produce it from memory, that for several months afterwards he had been unable to do anything to his other portraits. Notwithstanding the thousand crowns I had paid him, he broke the engagement he had made by showing the portrait before giving it up to me. Then, solicited for copies, he made several; gaining thereby, according to his own admission, more than twenty-five thousand francs: and thus gave publicity to the affair.

I was very much annoyed at this, and with the noise it made in the world; and I wrote to M. de La Trappe, relating the deception I had practiced upon him, and sued for pardon. He was pained to excess, hurt, and afflicted; nevertheless he showed no anger. He wrote in return to me, and said I was not ignorant that a Roman Emperor had said, "I love treason but not traitors;" but that as for himself, he felt on the contrary that he loved the traitor but could only hate his treason. I made presents of three copies of the picture to the monastery of La Trappe. On the back of the original I described the circumstance under which the portrait had been taken, in order to show that M. de La Trappe had not consented to it; and I pointed out that for some years he had been unable to use his right hand, to acknowledge thus the error which had been made in representing him as writing.

MADAME DE MAINTENON AT THE REVIEW

From the 'Memoirs'

The King wished to show the court all the manœuvres of war; the siege of Compiègne was therefore undertaken, according to due form, with lines, trenches, batteries, mines, etc. On Saturday, the 13th of September, the assault took place. To witness it, the King, Madame de Maintenon, all the ladies of the court, and a number of gentlemen, stationed themselves upon an old rampart, from which the plain and all the disposition of the

troops could be seen. I was in the half-circle very close to the King. It was the most beautiful sight that can be imagined, to see all that army, and the prodigious number of spectators on horse and foot, and that game of attack and defense so cleverly conducted.

But a spectacle of another sort — that I could paint forty years hence as well as to-day, so strongly did it strike me — was that which from the summit of this rampart the King gave to all his army, and to the innumerable crowd of spectators of all kinds in the plain below. Madame de Maintenon faced the plain and the troops in her sedan chair, alone, between its three windows drawn up; her porters having retired to a distance. On the left pole in front sat Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; and on the same side, in a semicircle, standing, were Madame la Duchesse, Madame la Princesse de Conti, and all the ladies,— and behind them again, many men. At the right window was the King, standing, and a little in the rear a semicircle of the most distinguished men of the court. The King was nearly always uncovered; and every now and then stooped to speak to Madame de Maintenon, and explain to her what she saw, and the reason of each movement. Each time that he did so she was obliging enough to open the window four or five inches, but never halfway; for I noticed particularly, and I admit that I was more attentive to this spectacle than to that of the troops. Sometimes she opened of her own accord to ask some question of him: but generally it was he who without waiting for her, stooped down to instruct her of what was passing; and sometimes, if she did not notice him, he tapped at the glass to make her open it. He never spoke save to her, except when he gave a few brief orders, or just answered Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne, who wanted to make him speak, and with whom Madame de Maintenon carried on a conversation by signs, without opening the front window, through which the young princess screamed to her from time to time. I watched the countenance of every one carefully: all expressed surprise, tempered with prudence, and shame that was, as it were, ashamed of itself; every one behind the chair and in the semicircle watched this scene more than what was going on in the army. The King often put his hat on the top of the chair in order to get his head in to speak; and this continual exercise tired his loins very much. Monseigneur was on

horseback in the plain with the young princes. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather was as brilliant as could be desired.

Opposite the sedan chair was an opening with some steps cut through the wall, and communicating with the plain below. It had been made for the purpose of fetching orders from the King, should they be necessary. The case happened. Crenan, who commanded, sent Conillac, an officer in one of the defending regiments, to ask for some instructions from the King. Conillac had been stationed at the foot of the rampart, where what was passing above could not be seen. He mounted the steps; and as soon as his head and shoulders were at the top, caught sight of the chair, the King, and all the assembled company. He was not prepared for such a scene; and it struck him with such astonishment that he stopped short, with mouth and eyes wide open,—surprise painted upon every feature. I see him now as distinctly as I did then. The King, as well as the rest of the company, remarked the agitation of Conillac, and said to him with emotion, "Well, Conillac! come up." Conillac remained motionless, and the King continued, "Come up. What is the matter?" Conillac, thus addressed, finished his ascent, and came towards the King with slow and trembling steps, rolling his eyes from right to left like one deranged. Then he stammered something, but in a tone so low that it could not be heard. "What do you say?" cried the King. "Speak up." But Conillac was unable; and the King, finding he could get nothing out of him, told him to go away. He did not need to be told twice, but disappeared at once. As soon as he was gone, the King looking round said, "I don't know what is the matter with Conillac. He has lost his wits: he did not remember what he had to say to me." No one answered.

Towards the moment of the capitulation, Madame de Maintenon apparently asked permission to go away; for the King cried, "The chairmen of Madame!" They came and took her away; in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the King retired also, and nearly everybody else. There was much interchange of glances, nudging with elbows, and then whisperings in the ear. Everybody was full of what had taken place on the ramparts between the King and Madame de Maintenon. Even the soldiers asked what meant that sedan chair, and the King every moment stooping to put his head inside of it. It became necessary gently to silence these questions of the troops. What

effect this sight had upon foreigners present, and what they said of it, may be imagined. All over Europe it was as much talked of as the camp of Compiègne itself, with all its pomp and prodigious splendor.

A PARAGON OF POLITENESS

From the 'Memoirs'

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by this leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back;—he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be

imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed,— and they were not short,— I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch": a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched.

One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had precedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parliament, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair

right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied, that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the offense put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to

comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A MODERN HARPY

From the 'Memoirs'

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling, — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal, — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you

were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day.—This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the *salon*, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time—and these scenes were always at Marly—they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted

her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villainously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and

even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

ADAM DE SAINT VICTOR

(Twelfth Century)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

The Latin hymns or sequences of Adam de Saint Victor came from that great period, the Middle Ages, so wonderful and so misconceived. They belong to literature because they reflect the vital motive of the time, Faith; because they are expressions of the personality of their author; and because their style is governed by delicate canons of art little understood by the modern world of poetry-lovers.

To the strict classicist, to the man who reverences Horace and Catullus, their rhymes are an abomination. But to one who approaches these sacred poems of the twelfth century remembering that they were part of that greater religious poem, the daily sacrifice of the Catholic Church, they are worthy of critical study, and they will amply repay it. They can neither be studied nor even dimly appreciated through the medium of translations. They are as intricate and technical as the Gothic architecture of the time which produced them; they have the sonorousness and aspirational cadence, without the simplicity, of the Gregorian chant which their music seems to echo; and above all, they are musical.

The sequence was sung between the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass. It was called "a prose," too, because in no regular metre; but in the Middle Ages these sequences, which were at first merely prolongations of "the last note of the Alleluia," were arranged for all feasts of the Church in such profusion that much weak and careless "prose" crept in. The consequence was that by the revision of the Roman Missal in the sixteenth century, only the 'Victimæ Paschali' (for Easter), the 'Veni Sancte Spiritus' (for Pentecost), 'Lauda Sion' (for Corpus Christi), and 'Dies Iræ' (in masses for the dead), were retained. In this revision, the thirty-nine sequences of Adam de Saint Victor disappeared from general usage. M. Félix Clément, in an enthusiastic notice of Saint Victor's poetry, regrets this, and welcomes M. Charles Barthélemy's edition of the sequences as an act of reparation to a genius too long misunderstood.

There is no doubt that the almost merciless precision of Adam de Saint Victor's rhyme had a great influence on French poetry,

although neither his rhythm nor rhyme ever reaches the monotony of the later French recurrences; and some of the poems are most exquisitely lyrical, artificial, and intricate, yet with an appearance of simplicity that might easily deceive the unlearned in the metrical modes of the twelfth century. Take for instance the sequence beginning 'Virgini Mariæ Laudes.' It is a marvel of skill; it has the quaintness of an old ballad and the play on words of a rondeau. It is modeled on the Easter sequence of the monk Notker, with, as M. Clément says, «extraordinary skill.» It is untranslatable: no prose version can represent it, and no metrical imitation reproduce its unique shades of verbiage. In the sequence 'Of the Holy Ghost,' occur the famous lines which were part of the liturgy of France for four centuries:—

«Thou who art Giver and the gift,
Who from the naught all good didst lift,
Incline our hearts thy name to praise,
And form our words thy songs to raise,—
Thee, thee high lauding.»

(Tu qui dator es et donum,
Tu qui condis omne bonum,
Cor ad laudem redde pronum,
Nostræ linguæ formans sonum,—
In tua præconia.)

Adam de Saint Victor was born in the twelfth century, and he died in either 1177 or 1192. It is certain that he was a canon regular of the Abbey of Saint-Victor-les-Paris; he composed certain treatises, and lived, honored and admired, for a part of his life under the rule of the Abbot Guérin, and was regarded as the foremost poet of his time. He drew his inspiration from the sacred Scriptures; and he applied both the teachings and the splendid figures of the Bible with the force and fervor of Dante. Modern hymn-writers — who seem to grow weaker every year — would do well to study the elevation and harmony of Adam de Saint Victor: he is a mine of riches. In the 'Carmina e Poetis Christianis' (Songs from Christian Poets), etc., by M. Félix Clément (Paris, Gaume & Co.), and in an appendix to M. Charles Barthélemy's translation into French of the 'Rationale Divinorum Officiorum' (Rationale of Divine Services), the material for a study of this poet's work may be found. An analysis of the sequence 'Of the Resurrection of Our Lord,' a prose version of which is given below, will show the skill with which it is constructed,— a skill as technical as that of a Petrarcan sonnet. The rhythm is as marked as the time of a military march.

DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI

Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia;
Resurgenti Domino,
Corresurgent omnia,
Elementa serviunt
Et autoris sentiunt
Quanta sint solemnia.

Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aër volubilis,
Fluit aqua labalis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.

Cœlum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquillius,
Spirat aura levius,
Vallis nostra floruit,
Revirescunt arida,
Recalescunt frigida,
Post quas ver intepuit.

Gelu mortis solvitur,
Princeps mundi tollitur,
Et ejus destruitur,
In nobis imperium,
Dum tenere voluit
In quo nihil habuit
Jus amisit proprium.

Vita mortem superat;
Homo jam recuperat
Quod priùs amiserat,
Paradisi gaudium.

Viam præbet facilem,
Cherubim versatilem,
Ut Deus promiserat
Amovendo gladium.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING

THE renewal of the world begets new joys; all things arise with the resurrection of the Lord. The elements obey [him] and feel how great are the feasts of their Creator.

The mobile ether and the whirling air are set in motion. The gliding water flows, the earth remains steady; what is light arises, what is heavy keeps its position at the centre [of the universe]. All things are renewed.

The heaven becomes more serene, the sea more quiet; one breathes gentle airs; our valley is [clothed] in flowers; what [was] dry becomes green again, what [was] cold grows warm again: after which the spring gains color.

The ice of death is loosened, the Prince of this world is done away with, and his power over us destroyed. While he wished to hold Him in whom he had not anything [*cf.* John xiv. 30], he lost the power that was his own.

Life conquers death; man now recovers what he had lost before, the joy of Paradise.

[Christ] makes the way easy [for us to travel] by removing, as God had promised, the sword of the Cherubim that «turns in every way» [Gen. iii. 24].

An inadequate prose translation must serve to give a faint impression of the deep feeling and sublime passion of the sequence in honor of the Holy Ghost beginning—

QUI procedis ab utroque,
Genitori Genitoque
  Pariter, Paraclete,
Redde linguas eloquentes,
Fac ferventes in te mentes
  Flamma tuâ divite.

DE SANCTO SPIRITU

(ON THE HOLY SPIRIT)

O THOU Paraclete that dost proceed equally from each, the Begetter and the Begotten, render eloquent our tongues, make our souls burn [glow] for thee with thy rich flame [of grace].

Love of the Father and of the Son, equal of both and [fully] equal and like to each: thou dost replenish all things, dost cherish all

things, thou dost direct the stars and move the heavens, remaining immutable thyself.

Bright light, dear light, thou dost put to flight the gloom of inner darkness: by thee the worlds are purified. Thou dost destroy sin and the blight of sin.

Thou dost make known the truth, and dost show the way of peace and the road of justice; thou dost shun the hearts of the evil, and dost enrich the hearts of the good with the gift of knowledge.

When thou dost teach, nothing is obscure; when thou art present, then is naught impure: at thy presence our joyful soul exults; our conscience, gladdened by thee, purified by thee, rejoices.

Thou dost change the elements; thanks to thee the sacraments have their efficacy; thou dost repel injury and violence [*lit.*, injurious violence]; thou dost silence and confute the wickedness of the enemy.

When thou dost come, thou dost soften our hearts; when thou dost enter [them], the black clouds of darkness [*lit.*, the darkness of the black cloud] flee. O sacred fire, thou dost inflame our breast; thou dost not burn it, but thou dost cleanse it from [all earthly] cares when thou dost visit it.

Thou dost instruct and arouse minds that before were ignorant and buried in sleep and forgetfulness. Thou dost help our tongues, and dost form the sound [of our word?]; the grace given by thee makes our heart inclined to the good.

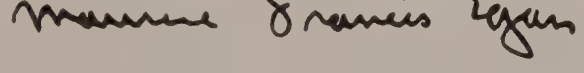
O help of the oppressed, O comfort of the wretched, refuge of the poor! grant us contempt for things of earth; draw our desires to the love of things of heaven.

Drive away evil, remove our impurity, and make the discordant concordant, and bring us thy protection.

Mayst thou, who didst once visit, teach, and strengthen the disciples in their fear, deign to visit us; mayst thou console us if it is thy will, and the peoples that believe [in thee].

Equal is the majesty of the Persons, equal is their power, and common is their Godhead: thou that dost proceed from two art coequal with both; in nothing is there inequality.

Because thou art so great and such as is the Father, may thy humble servants [the humility of thy servants] render due praise to God the Father, to the Son [our] Redeemer, and as well to thee!



SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

(1567–1622)

BY Y. BLAZE DE BURY

IN 1567, at the height of the League in France,—at Annécy, in a Savoy almost French in consequence of the repeated alliances of its sovereigns with France,—he who was to be St. Francis de Sales was born of one of the first families of his country. His early choice of the study of the law shows the predominance in him of reason over imagination. But what he refuses to imagination in the field of literary "invention," he makes up to it by the abuse of "images of style." When it is a matter of painting with the pen, he puts under contribution flowers, birds, streams,—all nature. The contemporary of Florian, of D'Urfé, and of Vaugelas, as well as their compatriot, he has neither the affectation of the second nor the "Scudérisms" of the first; but he rushes into veritable whirlwinds of metaphors. This abuse of metaphor, especially evident in his 'Introduction à la Vie Dévote' (Introduction to the Devout Life), does not prevent him, however, from having a very definite style,—a combination which makes it possible to republish him at the present time without any changes. In the order of psychological subtlety, Francis de Sales is the precursor of Fénelon. His direction of the nuns of the Visitation whom he governed, with the direction of the most worldly women of his time, evinces his great knowledge of women. In the 'Introduction to the Devout Life,' he excels in distributing his counsels as befits the worldly and the "regulars." For the worldly, he even takes part in the gallantry of the time, when he speaks of "friendships." He even accords that "friendship is mutual love; and that there should be constant communication and intercourse between persons united in friendship."

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that he founded the Order of the Visitation, and formed in his turn, with Madame Jeanne de Chantal, the aunt of Madame de Sévigné, exactly such a strict friendship "for good" as those of which he proclaims the utility, when in the 'Introduction' he says: "If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true!"

The 'Traité de l'Amour de Dieu' is not less fertile in figurative language than the 'Introduction.' But it applies more especially to religious persons. Henry IV., and later, Louis XIII. particularly, did

their best to keep Francis in France; but nothing could prevail over his love of his native land, and in spite of his constant visits to the French court, and the direction of his «daughters» of the Visitation, and also his strong affection for St. Vincent de Paul, the country of his birth never ceased to be the country of his choice.

The firmness of his character, combined with great keenness, particularly fitted him for the direction of women: and it was thus he wrote the 'Introduction' for Madame de Charmoisy, as he founded the Order of the Visitation and modified its regulations upon the advice of Madame de Chantal; while at the same time this moral collaboration aimed at the personal elevation of this eminent woman left in widowhood! The foundation of the Visitation and the direction of souls,—such were the works of St. Francis de Sales. He died peacefully in 1622. There was nothing of the ascetic in him. While the holiness of his Italian namesake palpitates with the «madness of the cross,» the triumph of Francis de Sales is, on the contrary, reason—wisdom—the economy well understood and well combined of worldly duties with divine obligations. He summed up in a word his own classification of each one's rôle, when he said, «The religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier.»

The following citations are drawn from the 'Introduction to the Devout Life.' The selection is made especially in view of the worldly; and in order to show them how free our saint's morality was from all those compromises with questions of interests, such as money interests, with which church people are sometimes too justly reproached. These citations show, too, how well in his secular counsels his morality could adjust itself to social enigmas.

Speaking of the love of riches, and the pains we should take for the extension of our worldly fortune, St. Francis wrote: «We are rendering God an acceptable service when we take care of the good things which he has confided to us. This care must be greater and sounder than that of the worldly; for they work only for love of themselves, while we should work for the love of God.»

Apropos of the love of the poor:—

«If you love the poor, take pleasure in being with them, in having them visit you, in going to see them. In speech be poor with them, talking with them as equal to equal; but with your hands be rich, sharing with them what God has given more abundantly to you than to them.»

In another passage St. Francis wishes to show us the value of voluntary renouncing, and the difference between accepting and choosing poverty:—

«Esau came before his father with hairy hands, and Jacob did the same; but because the hair covering Jacob's hands was not fastened to his skin, but only to his gloves, it could be torn from him without flaying or wounding him.

On the contrary, as the hair on Esau's hands grew from his skin, naturally hairy, it could not be torn off without great pain and great resistance. The faithful servants of God care no more for their wealth than for their clothes, which they can put on and leave off at pleasure; but bad Christians prize it as much as animals do their skin.»

Sometimes, too, the saint's counsels take the form of maxims or thoughts: «Wherever there is less of us, there is more of God; poverty chosen in the midst of riches is therefore most agreeable to God, since it proves a divine election in the soul which chooses it.» — «If poverty displeases you, it is because you are not poor in spirit, but rich in spirit by the affection you give wealth.» St. Francis applies his declaration that «the religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier»; he proves it by showing the part which human love plays in people's hearts: —

«Love holds the first place among the passions; it reigns in the heart, it guides all its movements. Therefore forbid your heart all evil love, Philothea, for it would soon become an evil heart. All love moreover is not friendship; since one can love without being loved, and then there is 'love' not 'friendship.' Friendship is a mutual love. Between people who love each other there must be some communication. If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true.»

Upon the harm caused by luxury, Francis de Sales is not less explicit: «There is a great difference between having poison and being poisoned. You may have wealth without its natural poison going to your heart.» In the eyes of our saint, as in the eyes of Montaigne, sadness and anxiety are the most detestable of all things. «Anxiety arises from an unreasonable desire either to be delivered from the ill one feels, or to attain a blessing for which one hopes. Thus the anxious heart is like a bird taken in a net, which, struggling wildly, involves itself deeper and deeper in the snare.»

In Chapter iv., Book iii., upon humility, the saint says: —

«We call vain glories, those which being *in* us are not properly *of* us. Nobility of birth, the favor of the great, are all outside of ourselves: why should we glory in them? How many persist in vain exultation because they have fine horses, showy clothes, beautiful furniture. Does not this show the folly of men? Some would like to dance well, others to sing well. That is very superficial, highly contemptible, and very irrelevant.»

St. Francis alludes very keenly to those persons who like to display their great learning, their noble traits of heredity. Acting thus, we should be embarrassed by an examination of the qualities of which we boast; and as there is nothing finer than honor when received as a gift, so there is nothing more shameful when required as a right.

Our author reserves his highest contempt for preoccupation with rank and honors. «The questions of precedence, of rank and honors, suit only petty minds.» Thus too upon false humility: «We often say that we are the dust of the earth, but we should be very sorry to be taken at our word. We often flee so that we may be pursued. The truly humble man, on the contrary, speaks little of himself, and tries to conceal his virtues.»

Although St. Francis was not a mystic, he spoke for those who are, when, apropos of St. Catherine of Siena, he said:—

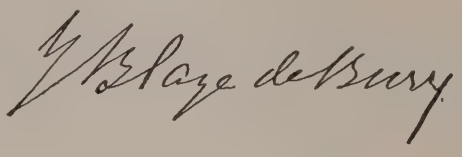
«The story of the temptations with which God permitted the Evil Spirit to assail St. Catherine's modesty is very astonishing; and nothing more horrible can be imagined than this spiritual combat, whether it be the enemy's suggestions to heart and imagination, or to the eyes by infamous representations. Although all this external evil struck only her senses, she was violently troubled and agitated. When our Lord finally appeared to her, she said, 'Where were you, Lord, when my heart was filled with filth?' Upon which the Lord answered, 'My daughter, I was in thy heart itself. If I had not been present, thy soul would have consented to those impressions, which would have destroyed it.'»

Here, apropos of gambling, is matter to satisfy the casuists, when St. Francis affirms «playing to satisfy the company where one is, to be perfectly proper»; and that St. Elizabeth of Hungary played thus at pleasure-gatherings without failing at all in devotion. Moreover, faithful in his care for the home woman, the friend of Jeanne de Chantal particularly advises many women to consecrate themselves to study; to «console others; and among your occupations,» he adds, «do not forget the spindle and the distaff: these humble occupations will keep you from idleness, the scourge of homes.»

Sometimes his taste for the picturesque leads our saint to impose anticipations of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' upon his reader. Particularly in the passage where he advises Philothea to balance the scales between the calls of temptation and the nobler instincts:—

«Consider on your left hand the Prince of Darkness upon a high throne; an infinite number of sinners are around, paying him homage. Some are transported by the spirit of rage, which makes them unchained furies of hate and vengeance; others are weakened by the spirit of idleness, which leaves them only leisure for vain frivolities. One group are intoxicated by the spirit of intemperance, which renders them brutes and madmen, another swollen with pride and insupportable; one parched with longing, another perishing with lust; others troubled with the anxiety for gain: behold them restless, disordered, killing, persecuting, destroying each other. And now consider upon your right hand, Jesus the Crucified, with an inexplicable tenderness of compassion. To obtain the liberty of these wretches, he offers his prayers and

his blood to God his Father. Consider the evenness of disposition, the serenity of mind, of the servants of God. They love each other with a pure and holy love. Even those who have afflictions are very little or not at all disquieted by them, and lose nothing of the peace of their hearts.»



ST. PAUL'S ADMIRABLE EXHORTATION TO THE SUPERNATURAL AND ECSTATIC LIFE

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

NOTHING can be more emphatic, nor more wonderful, than the arguments employed by St. Paul to urge us to this ecstatic life, in which man, always elevated above himself by his actions, lives in a species of continual rapture. The words of this great apostle are replenished with a celestial fire and a holy enthusiasm; it is impossible not to feel their strength and energy.

They proceed from a heart burning with love; and each of us should apply them to himself: «The charity of Christ,» said he, «*presseth us*» (2 Cor. v. 14). Is it not true that nothing influences the heart so forcibly as love? We are eager to return love for love, to those whom we know to be animated with affection for us; this ardor redoubles when the love of a superior anticipates that of an inferior; and if it be a powerful monarch who is the first to love his subject, the anxiety of the latter to return his affection must be extreme.

Jesus Christ, the only true God, the eternal and omnipotent Divinity, has loved us to so great a degree as to die for us on a cross: do we require any other motive to urge us ardently and continually to correspond with such infinite and unmerited goodness? Our divine Master, in furnishing us by his death with so powerful and irresistible a motive to love him, seems resolved to extract from our hearts the most ardent affection they are capable of feeling. By thus anticipating our affections, he employs a kind of violence which is the more powerful, as it is perfectly conformable to our natural inclinations.

In what manner, and in what circumstances, does the sovereign Friend of our souls press us? This we learn from the

words of St. Paul: "The charity of Christ presseth us," when we consider the effects of his love for us, as revealed by faith. Let us then attentively consider the benefits of our divine Savior, let us continually meditate on them, and his love will press us. But again, what is the object proposed to our reflections? The words of the apostle are worthy of observation; they tend to impress our hearts in a peculiar manner with the instructions they convey, "judging," said he, or considering, "that if one died for all, then all were dead." And Christ died for all. (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) The inference to be drawn from this truth is self-evident: a Savior died for all: consequently all must have been dead, since they required a Savior; and the merits of his death must be applied to the whole human race, since it has been endured by all.

What follows from this? We learn from the great apostle, who says that "They who live, may not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 15.) All that Jesus requires of us, in laying down his life for our salvation, is that we conform our lives to his, and love him as he loved us. What an irresistible influence must these words of the apostle have on hearts susceptible of love!

Jesus Christ died for us; he has purchased us life by his death; we only live because he died; he died to us, by applying to us the merits of his death; he died in us to eradicate from our hearts the germ of sin, which was the cause of his death and ours; he sacrificed his life for us, to deliver us from death. Our life then no longer belongs to us; it is the possession of him who has purchased it by his death: therefore we should no longer live to ourselves, in or for ourselves, but only to him, in him, and for him.

A young girl, a native of the isle of Sestos, brought up an eagle with all the care and attention which children usually lavish on their favorites. When it had begun to follow its natural instinct, by chasing smaller birds, it never failed to bring its prey to its dear mistress, as if to prove its gratitude. During its absence on one of these occasions, it happened that its young benefactress died; and according to the custom of the time and country, her body was placed on a pile to be burned. The eagle returned just as the flames began to ascend; and as if penetrated with grief at the view of this melancholy spectacle, it dropped its prey and threw itself on the body of its mistress, covering

her with its wings as if to screen her from the fire. It remained motionless in this position, the excess of its love seeming more violent than the fire by which it was consumed, and died a victim to its benefactress, leaving to mankind an example of lively and disinterested gratitude.

Does not this anecdote suffice to inflame our hearts with love? Our divine Benefactor has watched over us from the earliest dawn of the morning of life, even from the first moment of our conception: we may say in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou art he that hast drawn me out of the womb; thy paternal arms have been the support of my tottering steps." (Ps. xxi. 10.)

These first benefits of our divine Redeemer have been followed by still greater: he has made us children by baptism, that we might belong to him on the score of spiritual regeneration; he has condescended, by an incomprehensible effort of love, to watch over our education, to provide for our spiritual and corporal wants: in fine, he sacrificed his life to purchase ours, and left us his adorable body and precious blood for our food. What can we infer from all these marks of tender love, if not that "They who live, should not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again"? That is, every moment of our existence should be consecrated to the love of a God who has laid down his life for us; all our exertions, actions, thoughts, and affections should be referred solely to his glory. (2 Cor. v. 15.)

Consider our divine Redeemer, stretched on the cross as on a funeral pile, a bed of state to which he is about to be immolated, and acknowledge that in this circumstance, love has indeed been stronger than death: over which it has doubly triumphed, because it both ordained and consummated the sacrifice, of which death has been only the instrument; and because by inducing our divine Savior to die for us, it has rendered the most infamous and cruel of all deaths sweeter than even love itself.

Had we the generosity and gratitude of the eagle we have been speaking of, we would not hesitate at this sight to cast ourselves in spirit on the cross of our divine Redeemer, to expire thereon with him; and embracing him by our ardent affections, we should exclaim, I hold him, and I will rather die than let him go. Yes, I shall expire with him, the happy victim of his love; the sacred fire which spared not my omnipotent Creator must likewise immolate his creature. My Savior is entirely mine: I desire to be wholly his; to live and die reposing on his

bosom, that neither death nor life may ever separate me from him.

In this consists the holy and practical ecstasy of life and action; it is produced by love, which causes us to renounce the feelings and inclinations of corrupt nature, elevates us above ourselves to conform our lives and actions to the will and inspirations of Jesus Christ.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DIED OF LOVE ON MOUNT OLIVET

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

I SHALL add to the examples I have already related, a history which has come to my knowledge, and which, though very extraordinary, is not on this account less deserving of belief, since, as the apostle says, "charity believeth all things": that is, she cannot easily persuade herself that duplicity has been used when there are no evident marks of falsehood in what is advanced, especially with regard to the love of God for man, or of man for God: nothing is too extraordinary to be expected from charity, which is the queen of virtues; and which, like the princes of the earth, takes pleasure in performing great exploits to extend her dominion, and increase the glory of her empire.

Though the fact I am about to state is not so generally known, or so well authenticated, as so wonderful an event seems to require, it is, however, no less true. St. Augustine has observed that miracles, however extraordinary, are never well known in the place where they have been performed, and are scarcely believed though related by witnesses. Yet they are not less true on this account; pious and upright minds easily believe whatever does honor to religion, and are more inclined to credit these prodigies in proportion as they are more wonderful and difficult to believe.

A gentleman remarkable for his virtues still more than for his bravery and illustrious birth, went to Palestine to visit the holy places where the great work of our redemption was accomplished. After having prepared himself for this holy exercise by an exact confession and a fervent communion, he went first to Nazareth, where the eternal Word was conceived, after the angel had announced to the ever-blessed Virgin the mystery of

the incarnation. Here the devout pilgrim began to penetrate by contemplation the abyss of the mercy of God, who to rescue us from the state of perdition to which we had been reduced by sin, deigned to assume a human form.

He then proceeded to Bethlehem; visited the stable in which the divine Infant was born, and kissed the earth which had supported the tottering steps of his infancy. We could enumerate the tears he shed, in reflecting on those which had streamed so abundantly from the divine eyes of Jesus Christ! He then proceeded to Bethabara, and entered Bethany. There, remembering that the Son of God had taken off his garments to be baptized, he stripped himself of his, bathed in the Jordan, and drank of its waters to satisfy his devotion. In doing so, he imagined that he beheld the heavens opened, that he saw Jesus Christ receiving baptism from the hands of his Precursor, and the Holy Ghost descending visibly on him in the form of a dove; whilst a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii. 17.)

He quitted Bethany, and entered into the desert; where in spirit he contemplated Jesus Christ fasting and resisting temptation, and also the angels who approached after his victory, and gave him to eat. After considering his Savior transfigured on Mount Tabor, he proceeded to Mount Sion; where he imagined himself in the presence of Jesus Christ in the cenacle, washing the feet of his apostles, and giving them his adorable body to eat, after the institution of the blessed Eucharist.

He passed over the torrent of Cedron, and entered the garden of Gethsemane, where he felt his heart penetrated with a delicious sorrow, which caused his tears to flow afresh, at the recollection of his divine Redeemer's cruel agony and sweat of blood. He next considered him bound by the soldiers, conducted to Jerusalem as a criminal; he followed him in spirit by the traces of his blood, to all the different places where he was dragged,—to the houses of Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod,—where he considered him mangled with blows, despised, covered with spittle, crowned with thorns, exposed to the ridicule and derision of the populace, and condemned to death, loaded with his cross, walking to Calvary; and meeting soon after his blessed Mother overwhelmed with anguish, and the daughters of Jerusalem, who compassionated his sufferings and wept for the ignominious state to which he was reduced.

The devout pilgrim, following exactly the steps of his Master, arrived at length on the summit of Mount Calvary: there he in spirit viewed the cross placed on the earth; he beheld Jesus Christ stripped of his garments and fastened thereon, his hands and feet being cruelly pierced with nails; he then saw the cross elevated and Jesus Christ suspended in the air between heaven and earth, his blood flowing in copious streams from every part of his sacred body. He casts a look at the Mother of Jesus, transfixed with the sword of sorrow according to the prophecy of Simeon; and then returning to the contemplation of his Savior, he listens attentively to his expiring words; he wishes to receive his last sigh, to consider him after death, to penetrate if possible into the innermost recess of his adorable heart, through the opening made in his side by the spear.

He does not quit Calvary until he has seen the mangled body of his divine Redeemer taken down from the cross; he follows him to the sepulchre, bedewing with a torrent of tears the road which had been sprinkled with the blood of Jesus Christ. He enters the sepulchre, as if to entomb his heart near the body of his departed Lord. After having died spiritually with him, by compassion, he rises with him, by the joy he experiences at his glorious resurrection. Having accompanied him to Emmaüs, and meditated on his conversation with his two disciples, he returned to Mount Olivet where the mystery of the Ascension was accomplished, that he might end his life on the spot where Jesus Christ had terminated his mortal career.

There, viewing the last traces which the sacred feet of his Redeemer had imprinted on earth, he prostrated himself, to embrace them a thousand times with inexpressible transports of love. Then uniting his powers and affections, as an archer draws the string of his bow before he shoots the arrow, he stood erect, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed, "My divine Savior, I no longer know where to seek thee on earth: grant then that my soul may ascend with thee, that it may soar to the regions of never-ending happiness." These inflamed words, pronounced by a last effort of his united affections, like a bow violently bent, freed the soul from her prison, and enabled her to dart like an arrow to the object at which the holy pilgrim aimed.

The companions of his pilgrimage, seeing him fall suddenly, hastened to his assistance: and quickly called a physician, who, finding him lifeless, and being unable to divine the cause of so

sudden a death, inquired into his habits, temper, and constitution; and being informed that he was of a gentle, affectionate disposition, inflamed with a great devotion and an ardent love of God, he concluded that a violent effort of love must have opened his heart; and to ascertain it beyond a doubt, he recommended that his body should be opened. They actually found that his heart had opened; and through the aperture, the words "Jesus, my love" were seen imprinted thereon. Love performed the office of death, by separating the soul from the body: this separation could not be attributed to any other cause. The account of this extraordinary death is given by St. Bernardin of Siena,—an author no less venerable for his learning than his sanctity,—in his first sermon on our Lord's Ascension.

Another author, nearly contemporary with the saint, who has concealed his name through humility, though worthy of being universally known, relates a still more wonderful circumstance in a work entitled 'The Spiritual Mirror.'

He says that a young nobleman of Provence, remarkable for his ardent love of God and his great devotion to the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, being dangerously ill, and fearing that he could not retain the blessed Eucharist because of the incessant vomiting attendant on his malady, entreated of the clergyman to form the sign of the cross over him with the sacred Host, and then to apply it to his bosom; which was accordingly done. Immediately his heart, burning with divine love, opened; and Jesus Christ, attracted by his ardent desires, entered through the aperture under the form of the sacred species, and the invalid expired.

I am aware that so extraordinary a circumstance requires to be better authenticated: but after the miracle performed on St. Clare of Montfalcon, whose heart is still to be seen with the instruments of the Passion engraved on it; after the impression of the stigmates on St. Francis, of which there can be no doubt, —I have no difficulty in believing the most miraculous effects of Divine love.

SALLUST (GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS)

(86?–34? B. C.)

SALLUST survives as the author of two brief historical monographs. The 'Conspiracy of Catiline' is twelve thousand words in length; the story of the war against Jugurtha is told in about twice as many. In the career of a Mommsen or a Parkman, these might be mere contributions to a semi-popular magazine, —perhaps later gathered up in a sheaf of minor essays. As to thoroughness in investigation, and conscientious faithfulness, Sallust never rose to the level of Macaulay's schoolboy.

Yet among historians he has a right to echo Heine's boast:—

> «When the greatest names are mentioned,
> Then mine is mentioned too.»

SALLUST

Whence comes this lasting fame? Partly, no doubt, from the meagreness of our salvage from the Roman historians. Even Livy and Tacitus survive only as torsos. Cæsar's memoirs alone remain intact, as indestructible as are his larger monuments. The really laborious and scientific work of Varro, like Cato's 'Origines,' has vanished almost utterly. And so we descend almost at once to late and dull compilations. This pair of essays, therefore, each effectively centralized in plot, highly finished rhetorically, is almost like an oasis in a desert land of conjecture and doubt.

In the great story of Roman imperial growth these two episodes are incomparably less prominent than—let us say—the Nullification incident and the possible annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States. Still, both have a certain epochal and pivotal character which Sallust has not failed to emphasize. Indeed, Mommsen offers much to support his own judgment that both these little books are political pamphlets, whose chief purpose is to discredit still more completely the beaten aristocracy, to glorify Marius and Julius as the successive champions of the populace, and so contribute to the rise of their successor, the young Octavian.

In fact, this political purpose is frankly though quietly indicated to the attentive reader. Passing over the rather dismal personal

preface ('Jugurtha,' i.–iv.), we find early in Chapter v.: "I am about to describe the war against Jugurtha, because . . . then first was opposition made to the insolence of the nobility."

On an early page, again, there is a clever introduction of Scipio Africanus, evidently as the last of the great patriot nobles, to be contrasted with the greed and folly of his degenerate successors. When the young African princeling Jugurtha had won his spurs under Scipio's eye in the campaign against Numantia, he is ushered, at parting, into the great consul's private tent, to hear words that foreshadowed the tragedy of his own life. "Cultivate rather the friendship of the Roman people itself than of individuals. Do not fall into the custom of bribe-giving. It is perilous to purchase from the few what truly belongs to the many. If you persevere in your own character, then glory, and royal power as well, will come to you unsought. If you make undue haste to meet them, the very money you spend will bring your headlong downfall."

We need not wonder whence Scipio derived his prophetic insight, nor inquire too curiously which of the two would have handed down, to Sallust the scribe, the very words of this secret fatherly counsel. Nearly every page offers equally clear evidence that our two sketches belong to the same "historical" school as Xenophon's romance of Cyrus's boyhood.

In the use of grave general apophthegms, in a certain austere ruggedness of condensation, and in occasional archaisms,—all traits found chiefly in the longer set speeches,—our author clearly attempts at times to recall Thucydides. The comparison thus forced upon us is, upon the whole, rash, not to say suicidal. Still, we may well remember that even the conscientious Athenian lover of truth often made his statesman's or general's speech represent merely the substance of what *should* have been said on some decisive occasion.

While the fierce Numidian chief long remains the central figure, Marius is quietly and skillfully brought to the front of the stage. It was impossible to make him the hero of the war itself, which had been nearly finished by Metellus before he was displaced by his lieutenant. Moreover, the final betrayal of Jugurtha throws little credit on any one concerned. The essay culminates rather in the long harangue to the people by the newly elected consul (Chapter lxxxv.).

The final words of the pamphlet bear out the views here suggested as to its purpose, when they remind us that Marius was re-elected consul before he could return from Africa to Italy, because the Romans were panic-stricken by the great Celtic invasion. "All other tasks seem easy to our valor: against the Gauls alone we have always had to fight, not for glory, but for our very existence." Thus no reader could fail to be reminded that Cæsar, the conqueror

of Gaul, had completed the hardest of Marius's tasks, the defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, and so finally rescued Italy from its century-long terror.

Space does not permit an adequate analysis of the 'Catiline.' The depreciation of Cicero and other patriotic aristocrats, the "whitewashing" of the youthful Cæsar,—and even in some degree of his friend the arch-conspirator,—have always been noted by observant readers. The recognition of such a deliberate partisan purpose, followed out in masterly fashion, only increases our sense of Sallust's rhetorical skill. It is not to be supposed that any one studies him as a trustworthy source of historical facts.

Sallust's lost History covered only the years 78–67 B. C. The speeches and letters of this work are preserved in a special collection; and several fragments from a vanished manuscript of the entire work have also come to light in our century to pique our curiosity. Perhaps the author's own memories would make this work doubly valuable, though the contemporary Catiline by no means equals the traditional Jugurtha in romantic interest. Once more, it is as a stylist, more than as a historian, that Sallust lives at all. Over the question "What is truth?" he lingered painfully as little as did "jesting Pilate."

The recorded incidents of Sallust's life are perhaps sufficient to explain his Cæsarian partisanship. His first public appearance is as tribune of the people, fiercely opposed to Cicero in the famous trial of Milo. Only two years later he was expelled from the Senate on account of his outrageously vicious private life. It was Cæsar who by appointing him quæstor restored his senatorial rank. During the civil war he was active on sea and land, and at its close remained in Africa as proconsul. There he acquired enormous wealth; and retiring henceforth from public life, he laid out upon the Quirinal Hill those Gardens which remained so long a byword of imperial luxury. He can hardly have been much more extortionate than other provincial governors. Even his profligacy, and its punishment, may have been exaggerated by political malice and partisan ferocity. However, he is not a winning character; and we are hardly reassured by the pessimistic and Pharisaic tone struck in the personal introduction to each of his two essays.

There are numerous school editions of the 'Jugurtha' and 'Catiline.' Sallust is, however, hardly fitted to inspire or elevate the youthful soul, and is passing somewhat out of popular use. There are sufficiently faithful English versions, but none of high literary quality.

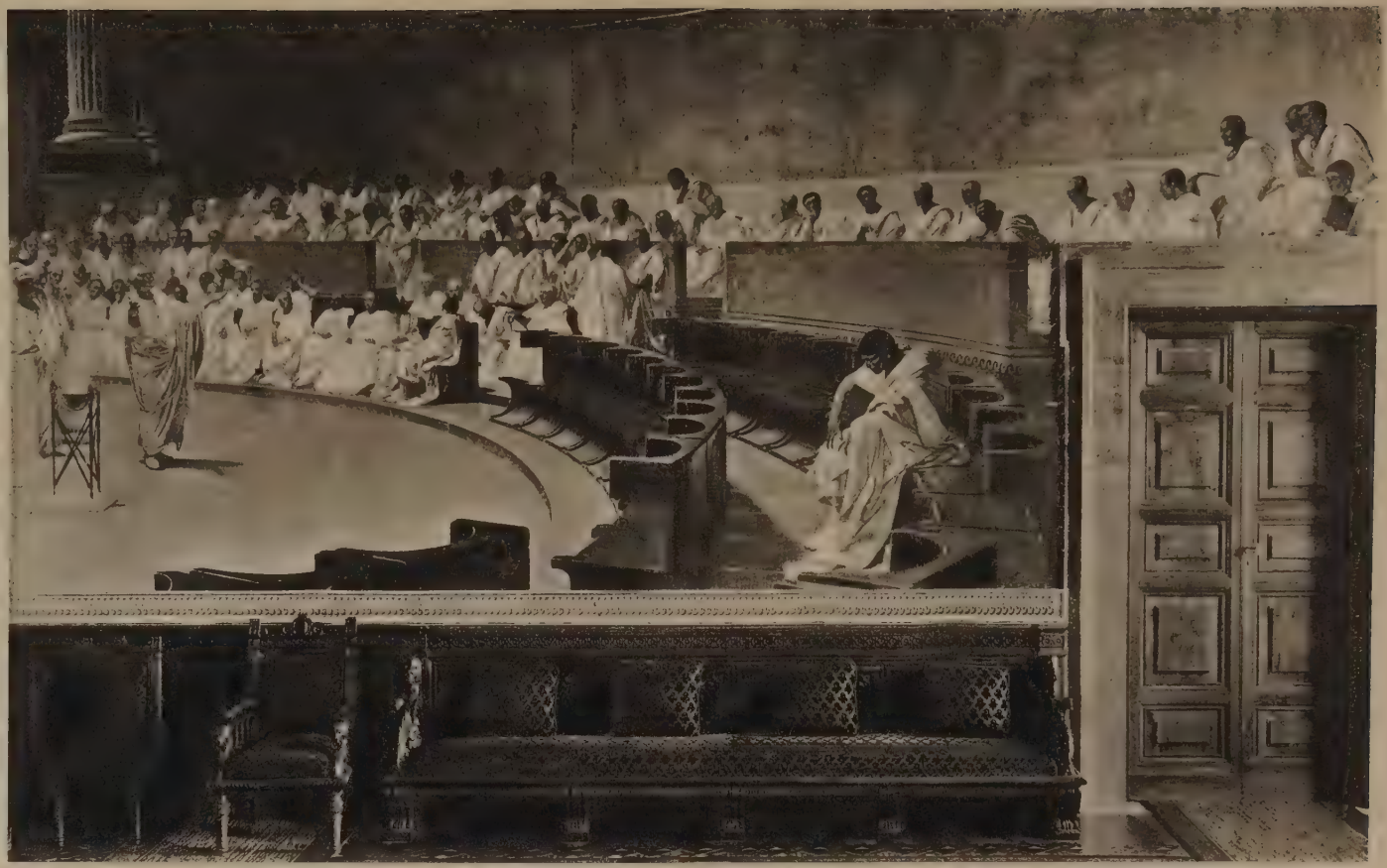
CATILINE AND HIS PLOT

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sylla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the State, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters; [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction;] nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted,— were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equaled, the rest. But what



Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily ensnared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each;—in a word, he spared no expense, nor even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of licentiousness; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla,—one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard to truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the State, and the disposition of Sylla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations,

longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PISTORIA

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

WHEN Catiline saw himself inclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor,—he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them:—

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor danger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies—one from Rome, another from Gaul—obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessaries will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory,—nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have

plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a groveling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defense. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires cowards with bravery,—for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A NUMIDIAN DEFEAT

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

IN THAT part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an

equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water,—those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the mean time Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and

archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defense, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as unequally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans — considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching — advanced up the hill, according to orders, and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country — with which our men were unacquainted — saving most of them.

In the mean time Bomilcar, — to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, — when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew

down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor did he neglect to watch the motions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, — which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, — in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt, — partly by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen dispatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers

joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and every one extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

SPEECH OF MARIUS

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

I KNOW, Romans, that most of those who apply to you for preferment in the State assume a different conduct from what they observe after they have obtained it. When they are candidates, they are active, condescending, and modest; when magistrates, haughty and indolent: but to me the contrary conduct appears reasonable; for in proportion as the good of the State is of more importance than the consulship or prætorship, the greater care and attention is requisite to govern the commonwealth than to court its dignities.

I am very sensible what an arduous task is imposed on me by your generous choice of me: to make preparations for the war, and yet to be sparing of the treasury; to oblige those to serve whom you would not willingly offend; to attend to everything both at home and abroad; and to perform all this amid a confederacy of envious men, eternally obstructing your measures and caballing against you,—it is, O Romans! a more difficult undertaking than can be readily imagined. Moreover, if others fail in the discharge of their duty, the ancient lustre of their family, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the credit of their kindred and friends, and their numerous dependents, afford them protection. But for me, my resources lie solely in myself; my firmness and integrity alone must protect me: every other support would be of little avail.

I am well aware too, Romans, that the eyes of all are on me: that all honest, all candid men, pleased with my successful endeavors to serve the State, wish well to me; but that the nobility watch for an opportunity to ruin me. Hence I must labor the more strenuously that you be not ensnared by them, and that they be disappointed. From my childhood to the present time, my manner of life has been such that toils and dangers are now habitual to me. The course I pursued, Romans, merely from a disinterested principle, before you conferred any favors on me, I shall not discontinue now that you have bestowed so noble a recompense. Those who put on the deceitful guise and semblance of virtue to obtain power, must when possessed of it find it difficult to act with moderation; but to me, whose whole life has been an uninterrupted series of laudable pursuits, virtue, through the force of habit, is become natural.

You have ordained that I should have the management of the war against Jugurtha: an ordinance highly displeasing to the nobility. Now I pray you, consider within yourselves whether you had not better alter your choice, and employ on this, or any other similar occasion, one of the tribe of the nobility: a man of ancient family, surrounded with the images of his ancestors, and who has never been in the service. See how, on such an important occasion, he will hurry and be confounded; and, ignorant of his whole duty, apply to some plebeian to instruct him in it. And thus it commonly happens that he whom you have appointed your general is obliged to find another from whom to receive his orders.

I know, Romans, some who, after entering on the consular office, began to study the history of our ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks. Preposterous method! For though, in the order of time, the election to offices precedes the exercise of men,—yet in the order of things, qualifications and experience should precede election.

New man as I am, Romans, compare me with these haughty nobles. What they have only read or heard of, I have seen performed or performed myself; what they have gathered from books, I have learned in the service. Now do you yourselves judge whether practice or speculation is of greater value. They despise me for the meanness of my descent; I despise them for their indolence: I am upbraided with my success; they with their crimes. I am of opinion that nature is always the same, and common

to all; and that those who have most virtue have most nobility. Suppose it were possible to put the question to the fathers of Albinus or Bestia, whether they would rather have chosen me for their descendant, or them? What answer do you think they would make, but that they should have desired to have had the most deserving men for their sons? But if they have reason to despise me, they have the same cause to despise their ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, took its rise from their military virtue. They envy my advancement: let them likewise envy my toils, my integrity, my dangers; for by these I gained it.

These men, in truth, blinded with pride, live in such manner as if they slighted the honors you have to bestow, and yet sue for them as if they had deserved them. Deluded men! to aspire at once after two things so opposite in their nature,—the enjoyment of the pleasures of effeminacy, and the fruits of a laborious virtue! When they harangue too before you, or in the Senate, they employ most of their eloquence in celebrating their ancestors, and vainly imagine that the exploits of these great men reflect a lustre on themselves: whereas it is quite the reverse; for the more illustrious were the lives of the dead, the more scandalous is the spiritless and unmanly behavior of these their descendants. The truth of the matter is plainly this: the glory acquired by ancestors is like a light diffused over the actions of their posterity, which suffers neither their good nor bad qualities to be concealed.

This light, Romans, is what I lack; but what is much more noble, I can recount my own achievements. Mark the inconsistency of my adversaries! What credit they arrogantly claim to themselves for the exploits of others, they deny me for my own; and what reason do they give for it? why, truly this: that I have no images of my ancestors to show, and my nobility is no older than myself. But surely it is more honorable for one to acquire nobility himself than to debase that which he derives from his predecessors.

I am sensible, Romans, that if they were to reply to what I now advance, they would do so with great eloquence and force. Yet as they have given a loose rein to their calumniating tongues on every occasion — not only against me, but likewise against you — ever since you have conferred this dignity on me, I was resolved to speak, lest some should impute my silence to a consciousness of guilt. Though I am abundantly satisfied that

no words can injure me,—since if what is said be true, it must be to my honor; if false, my life and conduct will confute it,—yet because your determination is blamed, in bestowing on me the highest dignity of the State, and trusting me with the conduct of affairs of such importance, I beseech you to consider whether you had not better alter your choice. I cannot indeed boast of the images, triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors, to raise your confidence in me; but if it be necessary, I can show you spears, banners, collars of merit, and other military distinctions, besides a body scarred with honorable wounds. These are *my* statues! These are the proofs of *my* nobility! not derived from ancestors, as theirs are, but such as I have myself won by many toils and dangers.

My language is too unpolished; but that gives me small concern,—virtue shows itself with sufficient clearness. They stand in need of the artful colorings of eloquence to hide the infamy of their actions. Nor have I been instructed in the Grecian literature! Why, truly, I had little inclination to that kind of instruction, which did not improve the authors of it in the least degree of virtue. But I have learned other things far more useful to the State: to wound the enemy; to watch; to dread nothing but infamy; to undergo cold and heat alike; to lie on the bare ground; to bear hunger and fatigue. These lessons shall animate my troops; nor shall I ever be rigorous to them and indulgent to myself, or borrow my glory from their toils. This is the mode of commanding most useful to the State; this is what suits the equality of citizens. To treat the army with severity while you indulge yourself in ease and pleasure is to act the tyrant, not the general.

By conduct like this, our forefathers gained immortal honor both to themselves and the republic: while our nobility, though so unlike their ancestors in character, despise us who imitate them; and demand of you all public honors, not on account of their personal merit, but as due to their high rank. Arrogant men;—how mistaken! Their ancestors left them everything in their power to bequeath: their wealth, their images, their high renown; but their virtue they did not leave them, nor indeed could they; for it can neither be given nor received as a gift.

They hold me to be unpolished and ill-bred, because I cannot entertain elegantly, have no buffoon, and pay no higher wages to my cook thán to my steward,—every part of which accusation,

Romans, I readily admit: for I have learned from my father and other venerable persons that delicacy belongs to women, labor to men; that a virtuous man ought to have a larger share of glory than of riches; and that arms are more ornamental than splendid furniture.

But let them still pursue what is so dear and delightful to them: let them indulge in wine and pleasure; let them spend their old age, as they did their youth, in banqueting and the lowest sensual gratifications; let them leave the fatigues and dangers of the field to us, to whom they are more welcome than the most elegant entertainments! Even this they will not do; for after debasing themselves by the practice of the foulest and most infamous vices, these most detestable of all men endeavor to deprive the brave of the rewards that are due to them. Thus — by the greatest injustice — luxury and idleness, the worst of vices, are noway prejudicial to those who are guilty of them; while they threaten the innocent commonwealth with unmerited ruin.

Now, since I have answered these men as far as my own character was concerned, though not so fully as their infamous behavior deserved, I shall add a few words concerning the state of public affairs. And first, Romans, be of good courage as to Numidia: since you have now removed all that hitherto secured Jugurtha; namely, the covetousness, incapacity, and haughtiness of our commanders. There is an army stationed in Africa, well acquainted with the country, but indeed less fortunate than brave; for a great portion of it has been destroyed by the rapaciousness and rashness of its commanders. Do you, therefore, who are of age to bear arms, join your efforts to mine, and assume the defense of the commonwealth; nor let the fate of others, or the haughtiness of the late commanders, discourage any of you: when you march, when you engage, I will always be with you to direct your campaign, and to share every danger. In a word, I shall desire you to act no otherwise in any instance than as you see me act. Moreover, all things are now ripe for us, — victory, spoil, and glory; and even though they were uncertain or distant, it would still be the duty of every good citizen to assist the State. No man ever became immortal by inactivity; nor did ever any father wish his children might never die, but rather that they might live like useful and worthy men. I should add more to what I have already said, if words could inspire cowards with bravery: to the valiant I think I have said enough.

GEORGES SAND

GEORGE SAND

(BARONNE DUDEVANT: Born Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin)

(1804–1876)

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME THÉRÈSE BLANC)

IF GENIUS means creative faculty constantly renewed, and powerful and fertile inspiration, then George Sand certainly had more genius than any other female writer. Others are distinguished by a more chastened talent, or have soared to the heaven of art on a steadier wing; but none have surpassed her in magnificent spontaneity. One of her latest critics — speaking of her ample and copious style, which satisfied even Flaubert, yet is frequently disparaged by modern chiselers of "artistic writing" — uses the expressive Latin phrase *lactea ubertas;* giving the idea of an abundant stream of generous milk ever gushing forth and overflowing. M. Jules Lemaître adds that this quality resembles natural kindness of heart, and is its near relative. And he is right. George Sand was above all else kind-hearted, and was most womanly in this; she was truly feminine also in her extraordinary power of assimilation, — which however did not interfere with her originality, as everything she absorbed, whether ideas or knowledge, seemed to blossom in a new and personal form when she applied it.

Nothing is more interesting than to go to the source of her life to find the determining causes of her work; and to her friendships, chosen in the most varied spheres, to follow the evolutions of her thought. One can then see that she was an admirable instrument, formed by nature in one of her exceptional moods, to vibrate with extraordinary intensity under every influence approaching her. The aspirations, failures, doctrines, the good and evil, of half a century, palpitate in her noble fictions, even though we can here and there discern the errors of a mind led astray by enthusiasm. Every problem interesting to contemporary humanity attracted her broad sympathies. Long before those avowed apostles of pity, the Russian writers, she felt that "for those who are born compassionate, there will always be something to love, and consequently to pity, serve, and suffer for, on earth." She was the first who said forcibly that the most living and religious source of the progress of the human mind was in the idea of solidarity.

And this is why she will always be great, in spite of the transformation of taste, which in the name of pretended realism declares

this idealist somewhat out of fashion. It is not her fault if her instinct always led her to write poetic rather than analytic works. According to her theories of art,—and very instructive theories they are,—a novel should be a mixture of both, with true situations and characters grouped around a type intended to personify the sentiment of the book. The author must not be afraid to give this sentiment all the force with which he aspires to it himself, but must on no account degrade it in the play of events. He may moreover lend it powers above the average, and charms and sufferings beyond the probabilities admitted by the greater number of minds. Above all, the author must beware of thinking that he does not need a faith of his own for writing, and that it is enough to reflect facts like a mirror. «No, this is not true: readers are attracted only to the writer with an individuality, whether this pleases or shocks them.» This phrase is in a letter which George Sand wrote me, while she emphasized the following words: «The soul must not be void of faith, for talent cannot develop in a vacuum; it may flutter there for a moment, but only to expire.»

Truly this has nothing in common with the cruel impersonality so boasted of nowadays: this is not the novel as understood by M. Zola, who has never agreed with her that true reality is made up of both beauty and ugliness, and that the will to do good finds its place and use after all; nor is it the laborious effort, often driven to the point of anguish, of her friend Flaubert, who used to torture himself to find an epithet, and to whom she said, when scolding him: «Feed on the ideas and sentiments stored in your brain and your heart; . . . *form*, which you think so important, will be the result of your digestion, without any help. You consider it an aim,—it is only an effect.» The minutely detailed psychology of a certain school was equally foreign to her, although she has made some superb and profound studies of character: fraternal jealousy in 'Jean de la Roche,' and Prince Karl's jealousy of the past in 'Lucrezia Floriani,' —merely to mention one of the passions into which she delved deeply. But her aim was to interest, above all else, and who shall dare to say that she was wrong? In her eyes supreme impartiality was something anti-human; incompatible with the novel, whose prime object is to be human. She wrote for the sheer delight of giving the best of her heart and brains to many others. As for the improbabilities she is accused of trying to make people accept on principle, we must admit that very often nothing is more improbable than reality itself, especially when that reality is the life of George Sand; whence, as may be readily understood, she drew her inspiration with an artist's privilege. Every contrast can be found in it; the wildest extravagance of fancy as well as a bourgeoise simplicity.

Aurore Dupin was born the year of Napoleon's coronation, at the apogee of the glories of France; which she always loved passionately, while at the same time she had an extremely correct opinion of the faults of the Latin races, particularly that lack of practical common-sense she was so aware of in herself, and which condemns one either to be led or made use of by others. Nevertheless there was a mixture of foreign blood in her veins; and strangely enough, she had inherited her republican soul through royal descent,—twice branded, however, with the stigma of illegitimacy. She was a descendant of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; for her grandmother was a natural daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe, and had married M. Dupin de Francueil. It was impossible for those who, like me, knew her in her old age, not to compare her, on seeing her so calm, dignified, and tenderly devoted to her children, to that noble woman who had been the lady of the manor of Nohant before her, had brought her up, and bequeathed her some of her tastes, among them a love for music.

Madame Dupin had known Gluck and Piccini; she interpreted the old masters—Porpora, Hasse, Pergolese—etc., with deep feeling, in spite of her semi-paralyzed fingers and voice cracked by old age, but once so magnificent. Through her, her granddaughter received those musical impressions that abound in the delightful story of 'Consuelo,' where George Sand displays so complete an acquaintance with the manners and spirit of the eighteenth century. Madame Dupin de Francueil had, besides her talents and most remarkable mental qualities, all those natural virtues that can be strengthened by philosophy in the absence of religious belief.

The direction given by such a mother had already begun to bear its fruits in Maurice, the father of the future George Sand,—a brave soldier during the Revolution, who became a handsome officer of the First Empire, and died young, but had the intuitive gift of writing, as his brilliant and gushing letters prove; yet his excellent heart had inherited certain ancestral weaknesses. He became attached to a girl of low birth and no education, who had already been led into sorry adventures. And so the blood of kings and heroes mingled with that of the lower-class Parisians in the veins of the little girl, who at a later day was to transform the active qualities of her ancestors into qualities of imagination. Her maternal grandfather had been a bird-seller, who plied his trade on the quays of the Seine; and it is interesting to note the love that George Sand had all her life for feathered folk. She has spoken of them almost as eloquently as of music and children,—those divine themes which her pen never exhausted. And the fascination was reciprocal. In her garden at Nohant she used to walk surrounded by a flock of sparrows and

goldfinches, who trustfully pecked from the hands held out to them, just as she describes it in 'Teverino.'

George Sand owed something more than her love of birds to her mother,—whom she loved passionately, but whose inferior station, barely tolerated by the family, made the daughter suffer keenly;—I mean a deep tenderness for the poor and lowly, an advanced predilection for outlaws of all sorts, a revolt against social prejudices and conventionalities, and a certain bohemianism that—in her youth especially—was constantly struggling against that good-breeding which nevertheless served her so well for giving her personages the tone proper to good society. Her most perfect specimen of this is the old Marchioness in 'Le Marquis de Villemer'; yet in spite of her plebeian sympathies, the same refinement appears everywhere. And here we have the evidence of her grandmother's and the convent's influence.

Aurore Dupin's years at the English nuns' convent contributed not a little to the formation of a peculiar manner, in which so many contrary elements were combined. Her free-thinking grandmother had put her in this pious retreat out of respect to the customs of society. She wished the dreamy and untrained child, who had grown up in all the freedom of country life, and was adopting peasant habits, to learn good manners. Let us hasten to add that for our future joy, George Sand always remained somewhat a peasant; we owe her admirable pastoral novels to this rustic substratum. She certainly conceived their germ in the *ruminating life* she led when quite a child at Nohant, in the company of little shepherds who charmed her with the legends she used so well later on.

The convent made a mystic of this wild creature, but not at once, for she bore her well-deserved name of Madcap a long time; still, the influence of a group of women of the highest moral superiority acted upon her by degrees. She has rendered them the most grateful homage in her 'Memoirs,' recognizing that the years spent in that great female family were the happiest and most peaceful of her life.

Religious idealism seems to have been innate with George Sand. Brought up by a Voltairean grandmother with contempt for what she called superstitions, she had made up a religion for herself out of a compound of mythology, fairy stories, and theories of political equality gathered in her childish readings—seemingly least fitted to suggest it. Her first *poetic* effort—and this word must be used from the beginning in speaking of her prose—was written to extol Corambé; a beneficent genius, to whom she raised altars in the park at Nohant when about eleven years old, at the time when she was under the double spell of the Iliad and 'Jerusalem Delivered.' Jesus and his Gospel succeeded the somewhat pagan phantom she had adored

during her pensive childhood: the most ardent piety seized her, and she came near consecrating herself to a religious life; this would have been a great loss to French literature. Fortunately the wisdom of the nuns curbed her excessive zeal; yet all through life she had that sacred pain, which has been so aptly termed "the anguish of divine things." If it had not been for this, she never could have expressed, as she did many years later in 'Spiridion,' all the agony endured by the soul of a young priest on losing his faith. The influence of her intimacy with Abbé de Lamennais can be traced here; but there is more than that,—there is a personal experience.

Aurore astounded her grandmother by coming home a Catholic. She soon ceased to find certitude in dogma, however. A most irregular course of reading led her helter-skelter through all philosophies and all literatures. Spinoza seized her; her admiration made her set Leibnitz above all metaphysicians; she came in turn under the ascendency of Châteaubriand, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron; but her real master was Rousseau. By her first novels especially she belongs to his school; no freer from the great fault of declamation than he, as enamored of nature as he had been, and able to speak the burning language of love as he had known how to speak it.

If it is true that modern pedagogy, by following methods and giving an important place to science, has the inevitable result of killing women's imagination and making them uniform, then George Sand was a most privileged creature; for she was brought up without a plan,—educating herself hap-hazard, learning a little Latin when quite a child with Deschartres, her deceased father's preceptor, and no doubt picking up many other things as well, while with that learned and eccentric man. She was influenced by the convent next, where her ardor for learning was somewhat benumbed; and finally turned loose in a library, where like a bee she made honey of everything.

A perfect rage for reading and physical exercise, long hours of study alternating with long rides, were her peculiarities, when some of her imprudent friends thought it was time to marry this young girl, so entirely free from coquetry or even the desire to please. Her large, black, dreamy eyes seemed ever following some inward vision, and gave her, as she says herself, a stupid look; in fact she never was *bright* at any period of her life. Her conversation was not brilliant, although she has often made her written dialogues extremely so; talking tired her, and the George Sand of future literary dinners usually played there a mute part. Melancholy by reflection, she needed gayety; and this silent creature often surprised those about her by sudden outbursts of animal spirits. Moreover, she never thought herself handsome. (Balzac, who has described her as

Camille Maupin in his novel 'Beatrix,' has contradicted her on this point.)

She was given in marriage to M. Dudevant, the son of a retired colonel. He had been an officer himself, but was now nothing but a hunting country-gentleman, and at times a hard drinker. It will surprise no one that this hasty and ill-assorted union was unhappy. It is more astonishing that it should have lasted nearly ten years. To give it so long life, it needed the all-powerful assistance of maternity,— George Sand's really great passion, and her only lasting and indestructible one. She nursed her children herself; took care of them night and day, even at the beginning of her restless career; always found the time to look after them most tenderly; and at last, in the later period of her life, when she had calmed down, she became the indefatigable educator of her granddaughters. She was most skillful with her needle, and did not despise any household detail. I saw her thus when she was sixty years old; but when she was twenty she enjoyed dancing the *bourrée* with the peasants on holidays as well.

Finally all this was not enough for her, and she went to Paris for a short time every year; but as her husband, the master of their common fortune, gave her a ridicuously small allowance, she utilized her talents in order to live,— made crayon portraits, painted miniature ornaments, or collaborated with several journalists from her native province of Berri, for the Figaro. These articles never were remarkable, as George Sand had neither the requisite spirit and dash, nor had she any talent for brevity; although later she succeeded several times in short stories, as those rare pearls 'Lavinia,' 'Metella,' etc., prove. By a remarkable coincidence, 'Lavinia,' published before 1838, resembles Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' published in 1860, almost stroke for stroke.

One year when she was in the country, having read much of Walter Scott, she wrote her first novel. "Having read it over," she says ingenuously, "I concluded that it was good for nothing; but that I could write some not quite so bad." She had found her vocation.

At first Jules Sandeau wrote with her, and later left her half his surname. As for "George," it is as common a name in Berri as "Patrick" in Ireland. The courts did not decree the legal separation of M. and Madame Dudevant until 1836. It was in favor of the latter, intrusting her with the education of her two children; this proves that all the blame cannot have been hers. By this time she had published her masterpieces, if one can apply this term to George Sand's novels,— for perhaps there is not a perfect one among them, except the pastoral novels. Working without any plan, stopping as if

exhausted when she had said all that was pent up in her, she usually broke down at the dénouement.

These captivating early works are pre-eminently works of passion. It would be a mistake to consider them the voluntary unveiling of the author's life; but one is certain to find it everywhere, and apparently in spite of herself. 'Indiana' was surely not the cry of her personal revolt against marriage, for the selfish lover in it is not any nobler than the tyrannical husband; but just here George Sand has demonstrated with the deepest feeling, in which many a memory echoes, how far she considers a woman superior to man when love is at stake. She seems to be less severe in her opinions with Jacques, a heroic husband, who resolves to commit suicide, so as to save his wife from the shame of becoming guilty towards him. There is no less audacity and horror of conventional forms in 'Valentine,' where aristocratic prejudices are trampled under foot by the descendant of an illustrious race, in favor of the son of a peasant. The dangerous doctrine that love can dictate duties superior to law is brought forward in these burning pages, and must have served as an excuse to many sensitive souls that went astray; and we may say that they must have been among the best and noblest of such souls, for George Sand never knew how to use the demoralizing language that appeals to base natures.

'Lélia' must be considered a magnificent prose poem, as all the characteristics of the most elevated poetry are found in it: amplitude, rhythm, brilliancy, and powerful imagery. Taken as a whole, it is more out of date than all George Sand's other novels, just on account of this excessive poetic enthusiasm. Yet it is the one containing the greatest beauties. The characters seem like incarnated myths or allegories. Lélia represents agonized aspirations towards the sublime, although we recognize that duality in her which is more or less noticeable in every one, but was present in so extraordinary a degree in George Sand. Sténio, while he recalls Alfred de Musset, typifies the struggles of an inspired poet, whose weak and vacillating will betrays him to seducing sensualism. The priest Magnus stands for the demoralized and fanatic clergy as George Sand saw it; for she was always the enemy of the clergy, if not of religion. As for the philosophical idea,—uniting as it does, in its absurd and entangled action, such strange characters as Trenmor the virtuous convict, Pulchérie the wise courtesan, etc., who all argue and declaim,—we have the key to it; for when George Sand wrote 'Lélia,' she was painting the agonized state of her own soul facing a terrible enigma. She had reached her thirtieth year without having had her eyes opened to the realities of life; and then suddenly found herself in a great social centre where all the sadness, want, vice, and injustice of

the world confronted her. Up to that time she had wept over her own woes; now she felt like an atom among the millions of creatures crushed by inexorable fate. Her despair is reflected in the character of Lélia, in whom the evil of doubt and the thirst for truth are warring; her heart, incapable of finding happiness anywhere, is consumed with boundless desires; and she dies without having gratified them.

The subject of 'Mauprat' is simpler and more wholesome. It is the effect of passion, working for good this time, upon a wild, violent, and apparently untamable creature, in whom the pure young girl he adores creates a conscience, and as it were, a soul. The supreme power of ennobling love was a subject dear to George Sand. She takes it up again in 'Simon'; where a semi-peasant, by his merit and talents, becomes the equal of the high-born lady. And both these beautiful books end by a happy marriage, no more nor less than a fairy tale. 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' if it were not the most delightful of fancies without the intention of proving anything, would lead us to believe that clandestine marriages have the greatest chance of being the happiest.

In 'Leone Leoni' George Sand reverses the subject of 'Manon Lescaut,' and shows us how a weak and gentle woman is bewitched and subjugated to the very last by a man most unworthy of her. In 'La Dernière Aldine,' she makes us, by sheer art, accept the somewhat delicate subject of the love of a great Venetian lady for her gondolier; this love, however, for some unknown reason remaining perfectly chaste.

We must not forget that this bold and mad harvest, in which common-sense has no place, was grown in 1830,—the era of all Utopias and anticipated possibilities; when a new world seemed about to be born on the ruins of the old. This was the time when Théophile Gautier went to the theatre with long hair and a pink satin waistcoat, when Balzac wore a monk's white robe instead of a dressing-gown, and when George Sand used to cut off her beautiful black locks and wear masculine attire, making herself look a boy of twelve in it on account of her diminutive stature. However much may have been said about this, she never wore those unbecoming clothes except in an intermittent way, finding them more convenient and less expensive than others.

Up to 1840 George Sand wrote under the impulse of feeling, following no system; later on, a system was grafted on the feeling without destroying it. Lamennais's humanitarian Christianity, Michel de Bourges's revolutionary tirades, Pierre Leroux's dreamy socialism,—all took hold on her either successively or at once. With more zeal than discernment she made herself the echo of the most

advanced principles of political equality and of communism. These ideas led her to publish 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France,' in which an aristocratic maiden openly declares her resolution to marry into the lower classes, so as to belong to them herself; 'Le Meunier d'Angibault,' wherein an obstinate artisan proudly refuses the hand of the young countess he adores, because she represents the wealth he would not have at any price (fortunately she becomes poor, and rejoices at it as if it were the greatest happiness); and 'La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,' that misty sequel to the sunny and harmonious story of 'Consuelo,' with all its theosophical and humanitarian allegories, that at times make us yawn. If however we leave out the political harangues, carbonarism, and other chimeras, what magnificent fragments there are in these partisan books!—although their romantic imagination is smothered by the medley of accumulated dissertations and arguments. Still the author is always arguing and fighting for progress and reforms; and some of these have been achieved since,—in a less radical way, no doubt, than she would have wished, yet they would have gratified her. George Sand was in open rebellion against every kind of slavery. She greatly admired 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' saying of Harriet Beecher Stowe: «I do not know whether she is a genius, but she has more than genius,—she surely is a saint.» She spurned the limits of sex, and above all things despised hypocrisy. As regards what is called the «woman question» to-day, Margaret Fuller certainly went as far as she did, while she had many more illusions on woman's native nobility; but setting talents aside, there is a difference between them, delicately expressed by Margaret Fuller herself:—«Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must not be sustained by passionate error. They must be religious students of the Divine purpose with regard to men, if they would not confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good.»

In order to rest after her socialist campaigns, George Sand would wing her flight to dreamland; and it was wise of her to do so, for we would now willingly give up all the dullness of 'Horace' and the turgid speeches in 'Le Péché de M. Antoine,' for that one day's drive on charming roads when a group of tourists, brought together by good luck, have that accidental meeting with Teverino, the vagabond genius, beautiful as a young god, and disporting himself free and naked under his wreath of reeds, in the bluest of lakes. He needs only to don gentleman's clothes to be one, and an accomplished one at that; he plays the part for a time, scorns it, and disappears. What a delightful excursion beyond the vulgarities of every-day life!

The idyl too always seized George Sand as soon as she left the streets of Paris, and returned to the peace and refreshing breezes of her beloved Nohant. After the fiery and rather bombastic eloquence and paradoxes found in her other works launched against society, the artless speech of her peasants is most restful reading.

There is no purer, simpler, nor more beautiful French than that which adapts itself so perfectly to the humble subjects of 'La Mare au Diable' and 'François le Champi.' Some critics have said that George Sand's peasants were not real. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be very closely studied from the honest and laborious population of central France; and however much they may be idealized, they are far more like those I have known than the brutes painted by the masters of the so-called naturalistic school, the latter evidently preferring to look at their coarseness through a magnifying glass. George Sand did the reverse; she set off the best traits of these primitive natures, with whom she had the greatest affinity. The revolution of 1848 tore her from her eclogues; her friends dragged her into the very thick of the fight, and used her as a sonorous instrument. She drew up 'Lettres au Peuple' and the 'Bulletins de la République'; but her illusions about the new form of government could not hold out against the bloody days of June: she says that "disgust drove her to solitude, where she faced her free and revolted conscience"; and she now went back to her best, her noblest inspirer,—Nature. Whether she carries about a broken heart in Italy after a celebrated quarrel, or gayly climbs the Alps with Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult,—whether she spends the winter at Majorca nursing Chopin, or wanders dreamily along the sunken lanes of the Black Valley and the banks of the Indre,—she never fails to reflect the humble or striking beauties surrounding her, or to make a soul vibrate in them. She has the marvelous and peculiar art of infusing a human emotion into external and inanimate objects —which then seems to emanate from them. Has she not written an immortal page on perfume and memory, in connection with a sage leaf she had bruised between her fingers?

Nohant was a salutary retreat for her in every respect. She spent the greater part of her life there in close communion with the earth, frequently cultivating it with her own hands, and drawing her favorite subjects of study from plants and stones. Nothing interested her more than natural history. She gave herself up to it with ardor; convinced that constant study was imperative, and that if a writer does not lay up a treasure of knowledge, the tool he uses, though ever so fine, will be wielded in vain. Botany and geology filled her days, and she read much besides: science, history, everything interesting her. In the evening, other things were read aloud in the

family circle; very often plays were acted. According to her fixed habit, she wrote at night after every one had retired, never failing to cover twelve large quarto pages before going to bed,—her inspiration being so tractable.

As she grew older she went to Paris less frequently, except when there was a question of performing one of the plays she willingly dramatized from her novels. She was passionately fond of the stage and all connected with it; and liked to put actors and showmen of all sorts in her books, as she did in 'L'Homme de Neige,' 'Le Château des Désertes,' 'Pierre qui Roule,' etc. But when it came to writing a play, she did not always show the qualities the stage demands,—such as logical sequence in a briskly carried action, sparkling dialogue, and a sense for comic situations. Several of her comedies or dramas, however, were very successful; viz., 'Le Mariage de Victorine,' 'Claudie,' and 'Le Marquis de Villemer.' She made a great many plays for her own little theatre at Nohant, never neglecting her marionettes, who inspired 'Le Diable aux Champs,' and for whom her fairy fingers were always making new costumes.

In the novels written towards the close of her life there is not a trace of that sensual ideality once considered such a grave fault in the author of 'Lélia'; pure and spotless ideality shines in them: and it seemed to cost her no effort to write those charming, fantastic tales for her granddaughters,—tales any child can enjoy, but needing refined scholars to do them full justice. She kept abreast of all new efforts in literature with interest and sympathy, yet always repeating that "art for art's sake" was a vain phrase; that art for whatever is worthy, and for the general welfare, should be the aim of all study; that when there is a beautiful sentiment in one's soul, it becomes a duty to find such expression for it as will make it enter into many other souls. For this reason she, the great democrat, could not belong to the haughty schools that despise the general public—the masses—to the degree of frequently using language intelligible only to a handful of the initiated. Neither would she admit, feeling *all* humanity vibrate within herself, that this humanity was to be represented by scoundrels, villains, and fools alone; nor that truth was to be found merely in the painting of evil. These may have been old-fashioned ideas; but by remaining true to them, this inexhaustible Scheherazade found the means of keeping an audience composed of all classes attentive to her ever fresh and youthful stories, and raised her readers above the obscenity so complacently provided for them elsewhere. Being sincerely modest, she did not believe in posterity, imagining that it would take her at her own valuation. Once they were finished, she completely forgot her novels. "'Consuelo'—what is that?" she asked Flaubert. "I do not remember a single

word of it. Are you indeed reading it, and does it really amuse you? If so, I must read it again and be pleased with myself, because you are."

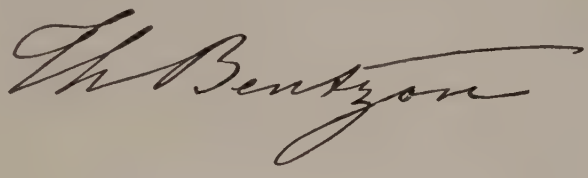
Death found her as busy as ever. Two days before the end, although she at times suffered acutely, she wrote cheerfully: "I feel stronger and freer within myself than ever." She passed away in her seventy-third year, before her powers had waned.

Those who wish to enter further into this life, in which personal vicissitudes are so closely connected with the evolution of genius, will find all of George Sand in 'L'Histoire de ma Vie,' where she has drawn so correct a portrait of herself,—although she tells us hardly more than the story of her childhood and early youth, to the eternal regret of scandal-mongers; in the 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' those poetic disclosures that she occasionally made to the public in an impersonal yet most transparent form; and finally in her 'Correspondence,' which reveals her great warm heart perfectly. One cannot fail to be touched on seeing her, while busy writing a hundred volumes, lavish kindness unceasingly on every claimant, answering every question, counseling young authors and giving them letters of introduction, helping hesitating talent to discover its vocation, pleading for exiles or political prisoners; and most bountifully putting her time, her words, her influence, even when it cost her the most, at the disposal of others. This 'Correspondence' shows how her adversaries themselves respected her; and how anxious the Emperor Napoleon III., whom she petitioned more than once, was to please her.

After reading these letters covering a period of over fifty years, and where she always appears to be the slave of her family, tender to her friends, helpful to a swarm of strangers who thought themselves authorized to intrude upon her on account of her unbounded generosity,—no one will be surprised that she should have blessed the hour of rest when it came. She had already given old age a smiling welcome, saying that it was "so good of God to calm us by taking away those stings of personality that are so sharp in youth. How can people complain of losing some things with age," she added, "when, on the contrary, they gain so many others? when our ideas grow broader and more correct, when our heart softens and grows larger, and our victorious conscience may at last look back and say, 'I have done my task!'" Her special task had been to bear high aloft the banner of ideality and liberty, to love and glorify the humble, and to rise above herself by work. She had earned more than a million francs by her pen in the days when literature had nothing in common with merchandise, and she had given all this fortune to others.

When one day in June 1876 she dropped that valiant pen, she surely had also earned the right to a gentle, uninterrupted sleep in the pretty little cemetery at Nohant. She did not believe that death was the end, but held to a perpetual ascent towards infinite goodness and infinite truth. And she would laughingly say that she hoped she might go to some planet where reading and writing were unknown, so she might rest "for good." Indeed, she had a right to rest after having exercised the most beautiful sovereignty over the minds of two generations,— a sovereignty not yet at an end, although just now it seems somewhat eclipsed.

The future will winnow her abundant but uneven work, and separate the tares from the wheat; and of the latter there will remain a well-filled measure fully sufficing for her glory.



THE CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH AUGUSTINES

From 'The Story of my Life'

THIS convent was one of the three or four British communities established in Paris during Cromwell's ascendency. . . .

It is the only one now in existence, its house having endured the various revolutions without suffering greatly. Its traditions say that Henriette of France, the daughter of our Henry IV. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, had often come to pray in our chapel with her son James II. All our nuns were English, Scotch, or Irish. Two-thirds of the boarding pupils and lodgers, as well as some of the priests who came to officiate, belonged to these nations. During certain hours of the day the whole school was forbidden to speak a word of French, which was the best means for learning English rapidly. Naturally our nuns hardly ever spoke anything else to us. They retained the habits of their country; drank tea three times a day, allowing those among us who were good to take it with them.

The cloister and the church were paved with long tombstones, beneath which were the venerated bones of those Catholics of Old England who had died in exile, and been buried by favor in this inviolable sanctuary. There were English epitaphs and pious

inscriptions everywhere on tombs and walls. Large old portraits of English princes and prelates hung in the Superior's room and in her private parlor. The beautiful and amorous Mary Stuart, reputed a saint by our chaste nuns, shone there like a star. In short, everything in that house was English, both of the past and of the present; and when within its gates, one seemed to have crossed the Channel. All this was a "nine days' wonder" to me, the Berri peasant.

My grandmother on presenting me could not forego the little vanity of saying that I was very well informed for my age, and that it would be a waste of time to put me in a class with young children. The school was divided into two sections: a junior and a senior class. By my age I belonged to the juniors, where there were about thirty boarding pupils between six and fourteen years old. By my reading, and the ideas it had developed, I belonged to a third class that would have had to be created for me and two or three others; but I had not been trained to work methodically, and did not know a word of English. I understood a great deal about history, and even philosophy; but I was very ignorant, or at least very uncertain, about the order of epochs and events. I might have been able to talk about everything with the professors, and perhaps have seen a little clearer and a little further than those who directed us; but the merest college fag would have greatly puzzled me on facts, and I could not have passed a regular examination on any subject whatever. I felt this perfectly; and was much relieved to hear the Superior say that as I had not yet been confirmed, I should have to enter the junior class.

We were cloistered in the full sense of the word. We went out twice a month only, and never spent a night out except at New-Year's. There were vacations, but I had none; as my grandmother said she preferred not to interrupt my studies, so as to have me at the convent a shorter time. She left Paris a few weeks after our separation, and did not come back for a year; then went away for another year. She had demanded that my mother was not to ask to take me out. My cousins the Villeneuves offered me their home for all holidays, and wrote to my grandmother for her permission. I wrote too, and begged her not to grant it; and had the courage to tell her, that not going out with mother, I ought not and did not wish to go out with any one. I trembled lest she should not listen to me; and

though I felt the need and the wish to enjoy these outings, I made up my mind to pretend illness if my cousins came to fetch me armed with a permit. This time my grandmother approved my action; and instead of finding fault, praised my feeling in a way I found rather exaggerated. I had done nothing but my duty; yet it made me spend two whole years behind bars.

We had mass in our chapel, received visits in the parlor, took our private lessons there; the professor being on one side of the grating while we were on the other. All the convent windows towards the street had not only gratings, but immovable linen screens besides. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden and plenty of company. I must confess that I never felt the rigors of captivity for an instant; and that the minute precautions taken to keep us locked up and prevent us from getting a glimpse of the outer world, often made me laugh. This care was the only stimulant we had to long for freedom; for there was not one of us who would ever have dreamt of crossing her mother's threshold unattended: yet almost every girl at the convent watched for the opening of the cloister door, or peeped furtively through the slits in the linen screens. To outwit supervision, go down into the court three or four steps, see a cab pass by, was the dream and the ambition of forty or fifty wild and mischievous girls, who the very next day would go about Paris without in the least enjoying it; because once outside the convent inclosure, stepping on the pavement and looking at people were no longer forbidden fruit.

[After describing the immense and complicated medley of buildings within this inclosure, their inconvenient and illogical arrangement, «so scattered that one lost a quarter of a day going to and fro,» and the curious way the one hundred and twenty or thirty persons living there were lodged,— some crowded into the closest quarters, while others were spread over more space than ten families would have needed for living at ease,— George Sand describes the nuns' cells, their cleanliness, and how their patient devotion ornamented them with the trifles dear to the pious heart. She then resumes as follows: —]

My first feeling on entering the junior school-room was a painful one. Thirty girls were crowded into a room neither large nor high enough for the number. Its walls were covered with ugly yolk-of-egg-colored paper, the ceiling was stained and cracked, the benches, tables, and stools were all dirty, the stove was ugly and smoky, and the smell of coal was mixed with that

coming from the near poultry-yard; the plaster crucifix was common, the flooring broken, and we were to spend two thirds of the day here, three quarters of it in winter,—and it was winter just then.

I do not know of anything more unpleasant than the custom followed in educational arrangements of making school-rooms the saddest and most forlorn of places: under the pretense that children would spoil the furniture and ruin the ornaments, people take away everything that would stimulate their imagination. They pretend that pictures and decorations, even the patterns on the wall-paper, would make them inattentive. Why are churches and chapels decorated with paintings and statues, if not to elevate the soul and revive its languor by the sight of venerated objects? Children, we are told, have dirty and clumsy habits. They spill ink over everything, and love to destroy. Surely they do not bring these tastes and habits from their homes, where they are taught to respect whatever is beautiful or useful; and as soon as they are old enough to think, they never dream of doing the mischief that becomes so attractive at school only because there it is a sort of revenge on the neglect and parsimony practiced upon them. The better they are housed, the more careful they would be. They would think twice before soiling a carpet or breaking a frame. Those ugly bare walls in which you shut them up soon become an object of horror; and they would knock them down if they could. You want them to work like machines, and make their minds run on by the hour, free from all personal consciousness and untouched by all that makes up life and the renewal of intellectual life. That is both false and impossible. The studying child has all the needs of a creating artist. He must breathe pure air; his body must be at ease; he must have things to look at, and be able to change his thoughts at will by enjoying form and color. Nature is a continual spectacle for him. By shutting him up in a bare, sad, unwholesome room, you suffocate his heart and brain as well as his body. I should like everything around a city child to be cheerful, from its cradle. The country child has the sky, trees, plants, and sun. The other is too often stunted both physically and morally by the squalor of a poor home, the bad taste of a rich one, or the absence of all taste in the middle-class home.

Why are Italians born, as it were, with a feeling for the beautiful? Why does a Veronese mason, a Venetian tradesman,

a peasant of the Roman Campagna, love to look at fine monuments? Why do they understand good pictures and music, while our proletarians more intelligent in other respects, and our middle class though educated with more care, love what is false, vulgar — even ugly — in art, unless a special training corrects their instincts? It is because we live amidst what is ugly and vulgar; because our parents have no taste, and we hand down the traditional bad taste to our children. It would be so easy to surround childhood with things at once noble, agreeable, and instructive.

[Owing to her grandmother's Voltairean principles, Aurore Dupin's religious training had been rather neglected: this shocked her present pious teachers. The means taken to correct this seemed silly to her already philosophical mind; and after a short time she decided to «set her cap on her ear and join the *devils*' camp.» This was the name given to those who were not pious. The latter were called «the good,» while there was an intermediate variety called «the stupid.» Mary G——, a bright Irish girl, generally spoken of as «the boy,» became Aurore's best friend, after ridiculing her and nicknaming her *Rising Sun* (Aurora) and *Some Bread* (Du pain). Being the leading spirit in the *devils*' camp, she offered to admit Aurore to its ranks.]

«You shall be initiated this evening.»

I waited for night and supper very impatiently. Recreation time began as soon as we left the refectory. In summer the two classes went to the garden. In winter each class went to its own room: the seniors to their fine and spacious study; we to our forlorn quarters, where there was no room to play, and where our teacher forced us to «amuse» ourselves quietly,— that is, not at all. Leaving the refectory always made a momentary confusion, and I admired the way the «devils» of the two classes managed to create the slight disorder under whose favor one could easily escape. The cloister had but one little lamp to light it: this left the other three galleries in semi-darkness. Instead of walking straight ahead towards the juniors' room, you stepped to the left, let the flock pass on, and you were free. I did so, and found myself in the dark with my friend Mary and the other «devils» she had told me would be there. . . . They were all armed, some with logs, others with tongs. I had nothing, but was bold enough to go to the school-room, get a poker, and return to my accomplices without being noticed.

Then they initiated me into the great secret, and we started on our expedition.

The great secret was the traditional legend of the convent: a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from "devil" to "devil," for about two centuries; a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up somewhere in an impenetrable retreat: either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or in a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basements extending beneath the monastery as well as under a great part of the Saint-Victor district. There were indeed magnificent cellars there,—a real subterranean city, whose limits we never found,—and they had many mysterious outlets at different points within the vast area of the inclosure. We were told that at a great distance off, these cellars joined the excavations running under the greater part of Paris and the surrounding country as far as Vincennes. They said that by following our convent cellars you could reach the Catacombs, the quarries, the Baths of Julian, and what not. These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries: an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, and whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there, in spite of the insurmountable difficulties of the enterprise, and the terrible punishments the discovery of our secret would provoke.

Entering these subterranean domains was one of those unhoped-for strokes of good luck that occurred once, or at most twice, in the life of a "devil," after years of perseverance and mental effort. It was of no use thinking of getting in by the main door. That door was at the bottom of a wide staircase next to the kitchens, which were cellars too; and here the lay sisters congregated.

But we were sure that the vaults could be reached by a thousand other ways, even by the roof. According to us, every nailed-up door, every dark corner under a staircase, every hollow-sounding wall, might communicate mysteriously with the subterranean region; and we looked for that communication most earnestly up to the very attic.

I had read Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Castle of the Pyrenees' at Nohant, with terror and delight. My companions had many another Scotch and Irish legend in their heads, all fit to set one's hair on end. The convent too had innumerable stories of its own lamentable events,— about ghosts, dungeons, inexplicable apparitions, and mysterious noises. All this, and the thought of finally discovering the tremendous secret of the *victim*, so kindled our imaginations that we were sure we heard sighs and groans start from under the stones, or breathe through the cracks of doors and walls.

We started off, my companions for the hundredth, I for the first time, in search of that elusive captive,— languishing no one knew where, but certainly somewhere, and whom perhaps we were called to discover. She must have been very old, considering how long she had been sought in vain! She might have been over two hundred years old, but we did not mind that! We sought her, called her, thought of her incessantly, and never despaired.

That evening I was led into the oldest and most broken-up part of the buildings,— perhaps the most exciting locality for our exploration. We selected a little passage with wooden railings overlooking an empty space without any known outlet. A staircase with banisters led to this unknown region, but an oaken door forbade access to the stairs. We had to get around the obstacle by passing from the railing to the banisters, and walk down the outside of the worm-eaten balusters. There was a dark void below us whose depth we could not fathom. We had only a little twisted taper (a "rat"), and that hardly let us see more than the first steps of the mysterious staircase.

We were at the bottom in a moment; and with more joy than disappointment found that we were directly under the passage, in a square space without any opening. Not a door nor window, nor any explicable purpose for this sort of closed vestibule. Why was there a staircase leading into a blind space? Why was there a strong padlocked door shutting off the staircase?

The little taper was divided into several lengths, and each one began examining for herself. The staircase was made of wood. A secret spring in one of the steps must lead to a passage, another staircase, or a hidden trap. While some explored the staircase, and tried to force its old planks apart, others groped along the wall in search of a knob, a crack, a ring, or any of the

thousand contrivances mentioned in the chronicles of old manors as moving a stone, turning a panel, or opening an entrance into unknown regions.

Alas, there was nothing! The wall was smooth and plastered. The pavement sounded dull; not a stone was loose, and the staircase hid no spring. One of us looked further. She declared that in the extreme corner under the staircase the wall had a hollow sound; we struck it, and found it true. "It's here!" we all exclaimed. "There's a walled-up passage in there, but that passage leads to the awful dungeon. That is the way down to the sepulchre holding the living victims." We glued our ears to the wall, heard nothing; still the discoverer maintained that she could hear confused groans and clanking chains. What was to be done?

"Why, it's quite plain," said Mary: "we must pull the wall down. All of us together can surely make a hole in it."

Nothing seemed easier to us; and we all went to work,—some trying to knock it down with their logs, others scraping it with their shovels and tongs,—never thinking that by worrying those poor shaky walls, we risked tumbling the building down on our heads. Fortunately we could not do much harm, because the noise made by the logs would have attracted some one.

We had to be satisfied with pushing and scratching. Yet we had managed to make quite a noticeable hole in the plaster, lime, and stones, when the bell rang for prayers. We had just time to repeat our perilous escalade, put out our lights, separate, and grope our way back to the school-rooms. We put off the continuation of the enterprise till the next day, and appointed the same place of meeting. Those who got there first were not to wait for those who might be detained by punishment or unusual surveillance. Each one was to do her best to scoop out the wall. It would be just so much done towards the next day's work. There was no chance of any one's noticing it, as no one ever went down into that blind hall-way given over to mice and spiders.

We dusted each other off, regained the cloister, slipped into our respective class-rooms, and were ready to kneel at prayers with the others. I forget whether we were noticed and punished that evening. It happened so often that no single event of the kind has any special date in the great number. Still we could often carry on our work with impunity.

The search for the great secret and the dungeon lasted the whole winter I spent in the junior class. The wall was perceptibly damaged, but we were stopped by reaching wooden girders. We looked elsewhere, ransacked twenty different places, never having the least success, yet never losing hope.

One day we thought we would look for some mansard window which might be, so to speak, the upper key to the so ardently desired subterranean world. There were many such windows, whose purpose we ignored. There was a little room in the attic where we practiced on one of the thirty pianos scattered through the establishment. We had an hour for this practice every day, and very few of us cared for it. As I always loved music, I liked to practice. But I was becoming more of an artist in romance than music; for what more beautiful poem could there be than the romance in action we were pursuing with our joint imaginations, courage, and palpitating emotions?

In this way the piano hour became the daily hour for adventures, without detriment, however, to the evening ones. We appointed meetings in one of these straggling rooms, and from there would go to the "I don't know where" or the "As you please" of fancy.

From the attic where I was supposed to be playing scales, I could see a labyrinth of roofs, sheds, lofts, and slopes, all covered with moss-grown tiles and decorated with broken chimneys, offering a vast field for new explorations. So on to the roof we went. It was not hard to jump out of the window. Six feet below us there was a gutter joining two gables. It was more imprudent than difficult to scale these gables, meet others, jump from slope to slope, and run about like cats; and danger, far from restraining, only seemed to stimulate us.

There was something exceedingly foolish, but at the same time heroic, in this mania of *seeking the victim;* foolish, because we had to suppose that the nuns, whose gentleness and kindness we worshiped, were practicing horrible tortures upon some one; heroic, because we risked our lives every day to deliver an imaginary creature, who was the object of our most generous thoughts and most chivalrous undertakings.

We had been out about an hour, spying into the garden, looking down on a great part of the courts and buildings, and carefully hiding behind chimneys whenever we saw a black-veiled nun, who might have raised her head and seen us in the clouds,

when we asked ourselves how we should get back. The arrangement of the roofs had allowed us to step or jump down. Going up was not so easy. I think it would have been impossible without a ladder. We scarcely knew where we were. At last we recognized a parlor-boarder's window,—Sidonie Macdonald's, the celebrated general's daughter. It could be reached by a final jump, but would be more dangerous than the others. I jumped too hurriedly, and caught my heel in a flat sky-light, through which I should have fallen thirty feet into a hall near the juniors' room, if by chance my awkwardness had not made me swerve. I got off with two badly flayed knees, but did not give them a second thought. My heel had broken into a part of the sash of that deuced window, and smashed half a dozen panes, which dropped with a frightful crash quite near the kitchen entrance. A great noise arose at once among the lay sisters, and through the opening I had just made, we could hear Sister Theresa's loud voice screaming, "Cats!" and accusing Whisky—Mother Alippe's big tom-cat—of fighting with all his fellows, and breaking all the windows in the house. But Sister Mary defended the cat's morals, and Sister Helen was sure that a chimney had fallen on the roof. This discussion started the nervous giggle that nothing can stop in little girls. We heard the sisters on the stairs, we should be caught in the very act of walking on the roofs, and still we could not stir to find refuge. Then I discovered that one of my shoes was gone,—that it had dropped through the broken sash into the kitchen hall. Though my knees were bleeding, my laughter was so uncontrollable that I could not say a word, but merely showed my unshod foot, and explained what had happened by dumb show. A new explosion of laughter followed, although the alarm had been given and the lay sisters were near.

We were soon reassured. Being sheltered and hidden by overhanging roofs, we could hardly be discovered without getting up to the broken window by a ladder, or following the road we had taken. And that was something we could safely challenge any of the nuns to do. So when we had recognized the advantage of our position, we began to me-ouw Homerically, so that Whisky and his family might be accused and convicted in our stead. Then we made for the window of Sidonie, who did not welcome us. The poor child was practicing on the piano, and paying no attention to the feline howls vaguely striking her

ear. She was delicate and nervous, very gentle, and quite incapable of understanding what pleasure we could find in roaming over roofs. As she sat playing, her back was turned to the window; and when we burst into it in a bunch, she screamed aloud. We lost little time in quieting her. Her cries would attract the nuns; so we sprang into the room and scampered to the door, while she stood trembling and staring, seeing all this strange procession flit by without understanding it nor recognizing any one of us, so terrified was she. In a moment we had all dispersed: one went to the upper room whence we had started, and played the piano with might and main; another took a roundabout way to the school-room. As for me, I had to find my shoe, and secure that piece of evidence, if I still had the time. I managed to avoid the lay sisters, and to find the kitchen entry free. *Audaces fortuna juvat*, said I to myself, thinking of the aphorisms Deschartres* had taught me. And indeed I found the lucky shoe, where it had fallen in a dark corner and not been seen. Whisky alone was accused. My knees hurt me very much for a few days, but I did not brag of them; and the explorations did not slacken.

I needed all this romantic excitement to bear up against the convent regulations, which went very much against me. We were fed well enough, yet that is a thing I have always cared least for; but we suffered most cruelly from the cold, and that year the winter was very severe. The rules for rising and retiring were as harmful as they were disagreeable to me. I have always loved to sit up late, and not to rise early. At Nohant I had done as I pleased — read or written in my room at night, and not been compelled to confront the morning cold. My circulation is sluggish, and the word "cool-blooded" describes both my physical and my mental organization. A "devil" among the "devils" of the convent, I never lost my wits, and did the wildest things in a solemn way that always delighted my accomplices; but the cold really paralyzed me, especially during the first half of the day. The dormitory was in the mansard roof, and so icy that I could not go to sleep, but sadly heard every hour of the night strike. At six o'clock two servants came and waked us pitilessly. It has always seemed a melancholy thing to me to rise and dress by lamplight. We had to wash in water whose icy crust we

*Her father's tutor.

had to break, and *then* it could not be washed with. We had chilblains, and our feet bled in our tight shoes. We went to mass by candle-light, and shivered on the benches or dozed on our knees, in the attitude of piety. At seven o'clock we breakfasted on a piece of bread and a cup of tea. At last, on reaching the school-room, we could see a little light dawn in the sky, and a bit of fire in the stove. I never thawed until about noon; I had frightful colds, and sharp pains in all my limbs, and suffered from them fifteen years later.

But Mary could not bear complaining; being as strong as a boy, she made pitiless fun of all who were not stoical. She taught me to be pitiless towards myself. I deserved some credit for this, for I suffered more than any one else; and the Paris climate was killing me already. Sallow, apathetic, and silent, I seemed the calmest and most submissive of persons when in the school-room. I never *answered back:* anger was foreign to my nature, and I do not remember having an attack of it during the three years I spent in the convent. Thanks to this disposition, I was always loved, even at the time of my worst impishness, by my most disagreeable companions and the most exacting teachers and nuns. The Superior told my grandmother that I was "still waters." Paris had frozen the fever of movement I had had at Nohant. Yet this did not prevent me from climbing over roofs in the month of December, or spending whole evenings bare-headed in the garden in the middle of winter: for we hunted "the great secret" in the garden too; and when the doors were closed, we got down there by the windows. And that was because we lived by our brain at those times, and I never noticed then that I was dragging about a sick body.

LÉLIA

[Written in 1833, the period of passion and despair. In this magnificent, fiery, yet at times absurd poem of doubt and despair, Sténio sometimes stands for Alfred de Musset, and again for the Ideal; while Lélia is at once George Sand, and the human soul warred upon and torn by its dual nature.]

"The prophets are crying in the desert to-day, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf: it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. — A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark

of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will float for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so. I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before that immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice,— that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways,— is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science; is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your skepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring

hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old.»

«You see far into the future, Sténio! You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty,—never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'»

«No, all is not passing away!» said Sténio. «Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice, which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the bosom of Egypt—Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the

papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power,—the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchres of the East,—the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption,—the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"*Knowledge* is not *power*," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold—the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals! Cold, that discolors

all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun."

A TRAVELER'S LETTERS

I REMEMBER that when I was a child the hunters, towards autumn, brought home beautiful, gentle, blood-stained ring-doves. They would give me those that were still alive, and I took care of them. I did it with all the ardor and tenderness a mother lavishes upon her children, and was able to cure some of them. When their strength came back they grew sad, and refused the fresh beans they had pecked so greedily from my hand during their illness. As soon as they could spread their wings they became restless, and wounded themselves by dashing against the bars of their cage. They would have died of grief and fatigue if I had not set them free. And so, though I was a most selfish child, I trained myself to sacrifice the pleasure of possession to the pleasure of generosity. The day I carried one of my doves to the window was always one of keen emotion, triumphant joy, and invincible regret. I would kiss it a thousand times, and beg it to remember me, return, and feed on the tender beans in my garden. Then I would unclose my hand, but instantly close it again, so as to retain my friend, and embrace it anew with a swelling heart and brimming eyes. At last, after

much hesitation and many efforts, I would set it on the window-sill. It would remain motionless for a time, as though amazed, and almost afraid of its happiness; then start off with a little cry of joy that went to my very heart. I would follow it a long time with my eyes; and when it had disappeared behind the mountain-ash trees of the garden I began to weep bitterly, and made my mother anxious all day long by looking both ill and depressed.

When we parted, I was proud and happy to see you restored to life; and I attributed some of the glory of having brought this about to the care I had taken of you. I dreamed of better days, of a calmer life, for you. I saw you revive to youth, to affection, to glory. But when I had set you on shore,—when I found myself alone in that gondola as black as a coffin,—I felt that my soul was departing with you. The wind was tossing nothing but a sick and stupefied body on the restless lagoon. A man was waiting for me on the steps of the Piazzetta. "Courage!" he said. "Yes," I replied, "you said that same word to me one night when he lay dying in our arms, when we thought he had but an hour to live. Now he is saved, is on his way, is going to his country, his mother, his friends, his pleasures. 'Tis well; but think what you please of me, I regret that horrible night when his pale head rested on your shoulder and his cold hand lay in mine. He was here between us then, he is here no more. You are weeping too, though you shrug your shoulders. Your tears, you see, can argue no better than I do. He is gone; it was our wish: but he is here no longer—and we are in despair."

G. Sand.

The most beautiful object I saw at Chamonix was my daughter. You cannot imagine the self-possession and pride of this eight-year-old beauty at liberty in the mountains. Diana must have looked so as a child, when, as yet unskilled to follow the wild boar in horrible Erymanthea, she gamboled with young fawns on the gentle slopes of Hybla. Solange's fresh complexion fears neither wind nor sun. Her partly opened bodice leaves her strong chest bare, and nothing can sully its immaculate whiteness. Her long fair hair floats in soft ringlets down her supple and vigorous back, which nothing ever tires: neither the mules' hard and hurried step, nor a race down abrupt and slippery slopes, nor the tiers of rocks which have to be scaled for hours together. Brave and serious at all times, her cheek colors with

pride and scorn when any one tries to help her on. As robust as a mountain cedar, and fresh as a flower of the valley, she seems to divine, although she does not yet know, the value of intelligence; that the finger of God has touched her brow, and that some day she is destined to rule those by moral force whose physical power protects her now. At the Glacier des Bossons she said to me: "When I'm a queen, you may be sure, my dear George, that I'll give you the whole of Mont Blanc."

Her brother, although five years older, is less vigorous and less daring. Tender and gentle, he recognizes and instinctively reveres his sister's superiority; but he knows equally well that kind-heartedness is a treasure. He often says, "She will make you proud: I shall make you happy."

Perpetual care and joy of our life, our despotic flatterers, greedy for the very least pleasures, skillful in obtaining them either by persistency or obstinacy, frankly selfish, instinctively sure of their too legitimate independence,—children are our masters, no matter how firm we may pretend to be with them. In spite of their natural kindness, mine signalize themselves amongst the most fiery and difficult to manage; and I confess I know no way to make them bend to social forms, before society itself makes them feel its marble angles and iron harrows. I can find no good reason to give, to a spirit fresh from the hand of God and enjoying its free integrity, for subjecting it to so many useless and foolish servitudes. Unless I had such habits as I have not, and such charlatanism as I neither could nor would have, I do not understand how I could dare ask my children to recognize the pretended necessity of our ridiculous fetters. Therefore I have but one means,—authority: and I use it when I must,—that is, very rarely; besides, it is a thing I would not advise any one to try, unless they have the means of making themselves loved as much as feared.

Truly, no one had ever sufficiently praised the beauty of the sky and the charms of Venice to us. On fine evenings the lagoon is so calm that the stars do not tremble upon it. Out in the middle, it is so blue and smooth that the eye loses the horizon line, and sky and water become an azure veil, where revery loses its way and falls asleep The air is so pure and transparent that one discerns five hundred thousand times more stars in the sky than can be seen in our northern France. I have seen nights when there were so many stars that their silvery

whiteness held more space in the vault of the firmament than the blue of the ether. There was such a sprinkling of diamonds that there was quite as much light as the moon gives in Paris. I do not wish to insinuate anything against our moon: she is a pale beauty whose melancholy says more to our intellect than this one does, perhaps. Hazy nights in our mild provinces have charms that no one has enjoyed more than I, and that no one has less desire to disown. Nature here, being more vigorous in her influence, may perhaps silence the intellect a little too much. She sends thought to sleep, agitates hearts, and rules the senses. Unless one be a man of genius, it is useless to think of writing poems during these voluptuous nights: one must either love or sleep.

There is one delightful spot for sleeping: it is the flight of marble steps leading from the viceroy's garden to the Canal. When the gilded gate is closed on the garden side, you can be rowed in a gondola to these flagstones still warm with the setting sun's rays, and not be disturbed by any intruding pedestrian unless he has the means of reaching you by the faith St. Peter lacked. I have spent many an hour there all alone, thinking of nothing, while Catullo and his gondola slept out on the water, within call of my whistle. When the midnight breeze blows over the lime-trees, and shakes their blossoms on the water; when the perfume of geraniums and clove-trees rises in puffs as if the earth were exhaling balmy sighs under the moon's gaze; when the cupolas of Santa Maria raise their alabaster hemispheres and their turban-crowned minarets to the sky; when water, sky, and marble — the three elements of Venice — are all white, and a great brazen voice floats over my head from the tower of St. Mark,— I begin to live by my pores alone, and woe to him who might come and appeal to my soul! I vegetate, rest, forget. Who, in my place, would not do the same? How could you expect me to worry about finding out whether Mr. So-and-So has written an article on my books, or whether Mr. What's-his-Name has declared my principles dangerous and my cigar immoral? All I can say is, that these gentlemen are very good to trouble about me, and that if I had no debts I should not leave the viceroy's steps to give them food for scandal at my desk. «*Ma la fama*,» says proud Alfieri. «*Ma la fame*,» gayly replies Gozzi.*

* «But — fame!» «But — hunger!»

I defy any one to prevent me from sleeping agreeably when I see Venice, so impoverished, so oppressed, and so wretched, defy Time and men to prevent *her* from being beautiful and serene. There she is, all around me, looking at her reflection in her lagoons, with the air of a sultana; and are not those fishermen who sleep on the pavement of the opposite shore both winter and summer, with no other pillow than a granite step, and no other mattress than their slashed jackets, a great example of philosophy as well? When they have not the wherewithal for a pound of rice, they sing a chorus to forget their hunger; and in the same way they defy both their masters and their misery, accustomed as they are to brave heat, cold, and squalls. It will take many a year of slavery to completely brutalize this careless and frivolous disposition, that has lived on amusements and festivities so many years. Life in Venice is still so easy! Nature there is so rich and so readily turned to account! The sea and the lagoons teem with fish and game, and there is enough shellfish caught in the open streets to feed all the population. Gardens make excellent returns: there is not a corner of that rich clay which does not generously produce more fruits and vegetables than a field on *terra firma.* Every day, boats loaded with fruits, flowers, and such sweet-smelling herbs that their perfumed trace can be scented in the early morning mist, come in from the thousand islets dotting the lagoon. The port being free, foreign commodities are not dear; the most exquisite wines from the Archipelago cost less at Venice than the commonest wine at Paris. Oranges arrive from Palermo in such profusion that on the day the Sicilian vessel comes into port, ten of the finest can be bought for four or five cents of our money. Hence animal life is the least cause of expense at Venice, and the transportation of provisions is so easily effected that it fosters the indolence of the natives. Market produce comes to your house-door by water, and hucksters pass through the streets and over the bridges. The exchange of money for daily food is managed by means of a rope and basket. In this way a family can be abundantly supplied without going out, or even sending a servant. What a difference between this convenient mode of existence and the laborious toil that a family merely half-poor is obliged to perform every single day in Paris, and then only to dine worse than the poorest Venetian workman! What a difference too, between the preoccupied and serious faces of the

people who jostle each other and hurry, get muddy and elbow their way through the Parisian crowd, and the easy-going pace of these Venetians, who sing as they crawl along, and lie down every now and then on the smooth, warm pavement of the quays! The traders who bring their whole stock to Venice daily in a single basket are the jolliest wags in the world, and retail jokes with their wares. The fishmonger, at the close of his day's wanderings, tired and hoarse after shouting all the morning, comes and sits down in a square or on a parapet; and to sell his remnants he throws out the most ingenious invitations to all who pass by, or to the smokers on the neighboring balconies. "Just look!" he says: "this is the finest fish I had in the whole lot! I kept it till now, because I know that rich people dine later than others nowadays. See these fine sardines, four for two centimes. One glance of the pretty housemaid at this fine fish, and another into the bargain at the poor fisherman!" The water-carrier makes puns while offering his merchandise. "*Aqua fresca e tenera.*" The gondolier at his station solicits passengers with marvelous offers. "Are we going to Trieste this evening, my lord? Here is a fine gondola, not afraid of a gale on the high seas, and a gondolier who can row to Constantinople without stopping!"

Unexpected pleasures are the only pleasures in this world. Yesterday I wanted to see the moon rise on the Adriatic; I never could induce Catullo the elder to take me to the shore of the Lido. He pretended what they all pretend when they do not want to obey, that wind and tide were against him. I most cordially wished the doctor to the deuce for having sent me this asthmatic fellow, who gives up the ghost at every stroke of his oar, and chatters more than a thrush when he is in his cups. I was in the worst kind of humor when, in front of the Salute, we met a boat slowly gliding down towards the Grand Canal, shedding the sounds of a delicious serenade, like a perfume, in its wake. "Turn your prow," I said to old Catullo: "I hope you'll have at least the strength to follow that boat."

Another boat loitering about there followed my example, then a second one, and yet another; and at last, all those out breathing the evening freshness on the Canalazzo, and even some empty boats, began to row towards us, their gondoliers shouting "Music! Music!" in as famished a way as the Israelites clamoring for manna in the desert. In ten minutes a flotilla had formed about the dilettanti; every oar was silent, and the boats

were carried on by the current. The harmony swept softly on with the breeze, and the oboe sighed so tenderly that every one held his breath for fear of interrupting its love-plaints. The violin began to weep so sadly and with so sympathetic a quivering that I dropped my pipe and pulled my cap down to my eyes. Then the harp let us hear two or three scales of harmonious sounds which seemed to come down from heaven, and promise the caresses and consolations of angels to suffering souls on earth. Next the horn came out of the heart of the woods, as it were; and each one of us thought he saw his first love come from the heights of the forests of Frioul, and draw near to the joyous sound of the flourish. The oboe addressed her with more passionate words than those of a dove following its beloved through the air. The violin breathed throbs of convulsive joy; the harp made its deep strings vibrate generously, as if they were the palpitations of a flaming heart; and the tones of the four instruments clasped each other like blessed souls embracing before departing for heaven together. I caught and held their accents, and my imagination heard them long after they had ceased. Their passage had left a magic warmth in the atmosphere, as if Love had shaken it with his wings.

A few moments of silence, which no one dared to break, followed. The melodious bark began to move more rapidly, as if it wished to escape from us; but we dashed in its wake. We were like a flock of petrels fighting to be the first to seize a gold-fish. We pressed around it, the great steel saws of our prows shining in the moonlight like the fiery teeth of Ariosto's dragons. The fugitive freed itself in Orpheus's manner: a few chords on the harp made all fall into silence and order again. At the sound of the light arpeggios, three gondolas took their place at either side of the one carrying the symphony, and followed the adagio with a religiously slow movement. The others dropped behind, forming a retinue; and this was not the worst place for hearing. These rows of silent gondolas, gliding so gently down the wide and magnificent Venetian canal, were a sight made to realize the loveliest of dreams. At the sound of the sweetest strains of 'Oberon' and 'William Tell,' every ripple, every light rebound of the oars, seemed to respond fondly to the sentiment of each musical phrase. The gondoliers, standing in their bold attitude at the stern, were outlined against the blue air like thin black spectres, behind the groups of friends and lovers they were rowing. The moon was rising slowly, and began to show her

inquisitive face above the roofs; she too seemed to be listening, and to like the music. One of the palace-lined banks of the Canal, still steeped in darkness, stenciled its huge Moorish lace-work, blacker than the gates of hell, against the sky. The other bank received the reflection of the full moon, now as broad and white as a silver shield, on its serene and silent façades. This immense line of fairy-like buildings, illumined by no other light than that of the heavenly bodies, was truly sublime in its look of solitude, repose, and immobility. The slender statues, rising by hundreds against the sky, seemed flights of mysterious spirits charged to protect the mute city's rest, plunged thus in a slumber like that of the Sleeping Beauty, and condemned like her to sleep a hundred years and more.

We rowed along thus for nearly an hour. The gondoliers had become rather wild. Old Catullo himself bounded at the allegro, and followed the rapid course of the little fleet. Then his oar would take an amoroso movement at the andante, and he would accompany it with a sort of grunt of beatitude. The orchestra halted under the portico of the White Lion. I leaned over to see «my lord» step out of his gondola. He was a splenetic child of seventeen or eighteen, burdened with a long Turkish pipe, that he could not have smoked completely without becoming consumptive to the last degree. He looked very much bored; but he had paid for a serenade that I had enjoyed far more than he, and for which I was very much obliged to him. G. Sand.

SIMON

[The Count de Fougères had emigrated before the Revolution. During his exile he had been a merchant in Istria, had married an Italian, and when he returned brought a daughter, Fiamma, with him. She having republican blood in her veins,—the blood of those brave bandits who had held out against Austria to the death,—does not want to have the old aristocratic privileges revived in her favor. The novel closes by her marrying Simon, —a young lawyer, the son of peasants,—who typifies all the sufferings of the intelligent and generous *déclassé* of society.]

Meanwhile the Count de Fougères came to take possession of his new home. The villagers were too anxious to make him pay a sort of «earnest money,» to spare him the infliction of new merry-makings and new honors. When he saw there

was no escape, he yielded gracefully and presented his "dear vassals" with a barrel of wine, at the same time wishing with all his heart that their warm affection towards him might cool a little. But that was not the way to do it. He was welcomed, extolled, complimented, awakened at dawn to the sound of bagpipes a second time, and re-bombarded with fire-crackers. He took it in good part, shook hands an incredible number of times, raised his hat even to the village dogs, composed an infinite quantity of variations on the invariable words of his gracious replies, endured the interminable and fatiguing conversations with evangelic patience; and having made himself as popular a sovereign as possible, went to bed worn out with fatigue, infected by proletarian miasmas, while his administrative brain calculated by how much he could raise this one's rent and lower that one's wages, on account of all these loans of paternal affability. Mademoiselle de Fougères displayed a disposition which was pronounced haughty and impertinent, by shutting herself up in her room during all these sentimental pasquinades. She remained invisible, and her father could not make her retiring sincerity bend to the politic considerations due to his position; she had a mute and respectful way of opposing him that broke him like a straw — him, so mean in thought, feeling, and language. He felt that he could rule that iron soul by conviction alone, and that the power to convince was precisely what he lacked. Feeling that it would be a hopeless task to punish his daughter, he was obliged to allow her to hide or be silent.

A few days after these extraordinary festivals, the village patron saint's day was to be celebrated. Monsieur de Fougères had gone to a cattle fair in Bourbonnais the previous day; for no sooner had he been made lord of the manor than he became a dealer again. Among all the persons who had testified their zeal, one thought he had not sufficiently bent the knee before his name and title. This was the village priest; a young man with neither judgment nor true piety, but who, having read some old ecclesiastical documents, wanted to resuscitate a singular custom at the earliest opportunity. On the patron saint's day the sexton was sent to Mademoiselle de Fougères, requesting her not to fail to be present at the blessing of the Holy Sacrament. This message surprised the young Italian very much. She thought it strange for a priest to arrogate to himself the right to point out her duty in such a manner. Nevertheless, she did not think she

could be excused from performing what her education rendered sacred. Still, fearing some such snare as she had hitherto been able to avoid, she did not go into the raised pew reserved for the ancient lords of Fougères,—a pew placed in full sight to the right of the choir, and now furnished with a rug and several arm-chairs at the priest's own expense. Fiamma waited until vespers had begun; then slipped into church in the plainest garments, and mingled with the crowd of women who in that part of the country kneel on the church pavement. She hated the flattery paid to any special class; but thought that before God she could not bow down with too much humility.

It was vain for her to hope to escape the village priest's scrutinizing glance, or the sexton's, who had been told to find her. The church was very small; and besides, the custom of the country separates the women from the men, and gathers the former in one of the naves. Between the 'Magnificat' and the 'Pange Lingua,' in the interval used by the officiating priest for putting on his pontifical vestments, the sexton passed through the feminine crowd, and in the priest's name came to beg Mademoiselle de Fougères to take a place more suited to her rank. When she refused to go to the pew, the obstinate assistant had an arm-chair and a hassock placed near the railing separating the two sexes at the entrance to the choir, just as he would have done for his bishop. He thought that Mademoiselle de Fougères would not be able to resist this flattering invitation, and concluded to go back to the altar.

In the mean time the rows of women separating Mademoiselle de Fougères from the insolent arm-chair had opened, and every eye seemed to be requesting her to condescend to take possession of it. Jeanne Féline alone, whose fervent prayer was somewhat disturbed, and whose honest and incorruptible good-sense was no less shocked, by what was going on, lowered her prayer-book, raised her hood, and fixed on Mademoiselle de Fougères a look in which the pride of virtue and the fire of youth shone amidst all the ravages of age and sorrow. Fiamma saw her, and recognized Simon's mother by a distant likeness of features and a striking similarity of expression. She had heard this woman's merit praised, and had wished for an opportunity to make her acquaintance. She therefore bore the look quietly, and by her own expressed that she was ready to enter into communication with her.

Madame Féline, as bold and ingenuous as truth itself, addressed her at once, and whispered:—

"Well, mademoiselle, what does your conscience bid you do?"

"My conscience," replied Fiamma unhesitatingly, "bids me stay here and offer you the arm-chair as a mark of respect due you."

Jeanne Féline was so far from expecting this answer that she was dumbfounded.

Mademoiselle de Fougères was not, like her father, a person who could be accused of courting popularity. She was said to have the opposite failing, and Jeanne could not understand why she had remained in the general crowd from the beginning of the ceremony. At length her face softened; and resisting Fiamma, who wanted to lead her to the arm-chair, she said:—

"No, not I: it would ill become me to take a place of honor before God, who sees the depths of all hearts and our weakness. But look! there is the oldest woman in the village,—one who has known four generations; she usually has a chair, but is kneeling on the ground to-day. They forgot her on your account."

Mademoiselle de Fougères followed the direction of Jeanne's gesture, and saw a centenarian, for whom some young girls had made a sort of cushion with their fustian cloaks. She went towards her, and with Madame Féline's assistance, helped her to rise and sit down in the arm-chair. The old woman did not resist, not understanding what was taking place, and thanked them by nodding her trembling head.

Mademoiselle de Fougères knelt on the pavement close to Jeanne, so as to be entirely hidden by the back of the great arm-chair; in which the ancient dame, who performed her religious duties by mere force of habit, owing to her age soon fell quietly asleep.

The priest, however, knowing that downcast eyes harmonize with the fervor of an officiator, could just see a woman with a white head-covering in the arm-chair. He fancied that his negotiations had been successful, and began to officiate calmly; but when the time came for the explosion of his great project, —when he had descended the three steps of the altar and knelt to burn incense before the Holy Sacrament, crossed the choir and walked towards the arm-chair to render the same honor to Mademoisellede Fougères according to ancient feudal custom,—he

noticed his mistake, and his arm remained suspended between heaven and earth; while all the congregation of the faithful, eyes and mouths wide open, were wondering why these unusual honors were being paid to Mother Mathurin.

The young priest did not lose his composure: but seeing that Mademoiselle de Fougères had carried her point, with a little obstinacy and malice showed her that she was not to have it all her own way; for turning briskly to the other side, he swung the censers towards the seignorial pew, thus giving the empty place the honors due more to the title than to its bearers. The whole village was amazed; and it took more than six months to make the commentators, who were worn out by inquiries and discussions, adopt the true version of the event. The relatives of the centenarian did not fail to say that she had been blessed in virtue of an ancient custom giving this preference to persons a hundred years old; and that the priest had found it in the archives of the commune. As for the old woman, being nearly blind and more than half asleep when she was thus honored, as her ear was fortunate enough to be forever closed to all human speech and all worldly noise, she died without ever knowing that she had had incense burned before her.

FRANÇOIS THE FIELD-FOUNDLING

Preface to 'François le Champi'

The moon shed a dim silver light on the paths through the darkened fields as R—— and I were on our way home from a walk. It was a mild and softly clouded autumn evening; and we were noticing the sonority peculiar to the air, as well as the indefinable mystery pervading nature at that season. One might say that as the heavy winter sleep draws nigh, all things and creatures furtively endeavor to enjoy the last remnants of life and animation before the fatal coming on of benumbing frost; and as if they wanted to cheat the flight of time, and feared to be surprised and interrupted in the last gambols of their merry-making, gave themselves up silently and without apparent activity to their nocturnal ecstasies. Birds utter smothered cries instead of the joyous flourishes of summer days. The insect in the furrows lets us hear an indiscreet exclamation now and then; but interrupts itself at once, and quickly transfers its

chirp or plaint to another rallying-point. Plants hasten to exhale their last perfume, all the sweeter for being subtler and long repressed. The fading leaves dare not quiver under the breath of the breeze; while the flocks graze in silence, without a sound of strife or love.

Even we, my friend and I, walked cautiously; instinctive meditation holding us mute, and as it were, observant of nature's softened beauty and the enchanting harmony of her last chords, now dying away in an imperceptible pianissimo. Autumn is a graceful and melancholy andante, admirably introducing the solemn adagio of winter.

At length my friend, who had followed my thoughts as I had followed his, in spite of our silence, said: "All this is so calm, and seems absorbed in a revery so foreign and indifferent to the labors, foresight, and cares of man, that it makes me wonder what expression, what coloring, what manifestation of art and poetry human intelligence could give to the physiognomy of nature at this particular moment. And to make the aim of my inquiry clearer to you, I will compare this evening, this sky and this landscape,— all of them so dim yet so harmonious and complete,— to the soul of a wise and pious peasant who works and profits by his labor, enjoys his peculiar kind of life without feeling the need or the wish, and without having the means to manifest or express, his inner life. I try to set myself in the heart of this mystery of rustic and natural life,— I, the civilized creature, who do not know how to enjoy by instinct alone,— and am forever tormented by the desire to render an account, both to myself and others, of my contemplation or my meditation."

"And then," continued my friend, "I am anxiously seeking what connection can be established between my too active intelligence, and the peasant's which is not active enough; just as I was wondering a while ago what painting, music,— in short, what the description, the translation by art,— could add to the beauty of this autumn night, which reveals itself to me by its mysterious reticence, and penetrates me although I do not know by what magic communication."

"Let me see whether I fully understand how the question is stated," I replied. "Let us take this October night, this colorless sky, this music without any marked or sequent melody, this calm of nature, and the peasant who by his simplicity comes nearer to enjoying and understanding, without describing it, than

we do,—and putting all these together, let us call it *primitive life*, relatively to our developed and complicated existence, which I will call *factitious life*. You ask what the possible connection, the direct link, between these two opposite states of the existence of things and creatures may be; between the palace and the cottage, the artist and his creation, the poet and the plowman."

"Yes," he resumed; "and to state it precisely,—between the language spoken by this nature, this primitive life, and these instincts, and that spoken by art, science,—in a word, by *knowledge*."

"To speak in the language you adopt, I should answer that the connection between *knowledge* and *sensation* is *feeling*."

"The definition of that *feeling* is precisely what I am questioning you about, while I am interrogating myself. The manifestation that so puzzles me is intrusted to it; this definition is the art—the artist, if you choose—commissioned to translate the candor, grace, and charm of primitive life for those who live the factitious life alone, and who are (permit me to say so) the greatest idiots in the world when they stand before nature and her divine secrets."

"You ask for nothing less than the very secret of art: seek that in the bosom of God, for no artist can reveal it to you. He does not know it himself, and could not give an account of either his inspiration or his impotence. How are we to express beauty, simplicity, and truth? Indeed, I do not know. And who could teach us? Not even the greatest artists could do it, for if they tried they would no longer be artists, but become critics; and as for criticism—!"

"Criticism," resumed my friend, "has been revolving around the mystery for centuries without understanding anything about it. But, pardon me, that is not precisely what I was asking. I am even more of a barbarian just now; I call the very power of art in question. I despise it; I annihilate it; I maintain that art is not born, that it does not exist, or if it has existed its time is past. It is worn out, it has no more forms, it has no more breath, it no longer has the means to sing the beauty of truth. Nature is a work of art; but God is the only existing artist, and man is but a tasteless compiler. Nature is beautiful; she exhales *feeling* at every pore: and with her, love and youth and beauty are undying. But man has only absurd means and miserable faculties for feeling and expressing them. He would do best if

he let them alone,—were silent and absorbed in contemplation. Come, what do you say to this?"

"That plan would suit me, and I should be quite content to follow it," I answered.

"Ah! you go too far," he exclaimed, "and enter into my paradox too fully. I am pleading: put in a rejoinder."

"Then I will say that one of Petrarch's sonnets has its own relative beauty equal to the beauty of the water at Vaucluse; that a Ruysdael landscape has a charm as great as that of such an evening as this; that Mozart sings as well in the language of men as Philomel in that of the birds; that Shakespeare presents passions, feelings, and instincts, just as the most primitive and truthful man can feel them. This is art, the connection,—*feeling*, in short."

"Yes, it is a work of transformation! But suppose it does not satisfy me? Even if you were right a thousand times over by all the decrees of taste and æsthetics, what if I find Petrarch's verses less harmonious than the sound of the waterfall, and feel the same about the rest? If I maintained that there is a charm in this evening that no one could reveal to me unless I had enjoyed it myself, and that all Shakespeare's passion is cold compared to what I can see blazing in a jealous peasant's eyes when he beats his wife, what would you say? The point here is to persuade my 'feeling.' And what if it eludes your examples, resists your proofs? Then art would not be an invincible demonstrator, and *feeling* not always satisfied with the best of definitions."

"I see nothing to reply to this, indeed, except that art is a demonstration whose proof is in nature; that the pre-existing fact of this proof is ever present to justify or contradict the demonstration, and that one cannot make a good one unless the proof is examined with love and faith."

"Then the demonstration cannot do without the proof; but may the proof not get along without the demonstration?"

"No doubt God could; but I am ready to wager that you, who are now talking as if you were not one of us, would not understand anything about the proof if you had not found the demonstration in a thousand forms in the tradition of art, and if you were not yourself a demonstration forever acting upon the proof."

"Ah! that's just the fact I am finding fault with. I should like to get rid of this eternal demonstration that so irritates me;

erase all forms and teachings of art from my memory; never think of painting when I look at a landscape, nor of music when I listen to the wind, nor of poetry when I admire and appreciate the whole effect. I should like to enjoy everything by instinct, because it seems to me that that cricket now chirping is more joyous and ecstatic than I.»

«In short, you complain of being a man.»

«No; but I complain of no longer being the primitive man.»

«It remains to be proved whether he enjoyed, since he could not understand.»

«I do not imagine him like the brutes. The moment he was a man he understood and felt differently. But I cannot form a clear idea of his emotions, and that torments me. Therefore I would like to be what present society permits a great many men to be from the cradle to the grave,—a peasant, and a peasant unable to read, but to whom God has given good instincts, a peaceful disposition, an honest conscience; and in that torpor of useless faculties and ignorance of depraved tastes, I believe I could be as happy as the primitive man dreamed of by Jean Jacques.»

«I often have the same dream myself: who has not? But it would not make your argument win the day, for the simplest and most ingenuous peasant is an artist after all; and I claim that their art is superior to ours. It has another form, but it appeals to my soul more than all those of our civilization. Rustic songs, tales, and stories, paint in a few words what our literature merely knows how to amplify and disguise.»

«Then I am right,» resumed my friend. «That art is purest and best because it goes to nature for inspiration; is in directer contact with it. I may have gone too far when I said that art was good for nothing; but I said too that I would like to feel as a peasant does, and I do not unsay that. There are some popular songs in Brittany, made by beggars, which in their three stanzas are worth all that Goethe or Byron ever wrote, and prove that the appreciation of the true and beautiful was more complete and spontaneous in those simple souls than in the most illustrious poets. And as for music? Have we not admirable melodies in our country? True, our peasants have no painting; but they have it in their speech, which is a hundred times more expressive, more energetic, and more logical than our literary language.»

«I admit that,» I answered: «and the last point particularly is a cause of despair; because I am obliged to write in the language of the Academy, when there is another I know so much better, and which is so far superior for expressing a whole order of emotions, sentiments and thoughts.»

«Yes, yes, the world devoid of art!» he said; «the unknown world, closed to our modern art, and that no amount of study will allow even you to express to yourself,—you, the peasant by nature,—if you wished to introduce it into the domain of civilized art, into the intellectual intercourse of artificial life.»

«Alas!» I replied, «that fact has often been in my mind. Like all civilized beings, I have seen and felt that primitive life has been the dream, the ideal, of all men and all times. From the shepherds of Longus to those of Trianon, pastoral life has been a perfumed Eden, where souls tormented and wearied by the world's tumult have tried to take refuge. Art, the great flatterer and obliging purveyor of consolation for all over-happy people, has gone through an uninterrupted series of *pastorals*. I have often wanted to write a learned and critical book entitled 'The History of Pastorals,' wherein all the various sylvan dreams so passionately cherished by the upper classes would have been reviewed. I should have followed their modifications, which were always in an inverse ratio to the depravity of morals, and grew purer and more sentimental in proportion as society became more shameless and corrupt. I wish I could *order* such a book from an author more capable of writing it than I am; and I should then read it with pleasure. It would be a complete treatise on art; for music, painting, architecture, literature in all its forms, the drama, poetry, novels, eclogue, songs, even fashions, gardens, and costumes, have had to submit to the infatuation of the pastoral dream. . . . I have often asked myself why there are no more shepherds; for we are not so impassioned for Truth in these latter days, that our arts and literature have the right to despise these conventional types in favor of those that fashion is now introducing. We are all given over to energy and atrocity at present, and are embroidering ornaments on the canvas of these passions, terrible enough to set our hair on end if we could but take them seriously.»

«If we have no more shepherds,» returned my friend,—«if literature no longer has that false ideal, which was worth as much as to-day's,—perhaps it is because art is making an unconscious

attempt to level itself, to put itself within the reach of all classes of intelligence. Does not the dream of equality, flung into society, drive art to become brutal and impetuous, so as to awaken the instincts and passions common to all men, of whatsoever rank they may be? Truth has not yet been reached. It lies no more in disfigured reality than in over-ornamented ideality: but it is quite evident that it is being sought; and if it is not well sought, the seekers are none the less eager to find it. For instance, the drama, poetry, and the novel have dropped the crook and taken up the dagger; and when rustic life is put upon the scene they give it a certain realistic form, not found in the pastorals of former days. Yet there is but little poetry in it, and I find fault with this; still I do not see the means of elevating the rustic ideal without heightening its color or blackening it. You have often thought of doing it, I know; but will you succeed?"

"I do not hope to," I replied; "for I have no form to cast it in, and my feeling for rustic simplicity finds no language for its expression. If I make the rustic speak as he really does, the civilized reader would need a translation on the opposite page; and if I make him speak as we do, then I make an unnatural creature of him, and have to pretend that he has ideas he really has not."

"And even if you did make him speak as he does, your own language would make a disagreeable contrast every moment; and you have laid yourself open to that reproach, in my opinion. You portrayed a rustic maiden, called her Jeanne, and put words in her mouth which strictly speaking she might say. But you, the novelist, wishing to make your readers share the attraction you feel in delineating the type, compare her to a druidess, a Joan of Arc, and what not. Your feelings and your words alongside of hers have the same incongruous effect as the clash of harsh tones in a picture; and I cannot quite enter into nature thus, even when it is idealized. You have made a better study of truth since then, in 'La Mare au Diable' [The Devil's Pool]. But I am not satisfied yet. The author still peeps out now and then; there are *authors' words* in it. . . . You must try again, even though you do not succeed; masterpieces are only successful attempts. Provided you make conscientious attempts, you may console yourself for not making masterpieces."

"I am consoled on that point beforehand," I replied, "and will begin again whenever you wish: advise me."

« Yesterday, for instance, we were at the rustic wake at the farm,» he said. « The hemp-breaker told stories up to two o'clock in the morning. The village priest's servant helped or corrected him: she was a somewhat cultured peasant; he was ignorant, but happily endowed and very eloquent in his own way. These two persons jointly told us a rather long, true story, which appeared to be a familiar novel. Do you remember it?»

« Perfectly, and I could repeat it literally in their very language.»

« Their language would need a translation: you must write in French, and not allow yourself a single word which does not belong to the language, unless it be so intelligible that a footnote would be useless for the reader.»

« I see you are setting me a task fit to make me lose my mind,—one I have never plunged into without coming out dissatisfied with myself, and penetrated by a sense of my weakness.»

« Never mind! You will plunge into it again; I know the artist nature: nothing stimulates you as much as obstacles, and you do poorly what you do without suffering. Come, begin,—tell me the story of the 'Champi'; but not as I heard it with you. It was a masterpiece for our minds and ears 'to the manner born.' Tell it as if there were a Parisian at your right speaking the modern language, and a peasant at your left before whom you would not wish to say a word or phrase he could not fathom. Thus you will have to speak plainly for the Parisian, simply for the peasant. One will rebuke you for absence of color, the other for that of elegance; but I shall be there too,—I, who am trying to find the conditions by which art, without ceasing to be art for every one, may enter into the mystery of primitive simplicity, and communicate to the mind the charm pervading nature.»

« We are going to make a joint *study*, it seems.»

« Yes; for I shall interfere when you stumble.»

THE BUDDING AUTHOR

From 'Convent Life of George Sand.' Copyright 1893, by Roberts Brothers

I BEGAN, of course, by writing verses; rebelling against the Alexandrine, which however I understood perfectly. I tried to preserve a sort of rhythm without attending to the rhyme or the cæsura; and composed many verses that had a great success among the girls, who were not very critical. At last I took it into my head to write a novel; and though I was not at all religious at that time, I made my story very pious and edifying. It was more of a tale, however, than a novel. The hero and heroine met in the dusk of evening, in the country, at the foot of a shrine, where they had come to say their prayers. They admired and exhorted each other by turns. I knew that they ought to fall in love, but I could not manage it. Sophia urged me on; but when I had described them both as beautiful and perfect beings, when I had brought them together in an enchanting spot at the entrance of a Gothic chapel under the shade of lofty oaks, I never could get any further. It was not possible for me to describe the emotions of love: I had not a word to say, and gave it up. I succeeded in making them ardently pious; — not that I knew any more about piety than I did about love; but I had examples of piety all the time before my eyes, and perhaps even then the germ was unconsciously developing within me. At all events, my young couple, after several chapters of travel and adventure that I have completely forgotten, separated at last, both consecrating themselves to God,— the heroine taking the veil, and the hero becoming a priest.

Sophia and Anna thought my novel very well written, and they liked some things about it; but they declared that the hero (who rejoiced, by the way, in the name of Fitzgerald) was dreadfully tiresome, and they did not seem to consider the heroine much more amusing. There was a mother whom they liked better; but upon the whole my prose was less successful than my verses, and I was not much charmed with it myself.

Then I wrote a pastoral romance in verse, still worse than the novel; and one winter day I put it into the stove. Then I stopped writing, and decided that it was not an amusing occupation, though I had taken infinite delight in the preliminary composition.

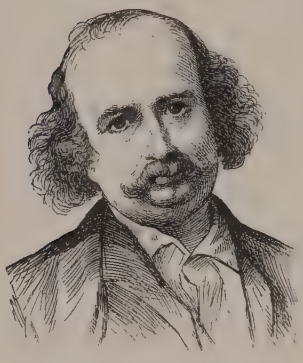
Translation of Maria Ellery Mackaye.

LÉONARD SYLVAIN JULES SANDEAU

(1811–1883)

When Jules Sandeau (as he is usually known) was a humble young law student, he visited Nohant, and there he met the young Baroness Dudevant (George Sand), whose influence was to change the whole course of his life. Up to that time he had pursued the regular routine of French boys.

Born in the heart of France—at Aubusson, in the Department of Creuse—in 1811, he passed his school days there; and then was sent to the law school in Paris. It was during one of his vacation trips that he and Baroness Dudevant discovered their congeniality of tastes and ambitions. She was heartily tired of her husband and of an irksome domestic life, and convinced of her own latent power of authorship; while Sandeau too inclined more toward literature than law. So they went to Paris together in 1831, when Sandeau was twenty and Madame Dudevant twenty-seven. There they rented a garret on the Quai Saint Michel, and toiled cheerfully for a meagre livelihood.



Jules Sandeau

Henri de Latouche, editor-in-chief of Le Figaro, became interested in these gifted young Bohemians. He subjected them to severe but helpful criticism, and accepted some of their sketches for his paper. At his suggestion they wrote a novel in collaboration,—'Rose et Blanche,' a colorless tale not indicative of either's power. It is said that Sandeau suggested the plot of George Sand's powerful novel 'Indiana.' He also furnished her with her *nom de plume:* George because upon St. George's day he advised her to try her hand alone, and Sand from his own name.

The *liaison* terminated in two years, when Sandeau went off to Italy; and with the exception of one moment's chance encounter, the two never met again. Unquestionably the strongly emotional period spent with the gifted young woman deepened Sandeau's nature, and stimulated all his faculties. He continued to write, and proved his possession of individual though not powerful talent. In 1839 'Marianna' appeared,—a delicate analysis of the ebb and flow of passion;

and its success enabled him to become a frequent contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes.

The true value of Sandeau's work lay in a nobility of sentiment which was the spontaneous expression of his own nature. He was always obliged to earn his own living; yet he never allowed mercenary considerations to affect the quality of his work. His novels are models of careful construction. He could not treat overwhelming passions; but his refined nature had an intuitive appreciation of the more delicate emotions acquired by civilized society. He was particularly fond of depicting the inevitable repulsion experienced by the ancient aristocracy when forced to meet and adapt itself to new and more democratic social conditions. This was the theme of 'Mademoiselle de la Seiglière,' and also of 'La Maison de Penarvan,' —two of his strongest books. That he could also write charmingly for children is shown in 'La Roche aux Mouettes.'

It was Sandeau's fate to be associated with greater minds, to whom perhaps more than their share of praise was sometimes given. He wrote several plays in collaboration with Émile Augier; notably 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier,' which ranks as one of the best modern French comedies. He did not cater to public taste, and never became widely popular. It was his fellow authors who most respected and admired him.

In spite of his scanty means, he was very generous. During his early struggles he and the great Balzac were friends. It is said that one day Balzac, hard pressed for a small sum, asked Sandeau for it. Sandeau went out, and by pawning his overcoat raised the money, and took it to him. A few days later, Balzac asked the loan of Sandeau's coat. "I cannot give it to you," said Sandeau simply; and Balzac stormed at his meanness until shamed by a discovery of the truth. Another time, feeling sorry for an old, poor, and embittered publisher named Werdet, he presented him with the manuscript of one of his ablest and most popular stories, 'Le Docteur Herbleu.' Naturally he himself never became rich; although he was made comfortable by the proceeds of his writing, augmented by his salary as librarian,—first at the Mazarin library, to which position he was appointed in 1853, and later at St. Cloud. Upon the downfall of the second Napoleon this office was abolished; and Sandeau was granted a pension.

Sandeau was elected Academician in 1859. His literary activity extended over about twenty-five years; and he ceased to write many years before his death on April 24th, 1883. Although he had little influence in determining the trend of literature, Sandeau was a decided romanticist in the early days of the romantic movement. His tales are pleasant rather than exciting reading; most noteworthy for delicacy of perception and sympathetic delineation of character.

HOW THE HISTORY OF PENARVAN WAS WRITTEN

From 'The House of Penarvan'

[The Marquise de Penarvan, an aristocrat of the old régime, has been actuated all her life by a ruling passion of family pride. She sacrifices her husband to it; and after his death, her greatest interest is the history of the family of Penarvan, which the Abbé Pyrmil, the chaplain and devoted friend of the family, is writing. She does not love her only child,—her daughter Paule,—because she cannot perpetuate the family name.

After vainly trying to win her mother's consent to her marriage with Henri Coverley,—a young man who, although not of noble birth, is in every other respect worthy of her,—Paule marries without it.]

From the day of her marriage Paule was seized with what some would call a natural, others a morbid, self-reproach, the suffering of which was increased by everything which otherwise would have rendered her happy. She had made a desperate effort to secure the bliss so long coveted, and the capacity of enjoying it when attained was denied to her.

Young, beautiful, worshiped by her husband, in the midst of everything this world can offer of comfort and pleasure, she suffered unremittingly, and in secret wept bitterly; loving her husband as much as ever, the wealth and luxury with which he surrounded her she simply hated. Her thoughts were perpetually reverting to the stern mother, and the old château she had forsaken. A strange sort of yearning for its poverty and simplicity took possession of her soul. She turned with loathing from all the magnificence that her sensitive feelings compared with the penury of the home where her early life had been overshadowed and saddened.

For the first time she understood the grand side of her mother's character,—the dignity of her uncomplaining poverty. She was haunted by the thought of the tears she had—for the first time—seen in those eyes, the severe or forgiving glance of which she was never again to meet; they seemed to be dropping like molten lead on her heart.

Henri lavished upon her all that the most devoted affection and tenderest care could devise. His patience, his delicacy of feeling, never failed; and she responded to his love with passionate affection.

"Oh, if you knew how I love you!" she would say. "I would suffer far more even than I do suffer, rather than forego the

blessing of being your wife. Yes, I bless the hour when I first saw you; and I thank God morning, noon, and night for the priceless gift of your love. But oh, forgive me if I cannot be happy, if I cannot forget; if I cannot live on in the midst of splendor and gayety, unforgiven and unblest by my mother."

If Henri reminded her of all she had suffered under that mother's roof, she would answer: —

"I was not patient enough; I did not wait as I ought to have done, Henri. I think — I have thought so ever since — that she was beginning to love me when I left her."

They wrote: only the abbé answered, and his letters held out no hope. They still went on writing, and with no other result. They traveled in Italy, in Greece; but in the midst of all the wonderful beauties of nature and art there was always before Paule's eyes the same vision, — her mother growing old in solitude and poverty.

She gave birth to a child; and the joys of maternal love only sharpened the pangs of a remorse which had grown into a malady. The more intensely she cared for her little girl, the more acute became her regrets and her fears. Would that little one abandon her one day as she had abandoned her mother? Had she any claim upon her own child, — she who had disobeyed and defied her only parent?

Once more Paule wrote to the marquise: no answer came. The abbé was obliged to admit that her letters were never opened, that her name was never to be uttered in her mother's ears.

They spent a year on the banks of the lake of Como. As time went by, Paule found Henri even more excellent, more perfect, than she had ever supposed that any one could be. It was terrible to her to feel that the wife of such a man should be an unhappy woman; that with such a husband and with such a child she should be wasting away with sorrow. They came back to France discouraged and depressed.

People are often more selfish in their sorrows than in their joys; and yet there is no sort of selfishness which those who are conscientious and kind-hearted should more anxiously shrink from. Paule awakened at last to a sense of the fault she was committing by making the weight of her self-reproach sadden her husband's life; and she made up her mind to reappear in society.

The magnificent house of the Coverleys was thrown open to the world; and she did the honors of balls and parties with simplicity and grace. She was as much admired then as the first days she had been seen at Bordeaux, walking arm in arm with the prince. Her dress was always simple: she disliked to wear jewels or trinkets.

But in spite of all efforts to appear happy in Henri's presence, and her pleasure in her little girl, who was a singularly engaging child, he could not help seeing that she was miserable; and so did Madame de Soleyre, who noticed that whereas formerly she seldom spoke of the marquise, and seemed afraid almost of mentioning her name, now she was always anxious to revert to the subject of her mother's past life, and questioned her minutely as to the time when, in the height of her youth and beauty, Renée de Penarvan had acted such a noble and heroic part, and been the admiration of the Vendean nobility. Paule accused herself of the indifference and want of understanding, as she called it, which had made her fail to appreciate the grand side of her mother's nature.

One night when they had returned from a ball, Paule threw herself down on a sofa and burst into an agony of tears. She had struggled all the evening with an oppressive sense of contrast between her mother's fate and her own; and at last the overburdened heart gave way, and she could not control herself any longer, even in Henri's presence. He knelt by her side, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?" he tenderly said. "What can I do to comfort you?"

"Henri," she whispered, "I must go and see my mother. Even at the risk of her driving me away,—of her cursing me,—I must go to her."

"But, dearest, if she refuses— and she will refuse—to see you?"

"Then I shall hide myself in the park; I shall catch sight of her in some way or other."

"We shall set off to-morrow," Henri said.

"Oh, how good, how kind you are, my own love!" she said, throwing her arms round his neck.

Two days afterwards, in the dusk of an October evening, they arrived at the inn at Tiffange with their little girl, then just three years old. It was too late to send for the abbé, and they set out

on foot for the château; Paule leading the way, and Henri carrying the child.

They entered the park through one of the breaks in the wall, and walked along the alleys strewed with dead leaves. As they approached the house, Paule pointed to a window in which a light was visible, and whispered to her husband:—

"That is her room. She must be sitting there."

It was a strange thing that those young people, who had youth and beauty and mutual love to gladden their lives, who possessed houses and villas and many a ship crossing the ocean laden with rich merchandise, and whose wealth was every day increasing, should have been standing before that dilapidated building with the one wish, the one desire, to be admitted within those doors, closed to them perhaps forever.

In another window a light gleamed also. That was the abbé's room. What was he doing? Was he praying for his little Paule? Was he still working at his 'History of the House of Penarvan'?

When Paule was a child, she used to stand under the abbé's window and clap her hands together three times to summon him into the garden. She advanced and made the well-known signal. The window opened, and the abbé, looking like a tall ghost, appeared, leaning out of it as if to dive into the outward darkness.

"Abbé, my own abbé," Paule cried in a mournful voice.

The ghost disappeared; and a moment afterwards the abbé was clasping Paule, her husband, and her child in his wide arms, and then dragging them like secreted criminals into his room.

"You here, my child, and you, M. Henri, and this darling?"

"I am broken-hearted, abbé: I cannot live on in this state. Do, do make my mother see me. Oh, do get her to forgive me."

The abbé had taken the little child on his knees, and she was looking up into his face with a pretty smile.

"Oh, M. l'Abbé, do help us!" Coverley said.

The abbé was looking attentively at the little girl. She was so like what Renée had been as a child.

"What does my mother feel? Does she allow you to speak of us? Does she ever mention me?"

The abbé was silent. He could not say yes, he could not bear to say no.

"I see there is no hope," Paule exclaimed in a despairing manner. "It is really to her as if I were dead!"

The abbé made the little child join her little hands together and said to her:—

"Do you love the good God, my child?"

"Oh yes," she answered.

"Then say to the good God, 'My God, come with me.'"

"My God, come with me," the little one repeated; and then the abbé took her in his arms and exclaimed:—

"Come along, come with me; and may God help thee."

The marquise was sitting in her old oak-wood chair by the chimney, where two small logs were burning; an ill-trimmed lamp by her side. Her features had grown thin and sharp; her hollow cheeks and dim eyes spoke of silent suffering and inward struggles, and of the secret work which had been going on in her soul during the last four years. She looked like the ghost of her former self; but there was still something striking and impressive in her appearance. She seemed crushed indeed, but not subdued. Around her nothing but ruins, within her nothing but bitter recollections; and a blank, desolate future in view.

Had she too felt remorse? Had she heard a voice whispering misgivings as to the course she had pursued? Had she closed her ears to it? Was it true, as Paule in her grief and repentance had suspected, that she had begun to love and admire her child during the months which had preceded their final separation? Did she ask herself sometimes, when kneeling in the dismantled chapel, and before that crucifix which war and devastation had spared, if she had acted up to the Christian as well as to the ancestral traditions of her race when she had driven that child away from her forever? And the mourning garb in which she was arrayed,—did she feel certain that it was God's will, and not her own unrelenting heart, which had condemned her to wear it?

No one could tell, not even the abbé. But that she was becoming every day more thin, more haggard, more gloomy, others besides him could observe.

As in a besieged city where famine is doing fell work, and from which a cry for mercy and life despairingly rises, a stern commander refuses to capitulate, holds out, and dooms himself and others to a lingering death,—so the pride of her soul stifled the yearnings, the pleadings, the cries of nature; and never perhaps had they been more distinctly heard, never had the weight of solitude and loneliness pressed more heavily on Renée

de Penarvan's heart than upon that autumnal evening. As she sat in that large, dimly lighted room, her elbow resting on the side of her arm-chair, her head on her hand, a slight noise made her look up: the door opened, and a little child came in. Alarmed at the sight of the pale lady in black by the fireside, the child stopped in the middle of the room, and her smiling face became grave.

"Who are you?" asked the marquise, who did not even know that Paule had a child.

"I am a little girl."

"Come here, my child."

Taking courage, the little thing toddled up to the chimney, and put her little hands on the arm of the oak chair.

"What is your name?" the marquise asked, softened by the sight of the lovely little face.

"Renée," the child answered.

The marquise started with emotion and a sort of fear; she scanned the features of the child, she saw, she guessed, she understood it all.

"Go back to your mother," she said in a trembling voice. "Go back to Madame Coverley."

Frightened at the stern voice and manner of the lady, the little thing turned round and slowly went towards the door.

The marquise watched her with a beating heart. During the instants it took the child to cross the room, the whole of her life passed before her. She saw her gentle, affectionate husband riding from the hall door on his way to a bloody death; she saw her beautiful, gentle daughter driven from her home: and now that lovely little creature so like herself — with her fair hair, her white skin, her blue eyes — was disappearing also.

She looked round at the pictures on the walls: she felt as if they, those ancestors, to whom she had sacrificed everything, had doomed her to a lingering death.

And meanwhile the little girl had reached the door. Renée was still hesitating. The child turned round and said with a reproachful expression in her baby face: —

"You not my grandmamma. You not love Renée. You send Renée away."

She could not hold out, — the poor marquise! She uttered a sort of cry. She sprang up, seized the child in her arms, kissed her, wept over her, hugged her to her breast.

« Stay, stay, my little one, stay," she wildly exclaimed; « stay, my little life, my darling, my treasure."

A YEAR had elapsed; and on the banks of the Sèvres there were no longer any ruins to be seen. The old castle of Penarvan had recovered its former aspect. The towers, the walls, the handsome entrance, were all restored, the armorial bearings had reappeared, the invading weeds were banished from the court. The stables were filled with horses and carriages, the kennel with dogs.

In the handsomely furnished drawing-room the whole set of ancestors looked new and bright in their cleaned state and fresh-gilded frames. Inside and outside the house there was life and animation. The ruined farms were rebuilt, the greatest part of the estate repurchased; manufactories of ropes and sails rose on the banks of the river.

The time of ragged cassocks had likewise gone by; the chapel of the château had recovered its old splendor. The abbé officiated in great pomp, on Sundays and festivals, at a magnificent altar; and the seat of the lords of the manor had been restored to its wonted place. A look of happiness and prosperity reigned in the whole neighborhood. Respect for the past was joined to modern enterprise, and the poetry of old associations to the activity of useful labor.

Henri Coverley had not only repurchased the estates of the ancient domain of Penarvan, he had also bought back La Brigazière.

M. Michaud, who possessed several houses in the neighborhood of Rennes, looked with contempt on that little old-fashioned manor-house, and was quite ready to sell it. Père Michaud had now grown into that famous Michaud so conspicuous on the Liberal benches in the days of the Restoration, who denounced the nobility and protested against the feudal distinctions, till in 1830 the new government stopped his mouth by making him a baron.

On a beautiful summer's afternoon the Marquise de Penarvan, with her little granddaughter and the abbé, were sitting in that same drawing-room where we have so often seen them. Renée was still handsome; her magnificent fair hair was not yet tinged by a single thread of gray. The abbé was rather less thin than he used to be. Little Renée was sitting on his knees, and

learning to read in his history; the first chapters of which were being printed for private circulation.

That child was now the abbé's idol; she made the happiness of his declining years. As to the marquise, she was fondly, passionately attached to her grandchild. The old Renée loved the little Renée with a tenderness she had never before felt towards any human being. She had taken, as it were, possession of the child; and her softened but still despotic nature showed itself in the excess to which she carried her devotion to this little creature.

Paule and Henri were just going out on horseback; the marquise stood at the window and watched them as they rode down the avenue.

"Abbé," she said, calling him to her side, "look at them." And she made a gesture which implied, "How handsome they are; how happy they seem!"

The abbé, trying to look very sly, said in a low voice:—

"*I* married them."

"O you arch-deceiver, you abominable hypocrite," the marquise exclaimed: "it was just like you,—you have always played me tricks."

They both laughed; the abbé rubbed his hands in a self-complacent manner.

"Well, well," the marquise said, "we shall be quite a large party this evening: you know we expect Madame de Soleyre."

The abbé had returned to little Renée, and was again opening his book.

"Really, abbé," the marquise exclaimed, "you have no mercy on that child: you will bore her to death."

"Not at all, Madame la Marquise: Mademoiselle Renée promises to be a very good scholar; and she likes stories about battles, which her mamma never did."

Little Renée pointed with her small finger to one of the paintings in the manuscript, and said:—

"Guy de Penarvan die at Massoure."

It may be imagined if she was applauded by the abbé, and hugged by her grandmother; who, after kissing her over and over again, turned to the abbé and said:—

"But, by the way, is it at last finished,—that eternal history?"

"That eternal history is finished, madame," the abbé answered, in a rather touchy manner. "Yesterday I copied into it

the last lines of the chapter devoted to the memory of your husband, the late marquis."

"You have not quite accomplished your task, abbé: your history is not complete."

"Alas, Madame la Marquise, I know that too well. That wretched prelate — "

"Oh, but without reckoning the prelate there is still something to add to it."

"Something more, madame? what can that be?"

"Well, and my history, M. l'Abbé! You make no mention of me."

"I write the history of the dead, not of the living, Madame la Marquise; and I fully reckon on never writing yours."

"I will dictate to you what to say about me. Sit down here and take a pen."

The abbé, somewhat surprised, did as he was told; and seated himself in an expectant position.

"At the top of the page write: 'Louise Charlotte Antoinette Renée, Marquise de Penarvan,— last of the name.'"

"'Last of the name,'" the abbé re-echoed.

"And now write:—'She lived like a recluse, devoted to the worship of her ancestry; and found out — though rather late — that if it is right to honor the dead, it is very sweet to love the living.'"

"Is that all, madame?"

"Yes, my dear abbé," Renée answered, taking her grandchild in her arms, and fondly kissing her soft cheek. "But if you like you may add: —

"'Here ends the History of the House of Penarvan.'"

Translation of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO

(612 B. C.–?)

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

SAPPHO (more properly Psappha), the greatest of all poetesses, was born in 612 B. C., at Eressos in the island of Lesbos. Her father's name was Scamandronymus, her mother's Cleïs. Few facts of her life are recorded. As a girl she doubtless learnt by heart her Homer and Hesiod, and sang the songs of her countrymen Terpander and Arion. While still young she paid a visit to Sicily, and possibly there made the acquaintance of the great Western poets, Stesichorus and Ibycus. When she returned home she settled at Mitylene, being perhaps disgusted with the conduct of her brother Charaxus, who had married the courtesan Rhodopis. To one of her satirical poems on him belongs perhaps the line—

«Wealth without worth is no harmless housemate.»

She found some compensation in her youngest brother Larichus, who for his beauty had been chosen as cupbearer in the public banquet hall at Mitylene. In an extant fragment she says to him:—

«Stand kindly there before me, and unfold
The beauty of thine eyes.»

As we may well believe, the beautiful, gifted Sappho had many admirers. Chief among these was the great Alcæus,—statesman, warrior, and lyric poet. There is still extant the opening of a poem which he addressed to her:—

«Violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho,
I fain would speak; but bashfulness forbids.»

She replied in the spirited lines, showing her simplicity of character:

«Had thy wish been pure and manly,
And no evil on thy tongue,
Shame had not possessed thine eyelids:
From thy lips the right had rung.»

To a suitor younger than herself she wrote:—

«Remain my friend, but seek a younger bride:
I am too old, and may not mate with thee.»

Indeed, a passionate nature like hers was not easily mated; and so we find a strain of longing pathos in her. In one fragment she says:

«The moon hath set,
The Pleiades are gone:
'Tis midnight, and the time goes by,
And I—I sleep alone.»

Elsewhere she says (in the exact words of a Scotch ballad),—

«For I sall aye gang a maiden mair.»

The much-quoted but absurd story of Sappho's flinging herself from the Leucadian Rock, in despair at her unrequited love for the handsome Phaon, is due to a confusion between her and a courtesan of the same name. So far from such folly was the poetess, that, late in life apparently, she changed her mind about marrying, and gave her hand to a wealthy Andrian named Cercylas, by whom she had a daughter, named after her own mother, Cleïs. We have still a fragment referring to this child:—

«I have a little maid, as fair
As any golden flower,
My Cleïs dear,
For whom I would not take all Lydia,
Nor lovely Lesbos here.»

Elsewhere she says to the same child,—

«Let me enfold thee, darling mine.»

Of the events of Sappho's later life we know little: merely that she lived to a ripe old age, and died leaving a name which the Greeks for a thousand years, with one accord, placed next to that of Homer. After her death the Lesbians paid her divine honors, erected memorial temples to her, and even stamped her image upon their coins, as other cities did those of their tutelary deities. How she was regarded by her great contemporaries we may learn from a story told of Solon. When near his end, some one having repeated to him a poem of Sappho's, he prayed the gods to allow him to live long enough to learn it by heart. From his day to the latest times of antiquity, poets and critics strove in vain for words to express their admiration of herself and her works. Plato calls her «the beautiful

Sappho»; and she is often referred to as «the tenth Muse.» An epigram on the great lyric poets, after enumerating the eight men, says, «Sappho was not the ninth among men: she is catalogued as the tenth among the Muses.» Horace writes:—

«Still breathes the love, still live the hues,
Intrusted to the Æolian maiden's strings.»

And the great critic Longinus is even more complimentary.

Such uniform, unqualified praise for a thousand years may well make us mourn the loss of Sappho's works. For with the exception of two short poems (one incomplete), and about a hundred and twenty fragments of from one to five lines, they are all lost. But what remains is very precious, containing a wealth of deft expression not easy to match in any other poet, and more than sufficient to enable us to comprehend the estimate given of the poetess by Strabo: «Sappho is a kind of miracle; for within the memory of man there has not, so far as we know, arisen any woman worthy even to be mentioned along with Sappho in the matter of poetry.»

Sappho left nine books and rolls of poems, the subjects of which were so various that they were arranged according to metres, a book being devoted to each of the nine metres in which she wrote. Of these metres the most famous was the «Sapphic stanza,» which she seems to have invented. Another invention of hers was the *plectrum* or *pectis*, with which the lyre was struck,—the first step toward the piano.

We shall arrange her briefer fragments not according to metre but to subject, premising the remark that through most of them runs a trait to which she frankly bears testimony,—the love of splendor. She says:—

«I am in love with luxury:
The love of the sun hath won for me
The splendid and the beautiful.»

Her love of nature, and her power of expressing its charm in simple, striking language, remind us of Burns and Goethe. Her pathetic lines about her loneliness at midnight have already been quoted. But it is not merely the pathetic in nature that she feels: she feels all its living beauty. It is not only the night, with the moon and the Pleiads set, that touches her: every hour of the day comes to her with a fresh surprise. Of the morning she says:—

«Early uprose the golden-slippered Dawn;»

and of the evening:—

«O Hesperus! thou bringest all
The glimmering Dawn dispersed.»

And again:—

«O Hesperus! thou bringest all:
Thou bring'st the wine; thou bring'st the goat;
Thou bring'st the child to the mother's knee.»*

Of the night she says:—

«The stars about the pale-faced moon
Veil back their shining forms from sight,
As oft as, full with radiant round,
She bathes the earth with silver light.»

And again of the moon and the Pleiads:—

«The moon was shining full, and they
Stood as about an altar ranged.»

And just as the hours of the day, so the seasons of the year bring her joy. Her ear is open to—

«Spring's harbinger, the passion-warbling nightingale;»

and her eye brightens when—

«The golden chick-peas spring upon the banks.»

What a picture of the Southern summer, with its noonday siesta in the open air, we have in these lines:—

«The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple-boughs is softly blown,
And, shaken from the rippling leaves,
Sleep droppeth down.»

And how we should like to hear the termination of this simile:—

«As when the shepherds on the hills
Tread under foot the hyacinth,
And on the ground the purple flower [lies crushed].»

Along with her delight in nature goes a keen joyous feeling for all that is festive: song, wine, and dance, garlands, gold vessels, and purple robes are dear to her. To her lyre she says:—

«Come then, my lyre divine!
Let speech be thine.»

And to Aphrodite she calls,—

«Come, Queen of Cyprus! pour the stream
Of nectar, mingled lusciously
With merriment, in cups of gold.»

*Lord Byron's expansion of this in ‹Don Juan› will be remembered. See page 2968 of this work.

But Aphrodite is not enough. Life requires other ennobling elements,— light, sweetness, and art, represented by Hermes, the Graces, and the Muses. Of a wedding-feast she says:—

«Then with ambrosia the bowl was mixed,
And Hermes took a cup, to toast the gods,
While all the rest raised goblets, poured the wine,
And prayed for all brave things to bless the groom.»

Again she calls:—

«Hither come, ye dainty Graces,
And ye fair-haired Muses now!»

And again:—

«Come, rosy-armed, chaste Graces! come,
Daughters of Jove!»

And yet again:—

«Hither, hither come, ye Muses!
Leave the golden sky.»

Nay, she even calls upon Justice herself to put garlands about her fair locks, and come to the feast; adding, characteristically enough, that the gods turn away from worshipers that wear no wreaths. From such sayings we see that Sappho's delight in nature, deep as it was, was chastened and refined by a delight in art. The Grecian grace of movement and management of drapery are particularly dear to her. She exclaims:—

«What rustic hoyden ever charmed the soul,
That round her ankles could not kilt her coats!»

But far more than all outward adornment of the body, which is but an index of the soul, is the adornment of the soul itself with sweetness and art. To an uncultivated woman she says:—

«When thou art dead, thou shalt lie in the earth:
Not even the memory of thee shall be,
Thenceforward and forever; for no part
Hast thou, or share, in the Pierian roses:
But, formless, even in Hades's halls shalt thou
Wander and flit with the effacèd dead.»

On the other hand, to a cultivated woman she says:—

«I think no other maid, nay, not even one,
That hath beheld the sunlight, e'er shall be
Like thee in wisdom, in all days to come.»

She knows too that she herself will not be easily forgotten. She says:—

«I think there will be memory of us yet,
In after days.»

But, aware of the labor required by genius, she adds:—

«I do not think with these two arms to clasp
The heavens.»

What calls forth Sappho's supreme admiration and love is the cultivated, genial, loving soul, at home in a beautiful body. Her joy in such souls expresses itself in language of the most tempestuous sort. In one fragment she says:—

«Love again, unnerving might,
Bitter-sweet, doth shake and smite,
Like a serpent folded tight.»

In another:—

«Love again hath tossed my spirit,
Like a blast down mountain-gorges,
Rushing on the oak-tree's branches.»

She is sad when her love is not returned. Of one friend she says:—

«I loved thee, Atthis, once, in days gone by;
A little maid thou seemedst, nor very fair.
Atthis, thou hatest now to think of me,
And fleest to Andromeda.»

Of others she speaks pathetically:—

«The heart within their breast is cold,
And drops its wings.»

Then her sorrow is too great for utterance.

«To you, dear ones, this thought of mine may not
Be told; but in myself I know it well.»

There is a whole heart-tragedy in such snatches as this:—

«The beings that I have toiled to please,
They wound me most.»

But the strongest expression of her love occurs in the two longer poems which follow this article. Of the second, Longinus says:—

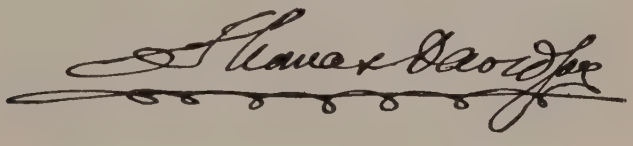
«Do you not admire the manner in which, at one and the same time, she loses soul, body, hearing, speech, color, everything, as if they were passing from her and melting away? how, in self-contradiction, she is at once hot and cold, foolish and wise? how she is afraid, and almost dead, so that not one feeling, but a whole congregation of feelings, appears in her? For all these things are true of persons in love. But it was the seizing of the salient points, and the combination of them, that produced the sublime.»

And he classes the poem as sublime. Certain it is that her influence, like that of Homer, went far to determine the character of all

subsequent Greek poetry and art,—to keep it pure and high, above sensuality and above sentimentalism.

The character of Sappho's work may be thus summed up: Take Homer's unstudied directness, Dante's intensity without his mysticism, Keats's sensibility without his sensuousness, Burns's masculine strength, and Lady Nairne's exquisite pathos, that goes straight to the heart and stays there, and you have Sappho. What a darkened world it must have been that allowed such poetry as hers to be lost! And yet it is not all lost. Enough remains to show us the extent of our loss; and of it we may say, in the words of the ancient epigram:

"Sappho's white, speaking pages of dear song
Yet linger with us, and will linger long."



TO APHRODITE

THOU of the throne of many changing hues,
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove,—
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
Down through the middle fire.

Ay, swift they came; then, Blessed One, didst thou
With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
And why I called on thee;

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: "Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not, gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

TO THE BELOVED

I HOLD him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filled with whirling din.

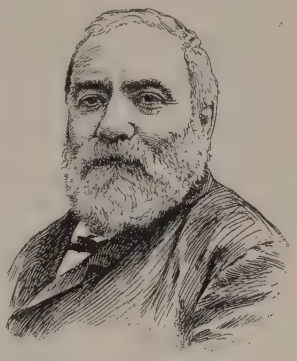
And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

(1828–)

On any important first night, and on many unimportant ones, in the theatres of Paris will be noticed among the most attentive spectators a short, stout, comfortable-looking old gentleman, with a white beard, a high color, and shrewd eyes. It is Francisque Sarcey. For more than thirty years, his has been a position of special distinction among the critics of France concerning themselves particularly with French dramatic literature and the French drama. No writer on these topics has so large an audience, and one of such distinctively popular character. Of the old school of critics, and of many old-fashioned convictions; at swords' points with many brother commentators and journalists on questions of theatrical art, and of that theatrical article the play; the object of much good-natured ridicule (of some by no means as good-natured as it might be),—seen everywhere and known everywhere in the dramatic movement of the capital, and continually putting himself in close touch with a wide provincial public by either his lectures or his notices,—M. Sarcey easily overtops in authority many new and brilliant confrères. He has been a voluminous writer; he has been an incessant lecturer; and special gifts for maintaining the courage of his convictions from the first have marked him in both capacities.



Francisque Sarcey

M. Sarcey was born in 1828 at Dourdan, in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise. He was an honor-pupil in the famous Charlemagne School in Paris; and when pursuing his studies in the École Normale in 1848, his fellow-students were About and Taine. His lively spirits and independent ideas brought him into trouble when he was serving the Department of Public Instruction at Chaumont. He quitted the school-teacher's desk for the newspaper office. In 1859 he began critical work on the Figaro. He made a business of studying the drama and dramatic criticism. He passed from the Figaro to various other journals. Finally he became a permanent member of the staff

of Le Temps. To that well-known and influential newspaper he contributes one or two articles every week in the year. The platform is also still his avocation; and his critical talks, delivered with a charmingly colloquial manner,—a manner entirely in accord with his theories of what a lecture should be,—are among the best attended on the part of a public not too fond of that particular method of receiving critical impressions.

M. Sarcey is not merely a specialist in the drama, and in the art of acting: he is a man of fine and wide literary and artistic education. He has a style which is like himself: clear, nervous, direct, with touches of humor, and with occasionally the grace of true sentiment, but utterly opposed to the formalism which is to many writers the only critical expression. He writes as he speaks,—off-hand, yet never in a slipshod fashion. He has much humor, but always in good taste. He believes in tradition on the stage; and in the making of stage plays, he likes the melodrama better than the modern literary play. He abhors the drama in which plot is not supreme; he hates the faddists and the symbolists. His sense of himself is strong but never offensive. He is respected as a philosopher of the play-house and the play. His very weaknesses are so much a part of himself that he would not be "Our Uncle Sarcey" without them; so no one wishes them away. Past his middle years, he writes with the youthfulness of a man of twenty-five, united with the vast experience and the maturity of a Nestor of the French theatre. His reputation is international. All the world reads him, and nowhere else in the world is there to be found a critic quite like him.

HOW A LECTURE IS PREPARED

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

When you have taken all your notes, when you have possessed yourselves of at least the substance of all the ideas of which the lecture is to be composed,—whether you have them already arranged in fine order, or in the mass, still confused, seething in your mind; when you have reached the moment of preparation, when you no longer seek anything but the turn to give them, the clearest, the most vivid and picturesque manner in which to express them: when you are so far,—mind, my friend, never commit the imprudence of seating yourself at your desk, your notes or your book under your eyes, a pen in your

hand. If you live in the country, you doubtless have a bit of a garden at your disposal; and in default of an alley of trees belonging to you, a turn around the town where no one passes. If you are a Parisian, you have in the neighborhood either the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or the Parc Monceau, or in any case some wide and solitary street where you can dream in the open air without too much interruption. If you have nothing of all this, or if the weather be execrable, you have in your house a room larger than the others: get up and walk. A lecture is never prepared except while walking. The movement of the body lashes the blood and aids the movement of the mind.

You have possessed your memory of the themes from the development of which the lecture must be formed: pick out one from the pile,—the first at hand, or the one you have most at heart, which for the moment attracts you most, and act as if you were before the public; improvise upon it. Yes, force yourself to improvise. Do not trouble yourself about badly constructed phrases, nor inappropriate words—go your way. Push on to the end of the development, and the end once reached, recommence the same exercise; recommence it three times, four times, ten times, without tiring. You will have some trouble at first; the development will be short and meagre: little by little around the principal theme there will group themselves accessory ideas or convincing facts, or pat anecdotes that will extend and enrich it. Do not stop in this work until you notice that in thus taking up the same theme you fall into the same development; and that this development, with its turns of language and order of phrases, fixes itself in your memory.

For, what is the purpose of the exercise that I recommend to you? To prepare for you a wide and fertile field of terms and phrases upon the subject that you are to treat. You have the idea: you must seek the expression. You fear that words and forms of phrase will fail you. A considerable number must be accumulated in advance; it is a store of ammunition with which you provide yourself for the great day. If you commit the imprudence of charging your memory with a single development which must be definitive, you will fall into all the inconveniences that I have brought to your attention: the effect is that of reciting a lesson, and that is chilling; the memory may fail, you lose the thread, and are pulled up short; the phrase has no longer that air of negligence which improvisation alone gives, and which

charms the crowd. But you have prepared a half-dozen developments of the same idea without fixing them either in your memory or upon paper; you come before the audience. The mind that day, if good fortune wills that you be in train, is more alert, keener; the necessity of being ready at call communicates to it a lucidity and ardor of which you would not have believed yourself capable. It draws from that mass of words and phrases accumulated beforehand, or rather that mass itself is set in motion and runs toward it and carries it along; it follows the flood; it has the appearance of improvising what it recites, and in fact it is improvising even while reciting.

This is not a new method that I am inventing. The ancients, alas! have worn the matter threadbare, and one must always go back to the 'De Oratore' of the late Cicero. You have, I imagine, heard it told that Thiers, when he had an important speech to make in the Chamber, first tried the effect of his arguments upon his friends and guests. He received much company, and every evening he improvised, for a little circle of auditors, some parts of his future speech. Visitors succeeded one another; and he recommenced without weariness, and indeed without wearying them, the same developments. He was firing at a target. After all, isn't this the same kind of preparation that I have recommended to you? You are not M. Thiers, you have not at hand a series of listeners, who relieve one another to give you a chance. I would not advise you to inflict the suffering of these recommencements and hesitations upon your unfortunate wife. Improvise for yourself, as if you were speaking before an audience.

It will doubtless happen more than once, in the course of these successive improvisations, that you will hit upon a picturesque word, a witty thrust, a happy phrase. Beware of storing it in your memory, and on your return sticking it on paper like a butterfly fastened on a blank sheet with a pin. If you bring it to the lecture you will certainly wish to place it; and instead of abandoning yourself to improvisation in the development of your idea, you will be wholly occupied with directing it toward the ingenious or brilliant sally that you have stored away. You will appear embarrassed and awkward in spite of yourself, and three quarters of the time you will spoil the effect upon which you counted. You will have sacrificed the thought to a *mot*, and the *mot* will miss fire.

That *mot*,—heavens! perhaps it will not be lost, though you have taken pains to forget it. Who knows? Perhaps on some great day, in the flow of improvisation, it will mount to the surface, and you will see it suddenly spring up in the eddy of a phrase. Oh, then throw it in boldly: it will be more attractive from having the air of a "find," a bit of good luck.

The great principle to which we must always return is that every lecture must be improvised; but have a care! one does not improvise successfully before the public until one has twenty times improvised in solitude, as one can only draw from a fountain the water that one has taken care to put into it beforehand.

Many believe that at least the exordium and the peroration may be learned by heart. It is not my opinion. I have tried it. I have never succeeded by that means. The most that I would admit is, that in speaking before a new public, if one has first to address to it some of the phrases of courtesy and thanks demanded by custom, one may fix the expressions; because they are pure formulas of politeness, and it is better to know them by heart. It would be ridiculous to stumble in the phrase used to congratulate a person on his good health or felicitate him upon his marriage.

But every time that you have true ideas to express,—and they enter into the exordium and the peroration as well as into the rest,—you must improvise. For the audience is always warned, by a change of tone or manner, of the moment when the author passes from recitation to pure improvisation, and it begins to be distrustful; it constantly wonders if the improvisation may not simply be an uncertain recitation; it loses confidence and resists. You see! there is no real success to be had—I cannot too often repeat it—unless the audience feels itself in some sort plunged, completely bathed, in the deep and rapid flow of improvisation.

Even the peroration—and between ourselves, is there any need in the lecture of what is called a peroration? The peroration is the bellow of the mediocre actor upon the last verse of the tirade. Great artists disdain the applause that it arouses. What do you undertake to do when you speak? You wish to explain and prove an idea. Well, when your demonstration is finished, you put a period to it: that is the peroration. The worth of a lecture is not in the ingenuity of an exordium, in the brilliant *fanfare* of a peroration, in the number and splendor of the lustrously cut phrases sown through the discourse: it is in the

ensemble of its mass. Be sure that when you have faithfully explained, developed, and revealed your idea; when you have, with or without applause, impressed it upon the mind of your audience,—there is no success comparable to that.

Applause! flee from it as from the plague. An audience that applauds is an audience that is given leisure from listening. When it claps its hands, it's a sign that it is no longer bound to the idea that you express; that it is no longer carried away, rolled in the torrent of your discourse. It takes time to cry out at a pretty phrase, to go into ecstasy over a flash of wit;—bad business for you! for it forgets, while lingering to applaud this, that which is the foundation of the lecture, the succession of ideas and reasoning; you will have trouble in recapturing it again.

I am so persuaded of this truth that I never leave my listeners leisure to breathe. Of course it has happened to me, as to my fellows, to touch here and there a corner of my discourse with a more brilliant vivacity than usual, and to be conscious of it; one is always conscious of that sort of thing. In such a case I hardly launched the last word of the development before setting out again at full speed for another series of ideas, cutting short all tendency to applause. The confidence felt in an orator evaporates in these bravos.

"Le vrai feu d'artifice est d'être magnanime,"* said M. Belmontet once upon a time, in a verse still celebrated. The only applause that counts, the only true applause, is the attention of the audience, letting itself be so won by what you say that it no longer thinks of the way in which you have said it.

You will doubtless be somewhat alarmed to know that it is necessary to improvise a dozen times, and often more, each of the subjects for development of which a lecture is composed. You think to yourself that that is a tremendous task. Yes, my friends, there is nothing so long and so preoccupying as the preparation of a lecture; you must make up your mind to it, if you expect to follow that career. You will spend much time and pains on it. Reassure yourselves, however: the work will become easier and more rapid as the habit of doing it grows with you. Among these themes of development, as each lecturer approaches only the subjects which relate to his studies and are within his

*"True brilliancy comes from greatness of spirit."

range, some will often present themselves anew, and will only require a summary preparation.

This *humus* of which I just now spoke to you — this prepared heap of turns of speech, of exact and picturesque words — will naturally grow richer; you will have it right at hand, and it will serve the occasion without fresh effort.

There will come a time when, even with themes that are new to you, you will no longer need, in order to establish the development, ten or twelve successive improvisations. You will be astonished to find with what facility, all at once, accessory ideas and convincing facts will spring from the first improvisation, and arrange themselves about the principal idea to sustain and clear it. It will always be delicate work, but it will no longer be so painful or so distressing. In a few hours, spread over two or three days, you will get through the preparation of a lecture; on condition, be it understood,—it is a prime condition,—of fully possessing your subject.

You have improvised — picking them out one after the other just as they came — each of the themes, so that it only remains to put them in their place on the day of the final improvisation. One of the great anxieties of a novice in lecturing is to know how to pass from one theme to another; what Boileau called the labor of transition, which used to give us blue terror in college. Permit me to give you, just here, an axiom which I only succeeded in formulating after much reflection and many attempts: In lecturing there is no transition.

When you have finished one development you enter upon another; as at dinner, when you have eaten the soup you pass to the entrée, and then to the roast. If there is no connection between two ideas that succeed one another in your discourse, what use is there in an imitation of one? When you speak, distrust little strokes of finesse, tricks of style, bits of false elegance: all this is worth nothing and serves no purpose. When you have finished the explanation and the demonstration of the idea, say honestly, if you must say something, "We have done with that theme: let us pass to the next."

But the best way would be to say nothing at all, and to enter upon another order of development, with no warning but a short silence.

If, on the contrary, there is a connection between the two themes, do not disturb yourself,—you do not need expressly to

mark it. It is useless to take the trouble to throw a bridge between the two ideas: the moment that you, the orator, leap from one to the other, the audience must leap after you, borne on by the same impulse. The transition is no more than the movement of your thought, that the audience necessarily follows if you keep a firm hand upon it.

Ah, bless me! you, the lecturer, must have always present to your mind, even through any digression you permit yourself, your principal idea, and must not let your audience forget it; you will have no trouble in leading them back when you yourself return. And if by chance you are so far removed from it that you do not know what road to take to reach it again, the simplest way is frankly to announce your embarrassment. "It seems to me that we are straying — where was I? Ah! I wished to demonstrate to you that — " and there is the thread picked up, without great art, I confess: but I have remarked that the public likes very well to have you make a confidant of it; speak to it with open heart; if need be, ask counsel from it. It would not do to make an artifice, a trick, of this means of exciting interest and sympathy: the public is very sharp; it would easily see that you played upon its credulity, and would range itself against you. But if you have truly lost the thread, do not fear to say frankly, "I do not know where I am — put me on the right track." If a word escapes you, ask some one to prompt you. They probably will not do so; but you will have had time to find it while they search for it, or an excuse for not having found it any sooner than the others. This excuse would not be permitted to a man who recites, for it would pass for a failure in memory; and to be brought up by a defeat of memory is the worst that can happen in lecturing, as in the theatre and in the pulpit. Laughter breaks forth invincibly. It never offends in an orator who improvises; it may even please by a certain air of sincerity and good-fellowship.

Is there a special tone and style for the lecture, as there is for academic discussions,— for the pulpit, for the Sorbonne, for the bar? That is a point to be looked into.

What is a lecture? It is, properly, to hold a conversation with many hundreds of persons, who listen without interrupting. It may be said, in general, that the tone of the lecture should be that of a chat. But there it is,— there are as many tones for chatting as there are people who chat. Each one talks according

to his temperament, his cast of mind, his turn of thought; each talks as he is: and that which is pleasing in a chat is precisely the discovery in it of the physiognomy of the talker. I can give you only one piece of advice on this point: try to be, through art, when once seated in the lecturer's chair, that which you naturally are in your drawing-room, when you talk with five or six persons and when you engross the conversation. Hear yourself speak, observe yourself,—these introspections are become very easy to us, thanks to the habit that we have contracted of analyzing ourselves,—and bend all your efforts to producing a lecture, not according to your neighbor, who perhaps speaks better than you, but yourself, only yourself, accentuating if possible the rendering of your principal traits. I will condense my counsels in this formula, which is not so humorous as it seems: It is permitted you, it is even recommended to you, to have a "make-up" for the lecture; but the "make-up" must be your own.

Your entire personality must shine forth in your discourse. And that is the especial service rendered by this method of successive improvisations that I have just prescribed for you. While you are thus improvising alone, face to face with yourself, without any witness to inspire you with a desire to pose, you are free; you unconsciously set your entire being in full swing. The mold is taken; you spread your personality before the public; you are no longer a more or less eloquent, more or less affected orator,—you are a man; you are yourself.

To be one's self: that is the essential thing.

Among the young lecturers discovered in these later times, there is not one who has more quickly acquired a greater or more legitimate reputation than M. Brunetière. Nevertheless there is not one further removed in speaking from the ordinary tone of familiar conversation. It would seem that the lecture, as he practices it, would hardly come within the definition we have given of the species,—a conversation with an audience that holds its tongue. But what would you have? That is the way that Brunetière talks, and he talks as he is. He is a man of doctrine, who loves to dogmatize; he feels an invincible need of demonstrating that which he advances, and to force conviction on those who hear him. He manœuvres his battalions of arguments with a precision of logic and an ardor of temperament that are marvelous. The phrases fall from his authoritative lips with an amplitude, correctness, and force to which everything

bends. He is to be found entire in his lecture: the lecture is excellent, then, because it is of him; or rather, because it *is* he.

Old Boileau had already expressed these truths in some verses that are not among his best known:—

> « Chacun pris dans son air est agréable en soi;
> Ce n'est que l'air d'autrui qui peut déplaire en moi. » *

If I should try to talk like Brunetière, I should be execrable: it is possible, on the other hand, that if Brunetière tried to appropriate some of my methods he would not succeed; because, to tell the truth, my air of good-fellowship, my familiarities of language, my jovial anecdotes interspersed with frank laughter, my unpolished and torrent-like phrases, are not methods, they are all of a piece with myself; it is all I—a little more I perhaps than I ordinarily am, but Brunetière is also probably a little more himself in his lecture than in his chimney-corner at home.

May I be permitted to end these reflections on the art of the lecturer with some practical advice?

Never dine before the lecture hour. A soup, some biscuits dipped in Bordeaux, nothing more. If you fear gnawing at the stomach, add a slice of roast beef, but without bread. Do not fill the stomach. There is a rage in the provinces for inviting you to a gala dinner when you have a lecture to give. It's the worst of all preludes. It is in vain to try to restrain yourself. You eat and you drink too much; you arrive at the lecture hall chatting with the dinner company. You have infinite trouble in recovering yourself.

Dine lightly and alone an hour beforehand; stretch yourself for half an hour on a sofa, and take a good nap. Then go, entirely alone, to where you are expected, improvising, reimprovising, pondering upon your exordium, so that when the curtain rises you are in perfect working order; you are in form. I do not know how the political orators manage to deliver their long discourses after gala banquets. It is true that they generally do not dine. I have seen some who all during the repast abstractedly roll balls of bread under their fingers, and only respond vaguely with insignificant monosyllables to the tiresome talk of their neighbors.

* « Every one taken in his own manner is pleasing in himself;
It is only another's manner that is displeasing in me. »

Speak standing: one commands a fuller and stronger voice, but especially the audience is dominated; you hold it with your eye. Speak from behind a table, even though (according to the rules that I have laid down) you have no notes to read, no quotation to make, book in hand. One is sustained by the table, and brought around to the conversational tone. If one has before him the wide space of the platform, in proportion as one warms up he makes more motions, he surprises himself striding across the stage; the voice rises, and is soon no longer in harmony with the level of the things that are to be delivered. Beware of these balks. Watch the play of your physiognomy and your gestures, but not too much. I leave mine to the grace of God; what is natural, even though it be exuberant and trivial, is worth more than a factitious and studied correctness.

Have I other recommendations to make? No, I truly believe that I am at the end of my list. All the rest can be put into one sentence: "Be yourself." It is understood, is it not, that it is necessary first to be some one? You now know the processes which I have used, which I still use.

FURTHER HINTS ON LECTURING

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You have to speak, we will suppose, of 'Le Cid' by Corneille. Do not weary yourself at first by reading all that has been written on 'Le Cid': steep yourself in the play, think of it, turn it over and over, go to see it if it is being played: if neither the reading nor the representation of the drama suggests to you any impression that is properly yours — good gracious, my friend! what would you have me say? Don't meddle with lecturing either on 'Le Cid' or any other theme drawn from literature. Manifestly you are not born for the trade.

But if you have shuddered and thrilled at a given passage; if there has been presented to your mind some comparison that has, so to speak, sprung from the depths of your reading; if you have yourself formed an opinion upon the whole or upon some scenes of the work, — you must cling to that: it is that which must be told, it is that which I call having something to say.

Do not trouble yourself to know if others have thought it before you, and have said it perhaps even better than you will say it yourself. That is not the question. The idea, however old it may be, will appear new; and will be so, indeed, because you will strongly impress upon it the turn of your mind, because you will tinge it unconsciously with the colors of your imagination.

As you will have made it flash from the reading, as you will yourself have drawn this truth from its well, your passion will go out to it, you will naturally put into its expression a good faith, a sincerity, a transport, the heat of which will be communicated to the public.

Not until you have performed this first task, the only necessary one, the only efficacious one, shall I permit you — pay attention: permit you, not advise you — to read what your predecessors have thought of 'Le Cid,' and written about it. If by chance you run across some interesting point of view that had escaped you, and that strikes you, take care, for the love of heaven, not to transfer it just as it is to your lecture, where it would have the mischievous effect of second-hand and veneer. No: take up 'Le Cid' anew; re-read it with this idea, suggested by another, in mind; put that back into the text in order to draw it out yourself, rethink it, make it something of your own; forget the turn and the form given it by Sainte-Beuve, from whom it first came to your notice. If you cannot succeed in taking possession of it, in melting it so well in the crucible of your mind that it will be no longer distinguished from the matter in fusion which is already bubbling there, better discard it, however pleasing, however ingenious it may be.

Be assured there will be nothing good in your lecture but what you shall have thought for yourself; and what you shall have thought for yourself will always have a certain seal of originality. You have thought that Chimène sacrifices her love to her duty, that Rodrigue is a hero boiling over with love and youth, that Don Diègue is an epic Gascon. Do not embarrass yourself with scruples, and repeat to yourself in a whisper, "But every one has said that."

Every one *has* said it! So much the better, because there is some chance that your audience will be enchanted, seeing you plunged up to your ears in the truth. But every one has not said it as you will say it; for you will say it as you have thought it, and you have thought it yourself.

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL

(1826–1886)

A SUCCESS so splendid and so sustained as that which has attended 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen,' has not before been witnessed in the history of German literature. It is safe to regard as final an emphatic popular verdict, which has not only stood unreversed but has annually been reaffirmed in the course of nearly half a century. The 'Trumpeter' was published in 1854, 'Ekkehard' in the following year; in 1895 the former reached its two hundred and sixteenth edition, the latter passed its one hundred and forty-third. This great and growing demand is the plébiscite of two generations; and the decision of this high court of appeal has gone in favor of Scheffel's claim to a poet's immortality.

J. V. VON SCHEFFEL

Joseph Victor von Scheffel was born at Karlsruhe on February 16th, 1826; and there, sixty years afterward, he died on April 9th. He was another example of the young man of many capabilities who fails at first to find the right one. His father was an engineer, and the son's talent for drawing was inherited; the poetic gift came from his mother, who, besides other works, had written a drama which was produced at the court theatre of Karlsruhe. But young Scheffel, through the persistence of his parents, was forced to study law and prepare himself for the career of a government official. After taking his degree he held several public positions, and practiced law at Säkkingen.

During the six years which he spent in this uncongenial employment it was his ardent desire to become a painter. At last in 1852 he abandoned his profession, and went to Rome. Fortunately, however, his friends and his own failures soon made it clear to him that he had mistaken the direction of his genius; and the man who three years later had completed the most popular German poem and the most popular German novel of the century, retired to Capri in the depths of despondency because he could not paint.

During the winter at Capri and Sorrento, he sought to comfort himself in his disappointment by shaping the memories of his Rhine-

land home into the half playful, half melancholy romance of the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen.' The success of this poem was not immediate. Scheffel returned to Germany, determined to produce a scholarly work on the history of the Middle Ages. The 'Monumenta Germaniæ Historica' formed a part of his systematic studies; and in these his imagination was captivated by the Chronicles of St. Gall.

At St. Gall, and at the foot of the Hohentwiel, he spent his Easter vacation, writing the opening chapters of 'Ekkehard.' It was finished at Heidelberg early in 1855. Upon the novel and the poem together his fame was firmly established. This period of his greatest productivity was the happiest period of his life. His high spirits found expression in the rollicking student songs which appeared under the title of 'Gaudeamus.' These songs are now the permanent possession of the university youth of Germany, to whom they have doubly endeared the poet's name. The volume has passed its sixtieth edition.

But these happy days fled swiftly. The severe mental strain of two years of uninterrupted literary creation left Scheffel a nervous wreck. He planned several more historical works; but in each case his painstaking preparations broke down his weakened health, and his task was left unfinished. The death of his sister in 1857 was a blow from which his spirits never recovered. The gay poet and convivial student became gradually a morose and disappointed man. He married in 1864 Fräulein von Malzen, the daughter of the Bavarian ambassador; but his shattered nerves and erratic habits made him an incompatible companion, and a separation followed two years later. He wrote many more tales and novels, but none ever attained the popularity of the first two works. The poet's fiftieth birthday was celebrated by all Germany; and the Grand Duke of Baden conferred upon him a patent of hereditary nobility. The last years of his life were spent in melancholy retirement on his estate at Radolfszell on Lake Constance, where he had once been wont to play the generous but eccentric host. Soon after the attainment of his sixtieth birthday he died. On the great terrace of Heidelberg Castle stands his statue in bronze.

It is only by comparison with 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter' that Scheffel's other works may be called unsuccessful. 'Frau Aventiure' (Lady Adventure) reached some twenty editions, and 'Juniperus' five. Both works are parts of a broadly planned attempt to portray the features of the olden time when the Nibelungenlied at last assumed its classic form. The scheme was never carried out, and the scholarly element in these detracts somewhat from their directness of appeal; but the graphic touch is not altogether lost. A lyric play called 'Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg' (Welcoming the Bride on the Wartburg) was likewise a product of these mediæval

studies, as were also the 'Bergpsalmen' (Mountain Psalms). These psalms appeared in 1870. Ten years later came 'Waldeinsamkeit' (Woodland Solitude); which with 'Der Henri von Steier' (Henry of Styria), and an ancient tale of 'Hugideo' (1884), completes the list of the poet's works.

In a century which began with Scott and ends with Sienkiewicz, a discussion of the historical novel as an allowable form of art would be academic. In Germany, Hauff's 'Lichtenstein' (1826), modeled after Scott, was the first distinctively historical novel of importance. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer attained a high mastery of form in this *genre;* but it is to Scheffel that we must look for the one classic example and supreme achievement. In 'Ekkehard' he skillfully avoids the dangers of partisanship, in the delineation of well-known characters and in the interpretation of famous events, by seeking rather to show the thoughts, ambitions, and customs of the age in the daily life of convent and castle; while the onrush of history is heard only from afar,—coming for a moment, in the attack of the Huns, to the very gates of the monastery. The book is an authentic picture of the tenth century in Suabia. Even had such men and women, such conditions, such events, never had their actual counterparts, the work would be still instinct with life; for its vitality is in no wise dependent upon its historical setting. Scheffel in his own charming preface asserts that «neither history nor poetry will lose anything by forming a close alliance.» This depends, it is true, upon the genius of the man who makes the treaty; but in 'Ekkehard' men will long continue to enjoy the vivid and faithful presentation of a picturesque age, in which the elements of poetry and history are exquisitely blended.

The 'Trumpeter' is a romantic love tale full of playful humor and graceful trifling, sustained by a true and tender sentiment. Of course the humble trumpet-blower marries the high-born maiden in the end. In its rhythmic measures the poem reminds one of Heine's 'Atta Troll'; but it is kindlier and born of a serener mood than that brilliant piece of bitterness, in which the old Romantic School, expiring, laughed in frivolous self-ridicule. Gentleness, chivalry, and love are the themes of Scheffel's Rhineland romance; and the satirical blows of Hiddigeigei are delivered with velvet paws.

Scheffel has himself declared that the ironical flavor of his poetry was the result of an underlying melancholy. The events of 1848, although he was an ardent advocate of a united Fatherland, failed to stir him; and the hopeless, reactionary period that followed made him a political pessimist. «My soul,» he said, «took on a rust in those days which it will never wear off.» His humor was a conscious concealment of an essentially melancholy disposition; and as

the years wore on, he was less and less able to maintain his mental disguise. He lived in an atmosphere of mediævalism, and there is a natural touch of antiquity in his style which removes the last trace of pedantry from his historical pictures. His mild mockery and delightful drollery have an old-time flavor that mellows the effect; and his work is wholesome and refreshing through its pure and healthy sentiment.

REJECTION AND FLIGHT

From 'Ekkehard.' Copyright 1895, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

EKKEHARD remained long sitting in the garden bower; then he rushed out into the darkness. He knew not whither his feet were carrying him.

In the morning he found himself on the top of the Hohenkrähen, which had stood silent and deserted since the forest woman's departure. The remains of the burnt hut lay in a confused heap. Where the living-room had once been, the Roman stone with the Mithras was still to be seen. Grass and ferns grew over it, and a blindworm was stealthily creeping up on the old weather-beaten idol.

Ekkehard burst into a wild scornful laugh.

"The chapel of St. Hadwig!" he cried, striking his breast with his clenched hand. "Thus it must be!"

He upset the old Roman stone, and then mounted the rocky crest of the hill. There he threw himself down and pressed his forehead against the cool ground, which had once been touched by Frau Hadwig's foot. There he remained for a long time. When the scorching rays of the midday sun fell upon him, he still lay there, and — slept.

Toward evening he came back to the Hohentwiel, hot and haggard, and with an unsteady gait. Blades of grass clung to the woolen texture of his cowl.

The people of the castle timidly stepped out of his way, as if before one on whose forehead ill-luck had set her seal. In other times they had been wont to come toward him to entreat his blessing.

The duchess had noticed his absence, but made no inquiries about him. He went up to his tower, and seized a parchment,

as if he would read. It was Gunzo's attack upon him. «Willingly I would exhort you to aid him with healing medicine; but I fear, I sadly fear, that his disease is too deeply rooted,» was what he read.

He laughed. The arched ceiling threw back an echo; he leaped to his feet as if he wanted to find out who had laughed at him. Then he went to the window, and looked down into the depths below. It was deep, deep down: a sudden giddiness came over him; he started back.

The small phial which the old Thieto had given him stood near his books. It made him melancholy. He thought of the blind old man! «The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good,» he had said when Ekkehard took leave.

He tore the seal off from the phial, and poured the Jordan water over his head and drenched his eyes. It was too late. Whole floods of holy water will not extinguish the inward fire, unless one plunges in never to rise again. . . . Yet a momentary feeling of quiet came over him.

«I will pray,» said he. «It is a temptation.»

He threw himself on his knees: but soon it seemed to him as if the pigeons were swarming round his head, as they did on the day when he first entered the tower room; but now they had mocking faces, and wore a contemptuous look about their beaks.

He got up and slowly descended the winding staircase to the castle chapel. The altar below had been a witness of earnest devotions on many a happy day. The chapel was, as before, dark and silent. Six ponderous pillars, with square capitals adorned with leaf-work, supported the vault. A faint streak of daylight fell in through the narrow windows. The recesses of the niche where the altar stood were but faintly illuminated; the golden background of the mosaic picture of the Redeemer alone shone with a soft glitter. Greek artists had transplanted the forms of their church ornaments to the German rock. In a white flowing garment, with a gold-red aureole round his head, the Savior's emaciated figure stood there, with the fingers of the right hand extended in the act of blessing.

Ekkehard bowed before the altar steps; his forehead rested on the stone flags. Thus he remained, wrapt in prayer.

«O Thou who hast taken the sorrows of the world on thyself, send out one ray of thy grace on me unworthy.»

He raised his head and gazed up, as if he expected the earnest figure to step down from the wall and hold out his hand to him.

«I am here at thy feet, like Peter, surrounded by tempest, and the waves will not bear me up! Save me, O Lord! save me as thou didst him when thou didst walk over the raging billows, extending thy hand to him and saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'»

But no sign was given him.

Ekkehard's brain was giving way.

There was a rustling through the chapel like that of a woman's garments. He heard nothing.

Frau Hadwig had come down under the impulse of a strange mood. Since she had begun to bear a grudge against the monk, the image of her late husband recurred oftener to her mind. Naturally, as the one receded into the background, the other must come forward again. The later reading of Virgil had also been responsible for this, as there had been said so much about the memory of Sichæus.

The following day was the anniversary of Herr Burkhard's death. With his lance and shield by his side, the old duke lay buried in the chapel. His tomb at the right of the altar was covered by a rough stone slab. The eternal lamp burned dimly over it. A sarcophagus of gray sandstone stood near it, resting on small clumsy pillars with Ionic capitals; and these again rested on grotesque stone animals. This stone coffin Frau Hadwig had had made for herself. Every year, on the anniversary of the duke's death, she had it carried up and filled with corn and fruits, which were distributed among the poor,— the means of living coming from the resting-place of the dead. It was a pious ancient custom.

To-day it was her purpose to pray on her husband's grave. The duskiness of the place concealed Ekkehard's kneeling figure. She did not see him.

Suddenly she was startled from her devotions. A laugh, subdued yet piercing, struck her ear. She knew the voice. Ekkehard had risen and recited the following words of the Psalms:—

«Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
From the wicked that oppress me,
From my deadly enemies who compass me about.
With their mouth they speak proudly.»

He spoke it in an ominous tone. It was no more the voice of prayer.

Frau Hadwig bent down beside the sarcophagus: she would gladly have placed another on it to hide her from Ekkehard's view. She no longer cared to be alone with him. Her heart beat calmly now.

He went to the door.

Then suddenly he turned back. The everlasting lamp was softly swinging to and fro over Frau Hadwig's head. Ekkehard's eye pierced the twilight. . . . With one bound,—quicker than that which in later days St. Bernard made through the cathedral at Speier when the Madonna had beckoned to him,—he stood before the duchess. He gave her a long and penetrating look.

She rose to her feet, and seizing the edge of the stone sarcophagus with her right hand, she confronted him. The everlasting lamp over her head still gently swung to and fro on its silken cord.

"Blessed are the dead: prayers are offered for them," said Ekkehard, interrupting the silence.

Frau Hadwig made no reply.

"Will you pray for me also when I am dead?" continued he. "Oh, you must not pray for me! Have a drinking-cup made out of my skull; and when you take another doorkeeper away from the monastery of St. Gallus, you must offer him the welcoming draught in it,—and give him my greeting! You may put your own lips to it also: it will not crack. But you must then wear the circlet with the rose in it."

"Ekkehard," said the duchess, "you are outrageous!"

He put his right hand to his forehead.

"Oh," said he, in a mournful voice,—"oh, yes! the Rhine is also outrageous. They stopped its course with giant rocks; but it gnawed through them, and now rushes and roars onward in foam and tumult and destruction! Bravo, thou free heart of youth! And God is outrageous also; for he has allowed the Rhine to be, and the Hohentwiel, and the Duchess of Suabia, and the tonsure on my head."

The duchess began to shiver. Such an outbreak of long-repressed feeling she had not expected. But it was too late: she remained indifferent.

"You are ill," she said.

"Ill?" asked he: "it is merely a requital. More than a year ago at Whitsuntide, when there was as yet no Hohentwiel for me,

I carried the coffin of St. Gallus in solemn procession out of the cloister, and a woman threw herself on the ground before me. 'Get up,' cried I; but she remained prostrate in the dust. 'Walk over me with thy relic, priest, so that I may recover,' cried she; and my foot stepped over her. That woman was suffering from the heartache. Now it is reversed."

Tears interrupted his voice. He could not go on. Then he threw himself at Frau Hadwig's feet, and clasped the hem of her garment. The man was all of a tremble.

Frau Hadwig was touched,—touched against her will; as if from the hem of her garment, a feeling of unutterable woe thrilled up to her heart.

"Stand up," said she, "and think of other things. You still owe us a story. Overcome it!"

Then Ekkehard laughed through his tears.

"A story!" cried he; "oh, a story! But not told. Come, let us act the story! From the height of yonder tower one can see so far into the distance, and so deep into the valley below,—so sweet and deep and tempting. What right has the ducal castle to hold us back? No one who wishes to get down into the depth below need count more than three, and we flutter and glide softly into the arms of death there. Then I should be no longer a monk; and I might wind my arms around you."

He struck Herr Burkhard's tombstone with his clenched hand.

"And he who sleeps here shall not prevent me! If he—the old man—comes, I will not let you go. And we will float up to the tower again, and sit where we sat before; and we will read Virgil to the end; and you must wear the rose in your circlet, as if nothing whatever had happened. We will keep the gate well locked against the duke, and we will laugh at all evil tongues; and folks will say, as they sit at their fireplaces of a winter's evening: 'That is a pretty tale of the faithful Ekkehard, who slew the Emperor Ermanrich for hanging the Harlungen brothers, and who afterwards sat for many hundred years before Frau Venus's mountain, with his white staff in his hands, and meant to sit there until the Day of Judgment to warn off all pilgrims coming to the mountain. But at last he grew tired of this, and ran away, and became a monk at St. Gall; and he fell down an abyss and was killed; and he is sitting now beside a proud, pale woman, reading Virgil to her. And at midnight may be heard the words ringing through the Hegau: "Thou

commandest, O Queen, to renew the unspeakable sorrow.» And then she will have to kiss him, whether she will or not; for death makes up for what life denies.'»

He had spoken with a wild, wandering look; and now his voice failed with low weeping. Frau Hadwig had stood immovably all this time. It was as if a gleam of pity shone in her cold eyes; she bent down her head.

«Ekkehard,» said she, «you must not speak of death. This is madness. We live, you and I!»

He did not stir. Then she lightly laid her hand on his burning forehead. A wild thrill flashed through his brain. He sprang up.

«You are right!» cried he. «We live — you and I!»

A dizzy darkness clouded his eyes; he stepped forward, and winding his arms round her proud form, he fiercely pressed her to his heart; his kiss burned on her lips. Her protest died away unheard.

He raised her high up toward the altar, as if she were an offering he was about to make.

«Why dost thou hold out thy gold glittering fingers so quietly, instead of blessing us?» he cried out to the dark and solemn picture.

The duchess had started like a wounded deer. One moment, and all the passion of her hurt pride revolted within her. She pushed the frenzied man back with a strong hand, and tore herself out of his embrace.

He had one arm still round her waist, when the church door was suddenly opened, and a flaring streak of daylight broke through the darkness; they were no longer alone. Rudimann the cellarer, from Reichenau, stepped over the threshold; other figures became visible in the background of the court-yard.

The duchess had grown pale with shame and anger. A tress of her long dark hair had become loosened and was streaming down her back.

«I beg your pardon,» said the man from the Reichenau, with grinning politeness. «My eyes have beheld nothing.»

Then Frau Hadwig tore herself entirely free from Ekkehard's hold and cried out: —

«Yes, I say! Yes, yes, you have seen a madman, who has forgotten himself and God. I should be sorry for your eyes if they had beheld nothing, for I would have had them torn out!»

It was with an indescribably cold dignity that she pronounced these words.

Then Rudimann began to understand the strange scene.

"I had forgotten," said he scornfully, "that he who stands there is one of those to whom wise men have applied the words of St. Hieronymus, when he says: 'Their manners are more befitting dandies and bridegrooms than the elect of the Lord.'"

Ekkehard stood leaning against a pillar, with arms stretched out in the air, like Odysseus when he wanted to embrace his mother's shade. Rudimann's words roused him from his dreams.

"Who comes between her and me?" he cried threateningly.

But Rudimann, patting him on the shoulder with an insolent familiarity, said:—

"Calm yourself, my good friend: we have only come to deliver a note into your hands. St. Gallus can no longer allow the wisest of all his disciples to remain out in the capricious, malicious world. You are summoned home!—And don't forget the stick with which you are wont to ill-treat your confraters who like to snatch a kiss at vintage-time, you chaste moralist," he added in a low whisper.

Ekkehard stepped back. Wild longings, the pang of separation, burning passionate love, and the added insults,—all these stormed up in him. He hastily advanced toward Frau Hadwig; but the chapel was already filling.

The abbot of Reichenau himself had come to have the pleasure of witnessing Ekkehard's departure. "It will be a difficult task to get him away," he had said to the cellarer. It was easy enough now. Monks and lay brothers came in after him.

"Sacrilege!" Rudimann called out to them. "He has laid his wanton hand on his mistress even before the altar!"

Then Ekkehard boiled over. To have the most sacred secret of his heart profaned by insolent coarseness, a pearl thrown before swine! He tore down the everlasting lamp, and swung the heavy vessel like a sling.

The light went out; a hollow groan was heard,—the cellarer lay with bleeding head on the stone flags. The lamp fell clattering beside him. A blow, fierce struggle, wild confusion—all was at an end with Ekkehard.

They had overpowered him; tearing off the girdle of his cowl, they bound him.

There he stood, the handsome youthful figure, now the very picture of woe, like the broken-winged eagle. He gave one mournful, troubled, appealing look at the duchess. She turned away.

"Do what you think right," she said to the abbot, and swept through the throng. . . .

It was a dreary, depressing evening. The duchess had locked herself up in her bow-windowed room, and refused admittance to every one.

Ekkehard had been hurried away into a dungeon by the abbot's men. In the same tower, in the airy upper story of which his chamber was situated, there was a damp, dark vault; fragments of old tombstones — deposited there long before when the castle chamber had been renovated — were scattered about in unsightly heaps. A bundle of straw had been thrown in for him, and a monk was sitting outside to guard the entrance.

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, ran up and down, wailing and wringing his hands. He could not understand the fate which had befallen his uncle. The servants were all putting their heads together, eagerly whispering and gossiping, as if the hundred-tongued Rumor had been sitting on the roof of the castle, spreading her falsehoods about.

"He tried to murder the duchess," said one.

"He has been practicing the Devil's own arts with that big book of his," said another. "To-day is St. John's day, when the Devil has no power, and so he could not help him."

At the well in the court-yard stood Rudimann the cellarer, letting the clear water flow over his head. Ekkehard had given him a sharp cut; the blood obstinately and angrily trickled down into the water.

Praxedis came down looking pale and sad. She was the only soul who felt sincere pity for the prisoner. On seeing the cellarer, she ran into the garden, tore up a blue corn-flower with the roots, and brought it to him.

"Take that," said she, "and hold it in your right hand till it gets warm: that will stop the bleeding. Or shall I fetch you some linen to bind up the wound?"

He shook his head.

"It will stop of itself when the time comes," said he. "'Tis not the first time that I have been bled. Keep your corn-flowers for yourself."

But Praxedis was anxious to conciliate Ekkehard's enemy. She brought some linen: he allowed his wound to be dressed. Not a word of thanks did he proffer.

«Are you not going to let Ekkehard out to-day?» she asked.

«To-day!» Rudimann repeated sneeringly. «Do you feel inclined to weave a garland for the standard-bearer of Antichrist, — the leading horse of Satan's car, whom you have petted and spoiled up here as if he were the darling son Benjamin? To-day! In a month ask again over there!»

He pointed toward the Helvetian mountains.

Praxedis was frightened. «What are you going to do with him?»

«What is right,» replied Rudimann with a dark look. «Wantonness, deeds of violence, disobedience, haughtiness, sacrilege, blasphemy — there are scarcely names enough for all his nefarious acts; but thank God, there are yet means for their expiation!» He made a gesture with his hand like that of flogging. «Ah, yes, plenty of means of expiation, gentle mistress! We will write the catalogue of his sins on his skin.»

«Have pity!» said Praxedis: «he is a sick man.»

«For that very reason we are going to cure him. When he has been tied to the pillar, and half a dozen rods have been flogged to pieces on his bent back, then all his spleen and his devilries will vanish!»

«For God's sake!» exclaimed the Greek girl.

«Calm yourself: there are better things yet. A stray lamb must be delivered up to the fold it belongs to. There he will find good shepherds who will look after the rest. Sheep-shearing, little girl, sheep-shearing! There they will cut off his hair, which will make his head cooler; and if you feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to St. Gall a year hence, you will see on Sundays and holidays some one standing barefooted before the church door, and his head will be as bare as a stubble-field, and the penitential garb will become him very nicely. What do you think? The heathenish practices with Virgil are at an end now.»

«He is innocent!» said Praxedis.

«Oh,» said the cellarer sneeringly, «we shall never harm a single hair of innocence! He need only prove himself so by God's ordeal. If he takes the gold ring out of the kettle of boiling water with unburnt arm, our abbot himself will give him the blessing; and I will say that it was all a delusion of the Devil's

own making when my eyes beheld his Holiness, Brother Ekkehard, clasping your mistress in his arms."

Praxedis wept. . . .

"Cellarmaster, you are a wicked man!" she cried; and turned her back on him. . . .

"Have you any further commands?" she asked, once more looking back.

"Yes, thou Greek insect! A jug of vinegar, if you please. I want to lay my rods in it: the writing is clearer then, and does not fade away so soon. Never before have I flogged an interpreter of Virgil. He deserves particular attention."

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, was sitting under the linden-tree, still sobbing. Praxedis, as she passed, gave him a kiss. It was done to spite the cellarer.

She went up to the duchess, intending to prostrate herself and intercede for Ekkehard; but the door remained locked against her. Frau Hadwig was deeply irritated. If the monks of the Reichenau had not come in upon them, she might have pardoned Ekkehard's audacity, for she herself had indeed sowed the seeds of all that had grown to such portentous results; but now it had become a public scandal, it demanded punishment. The fear of evil tongues influences many an action.

The abbot had caused to be put into her hands the summons from St. Gall. St. Benedict's rules, said the letter, exacted not only the outward forms of a monastic life, but also the actual conformity of body and soul to its discipline. Ekkehard was to return. Passages from Gunzo's diatribe were quoted against him.

It was all the same to her. What his fate would be in the hands of his antagonists, she knew quite well. Yet she was determined to do nothing for him.

Praxedis knocked at her door a second time, but it was not opened.

"O thou poor moth," said she sadly.

Ekkehard lay in his dungeon like one who had dreamt some wild dream. Four bare walls surrounded him; above there was a faint gleam of light. Often he trembled as if shivering with cold. After a while a melancholy smile of resignation began to hover round his lips, but it did not settle there; now and again he would clench his fists in a fit of fierce anger.

It is the same with the human mind as with the sea: though the tempest may have blown over for a long time, the billowing surge is even stronger and more impetuous than before; and

some mighty chaotic breaker dashes wildly up and drives the sea-gulls away from the rocks.

But Ekkehard's heart was not yet broken. It was still too young for that. He began to reflect on his position. The view into the future was not very cheering. He knew the rules of his order, and monastic customs, and he knew that the men from Reichenau were his enemies.

With big strides he paced up and down the narrow room.

"Great God, whom we may invoke in the hour of affliction, how will all this end?"

He shut his eyes and threw himself on the bundle of straw. Confused visions passed before his soul, and he saw with his inward eye of the spirit how they would drag him out in the early morning. The abbot would be sitting on his high stone chair, holding the crosier as a sign that it was a court of judgment; and then they would read out a long bill of complaints against him. All this in the same court-yard in which he had once sprung out of the litter with such a jubilant heart, and in which he had preached his sermon against the Huns on that solemn Good Friday; and the men of the court would be gnashing their teeth against him!

"What shall I do?" thought he. "With my hand on my heart and my eyes raised toward heaven, I shall say, 'Ekkehard is not guilty!' But the judges will say, 'Prove it!' The big copper kettle will be brought; the fire lighted beneath; the water will hiss and bubble up. The abbot draws off the golden ring from his finger. They push up the right sleeve of his habit; solemn penitential psalms resound. 'I conjure thee, spirit of the water, that the Devil quit thee, and that thou serve the Lord to make known the truth, like to the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon when he had the three men thrown into it!'—Thus the abbot addresses the boiling water; and 'Dip thy arm and fetch forth the ring,' says he to the accused.—Righteous God, what judgment will thy ordeal give?"

Wild doubts beset Ekkehard's soul. He believed in himself and his good cause, but his faith was less strong in the dreadful means by which priestcraft and church laws sought to arrive at God's decision.

In the library of his monastery there was a little book bearing the title, 'Against the Inveterate Error of the Belief that through Fire, Water, or Single Combat, the Truth of God's Judgment can be Revealed.'

This book he had once read; and he remembered it well. It was to prove that with these ordeals, which were an inheritance from the ancient heathen time, it was as the excellent Gottfried of Strassburg has expressed it in later days:—

"Der heilig Christ
Windschaffen wie ein Ärmel ist."*

"And if no miracle is performed?"

His thoughts were inclined to despondency and despair.

"With burnt arm and proclaimed guilty, condemned to be flogged,—while she perhaps would stand on the balcony looking on, as if it were done to an entire stranger!—Lord of heaven and earth, send down thy lightning!"

Yet hope does not entirely forsake even the most miserable.

Then again he imagined how, through all this shame and misery, a piercing "Stop!" would be heard: she comes rushing down with disheveled locks and in her rustling ducal mantle, and drives his tormentors away, as the Savior drove out the usurers from the temple. And she presents him her hand and lips for the kiss of reconciliation.

Long and ardently his fantasy dwelt on that beautiful possibility; a breath of consolation came to him; he spoke in the words of the Preacher: "'As gold is purified from dross in the fire, so the heart of man is purified by sorrow.' We will wait and see what will happen."

He heard a slight noise in the antechamber of his dungeon. A stone jug was put down.

"You are to drink like a man," said a voice to the lay brother on guard; "for on St. John's night all sorts of unearthly visitors people the air and pass over our castle. So you must take care to keep your courage up. There's another jug for you too."

It was Praxedis who had brought the wine.

Ekkehard did not understand what she wanted. "Then she also is false," thought he. "God protect me!"

He closed his eyes and fell asleep. After a good while he was awakened. The wine had evidently been to the lay brother's taste: he was singing a song in praise of the four goldsmiths who once on a time had refused to make heathenish idols at Rome, and suffered martyrdom. With his heavy sandal-clad foot he was beating time on the stone flags. Ekkehard heard another

* "The good Lord is as much the sport of the wind as a sleeve."

jug of wine brought to the man. The singing became loud and uproarious. Then he held a soliloquy, in which he had much to say about Italy and good fare, and «Santa Agnese fuori le mura.» Then he ceased talking. The prisoner could distinctly hear his snoring through the stone walls.

The castle was silent. It was about midnight. Ekkehard lay in a doze, when it seemed to him as if the bolts were softly drawn. He remained lying on his straw. A figure came in; a soft hand was laid on the slumberer's forehead. He jumped up.

«Hush!» whispered his visitor.

When all had gone to rest, Praxedis had kept awake. «The wicked cellarer shall not have the satisfaction of punishing our poor melancholy teacher,» was her thought; and woman's cunning always finds ways and means to accomplish her schemes. Wrapping herself up in a gray cloak, she had stolen down. No special artifices were necessary: the lay brother was sleeping the sleep of the just. If he had been awake, the Greek girl would have frightened him by some ghost trickery. That was her plan.

«You must escape!» said she to Ekkehard. «They mean to do their worst to you.»

«I know it,» he replied sadly.

«Come, then.»

He shook his head. «I prefer to endure it,» said he.

«Don't be a fool,» whispered Praxedis. «First you built your castle on the glittering rainbow; and now that it has all tumbled down, you will allow them to ill-treat you into the bargain? As if they had a right to flog you and drag you away! And you will let them have the pleasure of witnessing your humiliation? It would be a nice spectacle they would make of you! 'One does not see an honest man put to death every day,' said a man to me once in Constantinople, when I asked him why he was in such a hurry.»

«Where should I go to?» asked Ekkehard.

«Neither to the Reichenau nor to your monastery,» said Praxedis. «There is many a hiding-place left in the world.»

She was getting impatient; and seizing Ekkehard by the hand, she dragged him on. «Come!» whispered she. He allowed himself to be led by her.

They glided past the sleeping watchman: now they stood in the court-yard; the fountain was splashing merrily. Ekkehard bent over the spout, and took a long draught of the cool water.

«All is over,» said he. «And now away.»

It was a stormy night. "You cannot go out by the doorway, — the bridge is drawn up," said Praxedis; "but you can get down between the rocks on the eastern side. Our shepherd boy has tried that path before."

They entered the little garden. A gust of wind went roaring through the branches of the maple-tree. Ekkehard scarcely knew what was happening to him.

He mounted the battlement. Steep and rugged fell the klinkstone precipices; a dark abyss yawned before him; black clouds were chasing each other across the dusky sky, — weird, uncouth shapes, as if two bears were pursuing a winged dragon. Soon the fantastic forms melted together; the wind whipped them onward toward the Bodensee, that glittered faintly in the distance. Indistinctly outlined lay the landscape.

"Blessings on your way!" said Praxedis.

Ekkehard sat motionless on the battlement; he still held the Greek girl's hand clasped in his. A mingled feeling of gratitude and melancholy surged through his storm-tossed brain. Then her cheek pressed against his, and a kiss trembled on his lips; he felt a pearly tear. Gently Praxedis drew away her hand.

"Don't forget," said she, "that you still owe us a story. May God lead your steps back again to this place some day, so that we may hear it from your own lips."

Ekkehard now let himself down. He waved his hand once more, then disappeared from her sight. The stillness of night was interrupted by a rattling and clattering down the cliff. The Greek girl peered down into the depths. A piece of rock had become loosened, and fell noisily down into the valley. Another followed somewhat slower; and on this Ekkehard was sitting, guiding it as a rider does his horse. So he went down the steep precipice into the blackness of the night.

Farewell!

She crossed herself and went back, smiling in spite of all her sadness. The lay brother was still fast asleep. As she crossed the court-yard, Praxedis spied a basket filled with ashes, which she seized; and softly stealing back into Ekkehard's dungeon, she poured out its contents in the middle of the room, as if this were all that was left of the prisoner's earthly remains.

"Why dost thou snore so heavily, most reverend brother?" she asked; and hurried away.

SONG OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS

From 'Gaudeamus.' By permission of the Translator

THERE'S a rustling in the rushes,
There's a flashing in the sea;
There's a tearful Ichthyosaurus
Swims hither mournfully!

He weeps o'er the modern corruption,
Compared with the good old times,
And don't know what is the matter
With the Upper Jura limes!

The hoary old Plesiosaurus
Does naught but quaff and roar;
And the Pterodactylus lately
Flew drunk to his own front door!

The Iguanodon of the Period
Grows worse with every stratum;
He kisses the Ichthyosauresses
Whenever he can get at 'em!

I feel a catastrophe coming;
This epoch will soon be done:
And what will become of the Jura
If such goings-on go on?

The groaning Ichthyosaurus
Turns suddenly chalky pale;
He sighs from his steaming nostrils,
He writhes with his dying tail!

In that selfsame hour and minute
Died the whole Saurian stem:
The fossil-oil in their liquor
Soon put an end to them!

And the poet found their story
Which here he doth indite,
In the form of a petrified album-leaf
Upon a coprolite!

Translation of Rossiter W. Raymond.

DECLARATION AND DEPARTURE

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

At his morning meal the baron
Sat, deep poring o'er a letter
Which the day before had reached him.
From afar a post had ridden,
From the Danube, deep in Suabia,
Where the baby river ripples
Gleeful through a narrow valley.
Lofty crags jut sharply o'er it,
And its limpid waters mirror
Clear and bright their rugged outlines,
And the tender green of beech-woods.
Thence the messenger had ridden.
This the purport of the letter:—

"My old comrade, do you ever
Think of Hans von Wildenstein?
Down the Rhine and down the Danube
Many drops of clearest water
Must have run to reach the ocean,
Since we lay beside our watch-fires,
In our last campaign together.
And I mark it by my youngster,
Who has grown a lusty fellow,
And his years count four-and-twenty.
First, as page, he went to Stuttgart,
To the duke; and then to college
To old Tübingen I sent him.
If I reckon by the money
He has squandered, it is certain
He must be a mighty scholar.
Now by me at home he tarries,
Chasing deer and hares and foxes;
And when other sport is lacking,
Chasing pretty peasant-maidens:
And 'tis time that he were broken
To the wholesome yoke of marriage.
Now, methinks, you have a daughter
Who a fitting bride would make him.
'Twixt old comrades, such as we are,
Many words are surely needless;
So, Sir Baron, I would ask you

Would it please you if my Damian
To your castle rode a-wooing,
Rode a-wooing to the Rhineland?
Send me speedy answer.—Greetings
From old Hans von Wildenstein.
Postscript.—Do you still remember
That great fray we fought at Augsburg
With the horsemen of Bavaria?
And the rage of yon rich miser
And his most ungracious lady?
Why, 'tis two-and-thirty years since!»

Toilsomely the baron labored
At his comrade's crabbed writing,
And a full half-hour he puzzled,
Ere he mastered all its import.
Laughing then he spake:—«These Suabians
Are in sooth most knowing devils!
They are lacking in refinement,
Somewhat coarse in grain and fibre,
Yet of wit and prudence plenty
In their rugged pates is garnered.
Many a brainless coxcomb's noddle
They could stock and never miss it.
And my valiant Hans manœuvres
Rarely, like a veteran statesman.
His poor, mortgaged, moldering owl's-nest
By the Danube would be bolstered
Bravely by a handsome dowry.
Yet the scheme deserves a hearing.
Far and wide throughout the kingdom
Are the Wildensteins respected,
Since with Kaiser Barbarossa
To the Holy Land they journeyed.
Let the varlet try his fortune!»

To the baron entered Werner.
Slow his gait and black his jerkin,
As on feast-days. Melancholy
Sat upon his pallid features.
Jestingly the other hailed him:—
«I was in the act of sending
Honest Anton out to seek you.
Pray you, mend your pen and write me,
As my trusty scribe, a letter,
Letter of most weighty import.

For a knight has written asking
Tidings of my lady daughter,
And he seeks her hand in marriage
For his son, the young Sir Damian.
Tell him, then, how Margaretha
Has grown tall and fair and stately.
Tell him — but you need no prompting:
Fancy you a painter — paint him,
Black on white, her living image,
Fairly, and forget no detail.
Say, if 'tis the youngster's pleasure,
I shall make no opposition
If he saddle and ride hither."
"If he saddle and ride hither — "
Spake young Werner, as if dreaming
To himself; and somewhat sharply
Quoth the baron, "But what ails you
That you wear a face as lengthy
As a Calvinistic preacher's
On Good Friday? Has the fever
Once more taken hold upon you?"

Gravely made reply young Werner: —
"Sire, I cannot write the letter;
You must seek another penman,
Since I come myself to ask you
For your daughter's hand in marriage."

"For my — daughter's — hand in marriage?"
Gasped the baron, sore bewildered
In his turn; and wryly twitching
Worked his mouth, as his who playeth
On a Jew's-harp. Through his left foot
Shot a bitter throb of anguish.
"My young friend, the fever blazes
In your brain-pan like a furnace.
Go, I rede you, to the garden,
Where there plays a shady fountain.
If you dip your head beneath it
Thrice, the fever straight will vanish."

"Noble sir," rejoined young Werner,
"Spare your gibes. You may require them,
Peradventure, when the wooer
Out of Suabia rideth hither.

Sober come I, free from fever,
On a very sober errand;
And of Margaretha's father
Ask, once more, her hand in marriage."

Darkly frowning spake the baron:—
"Do you force me, then, to tell you
What your own wit should have taught you?
Sore averse am I to meet you
With harsh earnest; for the pike-thrust,
That so late your forehead suffered,
Have I not forgotten; neither
In whose service you received it.
Yet he only may look upward
To my child, whose noble lineage
Makes such union meet and fitting.
For each one of us has nature
Limits strait and wise appointed,
Where, within our proper circle,
We may fitly thrive and prosper.
From the Holy Roman Empire
Has come down the social order
Threefold,—Noble, Burgess, Peasant:
Each, within itself included,
From itself itself renewing,
Full of health abides and hearty.
Each is thus a sturdy pillar
Which the whole supports, but never
Prospers any intermixture.
Wot ye what that has for issue?
Grandsons who of all have something
Yet are altogether nothing;
Shallow, empty, feeble mongrels,
Tottering, unloosed and shaken
From tradition's steadfast foothold.
Sharp-edged, perfect, must each man be;
And within his veins, as heirloom
From the foregone generations,
He should bear his life's direction.
Therefore equal rank in marriage
Is demanded by our usage,
Which, by me, as law is honored,
And across its fast-fixed ramparts
I will have no stranger scramble.

Item: Shall no trumpet-blower
Dare to court a noble maiden!»

Thus the baron. Sorely troubled
By such serious and unwonted
Theoretic disquisition,
Had he pieced his words together.
By the stove the cat was lying,
Hiddigeigei, listening heedful,
With his head approval nodding
At the close. Yet, musing, pressed he
With his paw upon his forehead,
Deep within himself reflecting:—
«Why do people kiss each other?
Ancient question, new misgiving!
For I thought that I had solved it,—
Thought a kiss was an expedient
Swift another's lips to padlock,
That no word of cruel candor
Issue forth. But this solution
Is, I fear me, quite fallacious;
Else my youthful friend most surely
Would long since have kissed my master.»

To the baron spake young Werner,
And his voice was low and muffled:—
«Sire, I thank you for your lesson.
In the glamour of the pine-woods,
In the May month's radiant sunshine,
By the river's crystal billows,
Did mine eyes o'erlook the ramparts
Raised by men, which lay between us.
Thanks for this reminder timely.
Thanks, too, for the hours so joyous
I have spent beneath your roof-tree.
But my span is run: the order
'Right about!' your words have given me.
And in sooth, I make no murmur.
As a suitor worthy of her
One day I return, or never.
Fare you well! Think kindly of me.»
So he said, and left the chamber,
Knowing well what lay before him.
Long, with troubled mien, the baron
Scanned the door through which he vanished.
«Sooth, it grieves me sore,» he muttered.

«If the brave lad's name were only
Damian von Wildenstein!»

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
Ah, who was it first conceived thee?
Sure, some chilly-hearted mortal
By the distant Arctic Ocean.
Freezing blew the North Pole zephyrs
Round his nose; sore pestered was he
By his wife, unkempt and jealous.
E'en the whale's delicious blubber
Tickled not his jaded palate.
O'er his ears a yellow sealskin
Drew he; in his fur-gloved right hand
Grasped his staff, and nodding curtly
To his stolid Ylaleyka,
Uttered first those words ill-omened,—
«Fare thee well, for I must leave thee.»

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
In his turret chamber, Werner
Girded up his few belongings,
Girded up his slender knapsack,
Threw a last regretful greeting
To the whitewashed walls familiar—
Loth to part, as from old comrades.
Farewell spake he to none other.
Margaretha's eyes of azure
Dared he never more encounter.
To the castle court descending,
Saddled swift his faithful palfrey;
Then there rang an iron hoof-fall,
And a drooping, joyless rider
Left the castle's peace behind him.

In the lowland by the river
Grows a walnut-tree. Beneath it
Once again he reined his palfrey,—
Once again he grasped his trumpet.
From his sorrow-laden spirit
Upward soared his farewell greeting,
Winged with saddest love and longing.
Soared—ah, dost thou know the fable
Of the song the swan sang dying?
At her heart was chill foreboding,
But she sought the lake's clear waters

Yet once more, and through the roses,
Through the glistening water-lilies,
Rose her plaintive song regretful:—
"Fairest world, 'tis mine to leave thee;
Fairest world, I die unwilling!"

Thus he blew. Was that a tear-drop
Falling, glancing, on the trumpet?
Was it but a summer rain-drop?
Onward now! His spurs relentless
In his palfrey's flanks he buried,
And was borne in rousing gallop
To the outskirts of the forest.

SONG: FAREWELL

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

THIS is the bitterness of life's long story,—
That ever near the rose the thorns are set;
Poor heart, that dwells at first in dreams of glory,
The parting comes, and eyes with tears are wet.
Ah, once I read thine eyes, thy spirit's prison,
And love and joy in their clear depths could see:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Long had I borne with envy, hate, and sorrow,
Weary and worn, by many a tempest tried;
I dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow,
And lo! my pathway led me to thy side.
I longed within thine arms to rest; then, risen
In strength and gladness, give my life to thee:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Winds whirl the leaves, the clouds are driven together,
Through wood and meadow beats a storm of rain:
To say farewell 'tis just the fitting weather,
For like the sky, the world seems gray with pain.
Yet good nor ill shall shake my heart's decision;
Thou slender maid, I still must dream of thee!
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

SONGS OF HIDDIGEIGEI, THE TOM-CAT

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

I

By the storms of fierce temptation
Undisturbed I long have dwelt;
Yet e'en pattern stars of virtue
Unexpected pangs have felt.

Hotter than in youth's hot furnace,
Dreams of yore steal in apace;
And the Cat's winged yearnings journey,
Unrestrained, o'er Time and Space.

Naples, land of light and wonder,
Cup of nectar never dry!
To Sorrento I would hasten,
On its topmost roof to lie.

Greets me dark Vesuvius; greets me
The white sail upon the sea;
Birds of spring make sweetest concert
In the budding olive-tree.

Toward the loggia steals Carmela,—
Fairest of the feline race,—
And she softly pulls my whiskers,
And she gazes in my face;

And my paw she gently presses;—
Hark! I hear a growling noise:
Can it be the Bay's hoarse murmur,
Or Vesuvius's distant voice?

Nay, Vesuvius's voice is silent,
For to-day he takes his rest.
In the yard, destruction breathing,
Bays the dog of fiendish breast,—

Bays Francesco the Betrayer,
Worst of all his evil race;
And I see my dream dissolving,
Melting in the sky's embrace.

II

EARTH once was untroubled by man, they say;
Those days are over and fled,
When the forest primeval crackling lay
'Neath the mammoth's mighty tread.

Ye may search throughout all the land in vain
For the lion, the desert's own;
In sooth we are settled now, 'tis plain,
In a truly temperate zone.

The palm is borne, in life and in verse,
By neither the Great nor the Few:
The world grows weaker and ever worse,
'Tis the day of the Small and the New.

When we Cats are silenced, ariseth the Mouse,
But she too must pack and begone;
And the Infusoria's Royal House
Shall triumph, at last, alone.

III

NEAR the close of his existence
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure,
Counsels for his race he'd draw,
That amid life's changeful measure
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he'd soften:
Rough it lies and strewn with stones;
E'en the old and wise may often
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,
Useless wounds and useless pain;
Cats both black and brave unnumbered
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow!
Hark! I hear the laugh of youth.
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching:
Listen how they laugh again!
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching
Locked in silence must remain.

IV

Soon life's thread must break and ravel;
Weak this arm, once strong and brave;
In the scene of all my travail,
In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me;
All the fight's fierce joy was mine:
Lay my shield and lance upon me,
As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last! The children's merit
Like their sires' can never grow:
Naught they know of strife of spirit;
Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meagre; stiffly, slowly,
Move their minds, of force bereft;
Few indeed will keep as holy
The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,
When at rest I long have lain,
One fierce caterwaul insistent
Through your ranks shall ring again:—

«Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!»
Hark to Hiddigeigei's cry;
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewing:—
«Flee from mediocrity!»

EDMOND SCHÉRER

(1815–1889)

BY VICTOR CHARBONNEL

EDMOND SCHÉRER was at once a very learned theologian, a very profound philosopher, a very vigorous writer. What makes him especially interesting is the crisis in his faith and in his thought which led him to abandon theology for philosophy and literature. He is one of those great spirits, very numerous in our century, who have delivered themselves from the formulas of an unquestioning and passive faith, and sought with absolute sincerity the religion of the conscience.

Edmond Schérer was born at Paris, in 1815. His family was of Swiss descent, and held the Protestant faith. He early manifested an ardent love of reading: his school tasks suffered somewhat from it. Moreover, his father sent him to England to be with the Rev. Thomas Loader of Monmouth. This earnest clergyman had a salutary influence upon the young man; he inspired him with the love of duty and of work, he made a Christian of him. When Edmond Schérer, after an absence of two years, was about to leave England, he determined to become a shepherd of souls; and besides, he now understood the language admirably, and had made a study of English literature.

He then entered upon the course of the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors, notably Édouard Reuss. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings.

Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time had no small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair.

In his remarkable article, the 'Crisis of the Faith,' he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. Thenceforward, according to Sainte-Beuve, he was «an indefatigable intelligence, ever advancing in ceaseless evolution.»

Having resigned his professorship in 1850, he became, with Colani, the head of the new French school of liberal Protestantism, and took a most active part in editing the Review of Theology and Christian Philosophy, of Strasbourg. His articles and his studies gave rise to violent discussions. Assuredly he recognized that «if there is anything certain in the world, it is that the destiny of the Bible is closely linked with the destiny of holiness upon the earth.» But he whom he called with full conviction a great Christian — a Goethe or a Hegel in intellectual power and literary talent, but carrying the Evangel in his heart — was «he who will let fall like a worn-out garment all that is temporary in the faith of past ages, all that criticism has victoriously assailed, all that divides the churches, but who shall know at the same time how to speak to men's consciences, how to revive the love of the truth, how to find the word of the future, while disengaging all that is identical, eternal in the Christianity of all ages.»

Suddenly in 1860, a volume that he published under the title 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism,' — containing vigorous studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le P. Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, — revealed in the theologian a very searching critic. Sainte-Beuve hailed the book with many encomiums, and placed the author in «the front rank of French writers.»

Also, the contradictions perceptible between different parts of this work clearly show that Edmond Schérer continually sought his way; and that he tended towards that philosophical rather than theological conception, which makes of Christianity the perfect and definitive *religion*, but not the absolute and complete truth. Christianity appeared to him the result of a long elaboration of the human conscience, destined to prepare further elaborations; in a word, one of the phases of universal transformation. The theory of the evolution of the human mind became his new religion.

But if he ceased to be an orthodox believer, Edmond Schérer was always a man of noble moral faith, a true Christian; and he was so throughout his work of literary criticism. When the newspaper Le Temps was established in 1861, he did a share of the editing; he wrote for it political articles, and above all studies in literature. They showed the talent of a writer, the force of a thinker; and the prodigious extent of knowledge manifested in the care he took to attack all subjects, to reduce them to two or three essential points, to discuss them exhaustively, to give a concise opinion in regard to ideas and a firm judgment in regard to literary qualities, — and that with reference to works that chance brought to his notice. However, the preoccupations of a high morality of art, frankness and rectitude, — in a word, virtue and character, — were still more perceptible

in his work. «He held,» says M. Gréard, «that there is an infection of the taste that is not compatible with honesty of the soul. He reckoned among the virtues of a man of letters of the first rank, self-respect and decency, that supreme grace.» And Sainte-Beuve considers him a true judge, who neither gropes nor hesitates, having in his own mind the means of taking the exact measure of any other mind.

His literary criticism forms a collection of several volumes, bearing the title 'Studies in Contemporary Literature.' His other principal works are 'Criticism and Belief' (1850), 'Letters to my Pastor' (1853), 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism' (1860), 'Miscellanies of Religious History' (1864); and a considerable number of articles for the newspapers and magazines.

Edmond Schérer died in 1889. He had taken for rule the maxim of Emerson: «Express clearly to-day what thou thinkest to-day; to-morrow thou shalt say what thou thinkest to-morrow.» To this rule he was ever faithful. He was grandly sincere.

Victor Charbonnel.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From Review of 'Woman in the Eighteenth Century,' by the Goncourts

I could have wished this book of the brothers Goncourt a little different: not abler, more instructive, better supported with facts, for no man ever had a firmer grasp on his eighteenth century than these authors; not juster in its appreciations, because, captivated as they were by the graces of that corrupt century, their judgment of it was none the less rigorous. I could only have wished that they had not proceeded so exclusively by means of description and enumeration; and that in the many pictures that pass before our eyes, the characteristic feature, the association, the anecdote, had not taken the form of simple allusions, had not so often been indicated by a simple reference to some book I had not under my hand, to some engraving I have no time to look up among the cartoons of the Imperial Library. In a word, I should have liked more narratives and more citations. With this reservation, I willingly recognize that

the volume of the brothers Goncourt is one of those works that most fully enable us to understand the century of which it treats; which at least make us enter most fully into its innermost life, its intellectual character. An epoch is not wholly known when its literature is known; it does not even suffice us to read the memoirs of those who lived in it: there are, besides, endless details of manners, customs, dress; a thousand observations upon the different classes of society and their condition; a thousand nothings, unnoticed as the very air we breathe, yet having their value and making their contribution to the complete effect. Now the brothers Goncourt, with praiseworthy zeal and discretion, have brought all this together. They have done for the eighteenth century what learned pedants with fewer resources but with no more ability have done for past civilizations: they have reconstructed it by means of the monuments.

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. "The soul of this time," say they in their somewhat exuberant style, "the centre of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things are modeled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies,—all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel." The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of

which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence*, and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of a historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is leveled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forego a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable,— grace and honor, love and intelligence,— these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness! The intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all.

Only one demand was made of human destiny,—pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui—the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces,—this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villainy. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say,—"there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it

was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?"

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivólity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut*, and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs, — in the Empire, for example, — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing-tables (that is the accepted size). Nothing discourages them. They read Raynal's 'Philosophic History,' Hume's 'Stuarts' [History of England], Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws.' But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women, — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or

anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed: things that belonged to him are converted into relics. "There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, "who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him!"

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the

seventeenth century, was agitated if some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of 'La Pucelle' has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm,—the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live; and to the solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an

important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles." See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached oneself little by little, composed oneself, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished oneself, discreetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century — let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally. It will ever be a bad sign in France, when this century is underrated and when it is overrated; but it would be above all a sinister day if we should ever adopt its frivolity and corruption, and leave unappropriated its noble instincts and its capacity for enthusiasm.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Lucy C. Bull.

A LITERARY HERESY

«Here I stand. I cannot otherwise. God help me! Amen.»
— LUTHER at the Diet of Worms.

I SHALL never cease to protest against the infatuations that in our day exercise a kind of tyranny in literature. To raise personal preferences to the dignity of a creed is not enough. A cult once established, a dogma once accepted,— no more freedom of analysis, no more independent criticism, no more permissible dissent: the order is to «admire like a beast.» Mental indolence is of course at the bottom of this fashion: it is easier to accept an opinion than to form one. But these habits of mind are an exceedingly curious study, for the reason that never has the tendency to slavish partisanship been more general, nor the despotism of ready-made judgments more absolute, than in these times of pretended emancipation and so-called individualism. Doubtless it is the same with enfranchised intelligence as with political rights: great efforts are made to secure them, and when they are secured we no longer care for their exercise.

I will cite the cult of which Goethe is the object in Germany as an example of the propensity that I have in mind. This cult has all the characteristics of superstition. The Germans long since exhausted their critical acumen upon the Trinity; of the infallibility of the Church or the Holy Scriptures they have left standing not a stone: but they have overleaped themselves in the case of Goethe. They have made a seer, nay, a divinity, of him. His works have become, beyond the Rhine, the Bible of cultivated men: a Bible in twenty volumes, but a true Bible, treated with the superstitious care that befits the study of an inspired text. If we do not put all the writings of this author on the same plane, if we admit preferences, we thereby relinquish the idea that all are divine, that none of them may be rejected or deprecated, that we need penetrate only a little further to find depths in what looked flat, hidden meanings in what seemed commonplace or tedious.

Instead of Goethe read Molière, and you will realize that France is not far from falling into the same habit as Germany. Among us, admiration for Molière is tending to that state of orthodoxy outside of which there is no salvation. We read little nowadays; we read badly, inattentively, without reflecting, without analyzing, without tasting.